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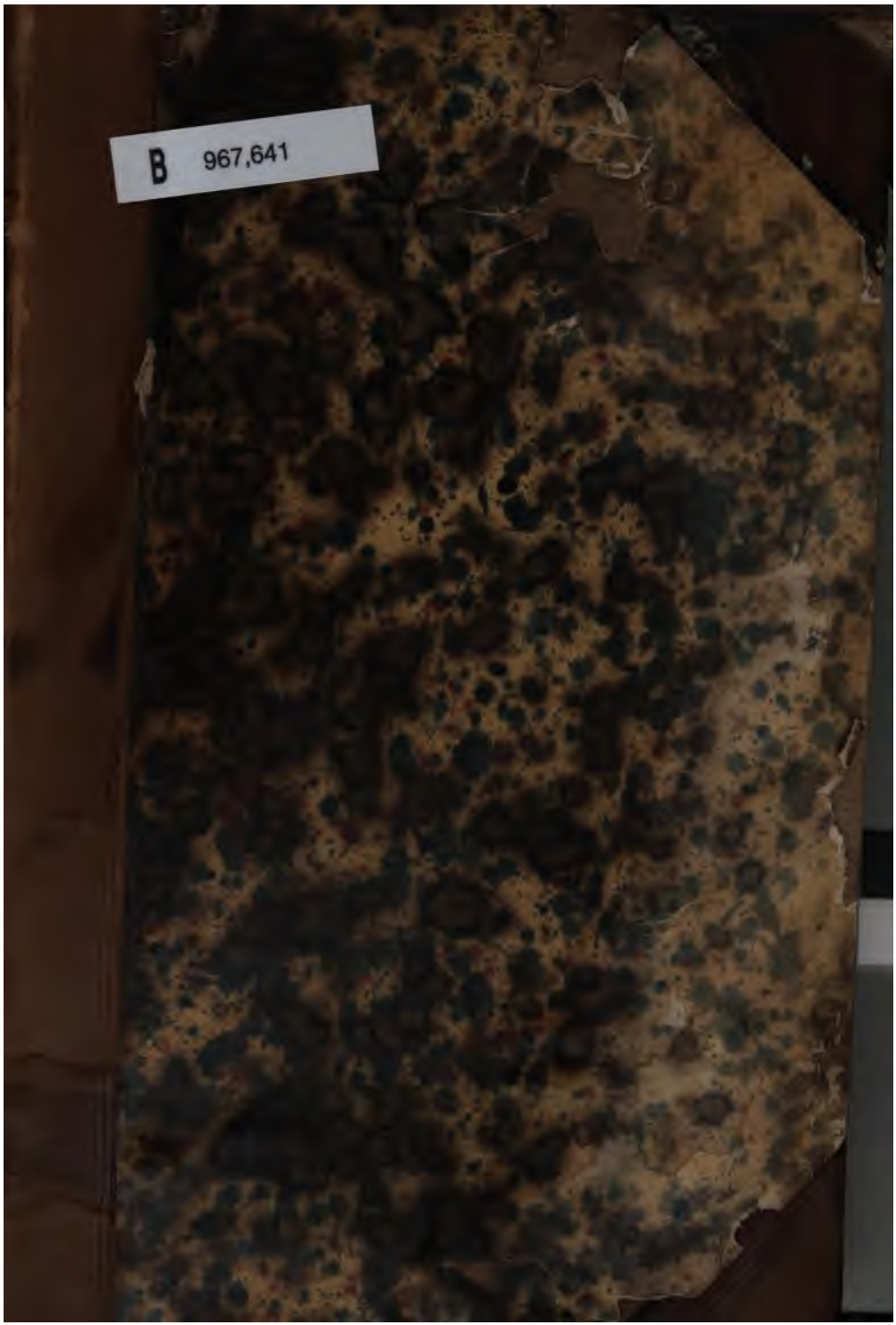
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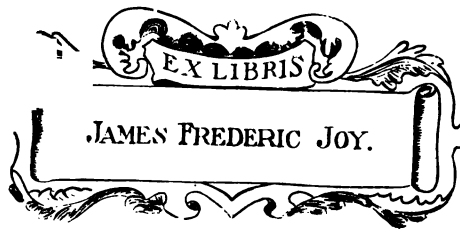
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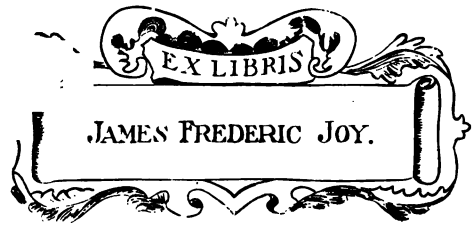
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CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE varied physical aspect of the globe offers as much to charm or awe the eye of man as to minister to his comfort and wellbeing. From the glowing heat and gorgeous vegetation of the torrid zone, we move through all gradations of climate and feature to the frigid regions of either pole, where perpetual ice and a depressed temperature present an extraordinary contrast to the lands of the sun: from intensest heat we pass to intensest cold; from the sandy deserts of the south to the icy deserts of the north. Yet there is as much in the frozen zone to impress and elevate the mind of the beholder as in the countries where nature displays herself in rich and exuberant loveliness. Beyond the seventieth degree of latitude not a tree meets the eye, wearied with the white waste of snow: forests, woods, even shrubs have disappeared, and given place to a few lichens and creeping woody plants which scantily clothe the indurated soil. Still, in the farthest north, nature claims her birthright of beauty; and in the brief and rapid summer she brings forth numerous flowers and grasses to bloom for a few days, until again blasted by the swiftly-recurring winter.

In these regions certain mysterious phenomena exhibit their most powerful effects: here is the point of attraction of the compass needle; and here the dipping needle, which lies horizontal at the equator, points straight downwards. Slowly, in its cycle of nearly two thousand years, this centre or pole of magnetic attraction revolves in obedience to laws as yet unknown. Two degrees farther towards the north is situated the pole of cold—a mystery like the former to science, but equally inciting to curiosity. If induction may be trusted, the pole of the earth is less cold than the latitudes 15° below it.

Round the shores and seas of the arctic regions ice ever accumulates: a circle of two thousand miles diameter is occupied by frozen fields and floes of vast extent, or piled high with hugest forms, awful yet fantastic as a dreamer's fancy. Mountain masses—

> 'Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
> Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky,
> With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
> The slow creation of six thousand years,
> Amidst immensity they tower sublime,
> Winter's eternal palace, built by Time.'

Here the months are divided into long periods of daylight and darkness: for many weeks the sun sinks not below the horison; for three dreary months he appears not above it—

> 'And morning comes, but comes not clad in light;
> Uprisen day is but a paler night.'

But, in the absence of the great luminary, the vivid coruscations of the aurora borealis illuminate the wintry landscape, streaming across the skies in broad sheets of light, flashing in multi-coloured rays, or quivering in faint and feathery scintillations—a light that takes away the irksomeness of gloom, and makes the long night wondrous.

The desolate grandeur of the scene is in many parts increased by the entire absence of animated nature; in others the dearth of vegetation is compensated by superabundance of animal life. Wrangell tells us that 'countless herds of reindeer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and gray squirrels, fill the upland forests; stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds. Enormous flights of swans, geese, and ducks arrive in spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety. Eagles, owls, and gulls pursue their prey along the seacoast; ptarmigan run in troops among the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks and in the morasses; the social crows seek the neighbourhood of men's habitations; and when the sun shines in spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and in autumn that of the thrush.'

'There is,' as observed by Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, 'a striking resemblance in the configuration of the northern coasts of the continents of Asia and America for several hundred miles on either side of Behring's Strait; the general direction of the coast is the same in both continents, the latitude is nearly the same, and each has its attendant group of islands to the north—the Asiatic continent, those usually known as the New Siberian Islands—and the American, those called by Sir Edward Parry the North Georgian Group, and since fitly named, from their discoverer, the Parry Islands. The resemblance includes the islands also, both in general character and latitude.'

With respect to the Arctic Ocean, a late writer explains—'We may view this great polar sea as enclosed within a circle whose diameter is 40°, or 2400 geographical miles, and circumference 7200 miles. On the Asiatic side of this sea are Nova Zembla and the New Siberian Islands, each extending to about the 76th degree of latitude. On the European and American sides are Spitzbergen, extending to about 80°, and a part of Old Greenland, whose northern extremity is yet unknown. Facing America is the large island washed by Regent's Inlet, Parry's or

Melville's Islands, with some others, in latitudes 70° to 76°, and beyond these nothing is known of any other land or islands; and if we may form an opinion, by inspecting the general chart of the earth, it would be, that no islands exist which could in any shape obstruct navigation.' It is to these regions, and the labours of which they have been the scene, that we have for a short period to direct our attention.

The history of Arctic explorations properly begins at a period earlier by several centuries than is generally believed. Careful researches promoted and carried on of late years by the Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen, and others interested in the subject, have established the fact, that Newfoundland, Greenland, and several parts of the American coast, were visited by the Scandinavians—the Northmen and Sea-Kings of old—in the ninth and tenth centuries. While Alfred was engaged in expelling the Danes from England, and bestowing the rudiments of civilisation on his country, and Charles the Bald was defending his kingdom against a host of competitors, the daring sea-rovers were forming settlements in Iceland. One hundred and twenty-five years later, A.D. 1000, Leif Erickson led the way to the westward, and landed on the shores of New England, between Boston and New York, naming the country Vinland, from the wild vines which grew in the woods. These adventurers made

their way also to a high northern latitude, and set up stones, carved with Runic inscriptions, with the date 1135, on Women's Islands—in latitude 72° 55′—Baffin's Bay, where they were discovered in 1824. The colonists on the eastern coast of this great bay made regular trips to Lancaster Sound and part of Barrow's Strait in pursuit of fish 'more than six centuries before the adventurous voyage of Parry,' and carried on a trade with the settlers in Markland, as Nova Scotia was then called. Their numbers must have been considerable, for in Greenland there were three hundred homesteads or villages, and twenty churches and convents. They kept up intercourse with Europe until 1406, when it was interrupted by extraordinary accumulations of ice upon their coasts; and though the Danish government has made repeated attempts to ascertain their fate, it still remains in doubt; the supposition is, that all have perished from privation or violence of the natives. Spitzbergen, too, contained numerous colonists: graves are frequently met with on its shores; in one place Captain Buchan saw several thousands, the corpses in some of them as fresh as when first interred, preserved by the rigour of the climate.

These early explorers were unable to take full advantage of their American discoveries; this was reserved for a later period. 'Intervening,' observes Humboldt, 'between two different stages of cultivation, the fifteenth century forms a transition epoch, belonging at once to the middle ages and to the commencement of modern times. It is the epoch of the greatest discoveries in geographical space, comprising almost all degrees of latitude, and almost every gradation of elevation of the earth's surface. To the inhabitants of Europe it doubled the works of creation, while at the same time it offered to the intellect new and powerful incitements to the improvement of the natural sciences in their physical and mathematical departments.'

As we approach the period here referred to, we find a new spirit at work; no longer the boisterous adventurousness of the Northmen, but an earnest spirit of enterprise. In 1380, the Zeni, two Venetian navigators, voyaged into the north, ignorant of the fact, that the Scandinavians had preceded them by three centuries, and brought home accounts of the countries they had seen. Within eighty years after this event, the gulf and river of St Lawrence and Newfoundland were visited by the three Cortereals: the father returned to Portugal, but his two sons perished while endeavouring to extend his discoveries. In 1497, during the reign of Henry VII., British enterprise was first directed to a region in which it has been subsequently developed to a degree without example; and Cabot, or Cabota the younger, landed at Labrador eighteen months before Columbus saw the mainland of tropical America. He contemplated also a voyage to the pole, and sailed up to 67½° of north latitude. It was thought scarcely possible that the newly-discovered continent stretched so far from north to south without a single opening to the westward, and the search for this became the prime object with mercantile adventurers, who hoped to find a way to the rich and gorgeous countries lying beyond. Sir Hugh Willoughby was sent out by the Muscovy Company with two ships to find a north-east passage 'to Kathay and India;' and pushed his way as far as Nova Zembla, from whence, being stopped by ice, he returned to a lower latitude, and in September 1553

put in at the mouth of the river Arzina in Lapland. A melancholy interest attended this event, little anticipated by the unfortunate leader when he wrote in his journal—'Thus remaining in this haven the space of a weeke, seeing the yeare farre spent, and also very evill wether—as frost, snowe, and haile, as though it had beene the deepe of winter, wee thought it best to winter there.' The dreary season passed away, and in the following year some Russian fishermen found Sir Hugh and his crew all frozen to death. The other vessel, commanded by Richard Chancelor, reached Archangel, and opened the way for our commercial intercourse with Russia.

Next in importance are the three voyages by Frobisher in 1576-78. He discovered the entrance to Hudson's Strait, and explored that still known as Frobisher's; but failed in penetrating to the westward. Great hopes were excited by some lumps of yellow glistening ore which he brought home, and in his later voyages gold-mines were not less to be searched for than the north-west passage. The study of natural phenomena was not, however, altogether lost sight of, as appears by a passage from the instructions issued under the authority of Elizabeth for the gallant seaman's guidance. 'Yf yt be possible,' so runs the official document, 'you shall leave some persons to winter in the straight, giving them instructions how they may observe the nature of the ayre and state of the countrie, and what tyme of the yeare the straight is most free from yce; with who you shall leave a sufficient preparation of victualls and weapons, and also a pynnas, with a carpenter, and thyngs necessarie, so well as may be.' Then followed Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition to colonise Newfoundland: the fate of this 'devout gentleman and philosopher' has been touchingly narrated by a transatlantic poet—

'Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more he seaward bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land."'

The three voyages by Davis in 1585-88 enlarged the limits of research; by the discovery of the strait which still bears his name, he opened the way to Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea; he also surveyed a considerable extent of the Greenland coast. Various attempts to find a passage were also made during this century by Spaniards, French, Danes, and Dutch; those of the last-mentioned nation being the most memorable. To avoid the risk of a voyage to India across the ocean, over which Spain claimed the supremacy, they sought for a shorter passage by the north-east.

The three voyages by William Barentz, 1594-96, afford striking examples of dangers encountered, and manful perseverance in struggling against them. He made his way to the sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, until, to quote the narrative of the third voyage, 'we came

to so great a heape of ice, that we could not sayle through it.' In August of the last-mentioned year, the vessel was embayed by an unusual drifting of the ice, which, crushing around them with a violence that 'made all the haire of our heads to rise upright with feare,' forced them 'in great cold, povertie, miserie, and griefe, to stay all that winter.' They exerted themselves to the utmost to avoid so terrible an alternative; but on the 11th of September, as is related, 'we saw that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship, as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter, we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe, according to the time, that we might winter there, and attend such adventure as God would send us; and after we had debated upon the matter (to keepe and defend ourselves both from the colde and wilde beastes), we determined to build a house upon the land, to keepe us therein as well as wee could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God.' While casting about for material for the edifice, to their great joy they discovered a quantity of drift timber, which they regarded as a special interposition of Providence in their behalf, and 'were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not onely to build our house, but also to burne, and serve us all the winter long; otherwise, without all doubt, we had died there miserably with extreme cold.'

Parties were thereupon set to work to build the house, and drag their stores from the ship on hand-sleds, in which labours they were grievously interrupted by bears and severity of the weather: if any one held a nail between his lips, the skin came off with as much pain on taking it out again as though the iron had been red-hot; yet notwithstanding the cold, there was open sea for many weeks an 'arrow-shot' beyond their ship. The dwelling, slow in progress, was finished by the end of October, and thatched with sea-wrack, the more effectually to close the chinks in the roof and walls, and 'we set up our dyall, and made the clocke strike.' On the 4th November 'wee saw the sunne no more, for it was no longer above the horison; then our chirurgion made a bath (to bathe us in) of a wine-pipe, wherein wee entred one after the other, and it did us much good, and was a great meanes of our health.' All the spare clothing was distributed, regulations established with regard to diet, and duties apportioned; the master and pilot being exempted from cleaving wood, and other rude labours. Traps were set to catch foxes for food, and cheerfulness was as much as possible promoted; but at times they were snowed up, and could not open their door for many days, and had no light but that of their fire: they were tormented with smoke, while ice two inches thick formed in their sleeping-berths. The clock stopped with the cold, after which they could only reckon time by 'the twelve-hour glass.'

The misery they endured may be judged of by the tone of some of the entries in their journal; such suffering was but too frequent:—'It was foule weather againe, with an easterly wind and extreame cold, almost not to bee indured; whereupon wee lookt pittifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extreamitie of the cold grew to bee more and more, wee should all dye there with cold; for that what fire soever wee made it would not warme us; yea, and our sacke, which is so hot, was frozen very hard, so that when we were every man to have his

part, we were forced to melt it in the fire, which we shared every second day about halfe a pint for a man, wherewith we were forced to sustayne ourselves; and at other times wee dranke water, which agreed not well with the cold, and we needed not to coole it with snow or ice; but we were forced to melt it out of the snow.' Sometimes, while they sat at the fire, 'and seemed to burne on the fore-side, we froze behind at our backes, and were all white as the countreymen use to bee when they come in at the gates of the toune in Holland with their sleds, and have gone all night.' It might indeed seem that no room remained for hope; yet under date December 19 we read, 'wee put each other in good comfort, that the sunne was then almost halfe over, and ready to come to us againe, which wee sore longed for, it being a weary time for us to bee without the sunne, and to want the greatest comfort that God sendeth unto man here upon the earth, and that which rejoyceth every living thing.' They kept Twelfth-Night also, and 'made pancakes with oyle, and every man a white bisket, which we sopt in wine: and so, supposing that we were in our owne countrey, and amongst our friends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our owne house: and wee also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least 200 miles long, and lyeth between two seas.'

On the 24th January they saw the sun again, a sight that reanimated their sinking spirits, confined as they had been with no light but that of the fire, and often prevented by heavy snow from going out of their dwelling for many days in succession. Several of the party were sick—one died: a grave seven feet deep was dug in the snow; and then, as is mournfully recorded, 'after that we had read certaine chapters and sung some psalmes, we all went out and buried the man.' As the days lengthened, they set about preparations for departure, and repaired their two boats, and had good hope 'to get out of that wilde, desart, irkesome, fearfull, and cold countrey.' On the 13th of June the survivors, twelve in number, left the desolate shore after a stay of ten months. Barentz and two others were so worn out with disease, that they died soon after, amid all the privations of exposure in small boats in an ice-encumbered sea. The remainder struggled onwards, manfully overcoming the perils that beset them; and in September reached the coast of Lapland, where 'wee saw some trees on the river side, which comforted us, and made us glad, as if wee had then come into a new world; for in all the time that wee had been out we had not seene any trees.' On the 11th of the same month, after a voyage of 1143 miles, these brave-hearted men set up their boats in the 'merchants' house at Coola, as a sign and token of their deliverance;' and embarking on board a Dutch ship, in the course of a few weeks once more set foot in their native country.

Henry Hudson, 'the North Seas' great Columbus,' comes next in the list of explorers. In his first voyage, with a crew of only ten men and a boy (1607), he penetrated as far as 82° of north latitude, and discovered part of the eastern coast of Greenland. His second attempt was made on the track of Barentz, but with no better success. In his third and last voyage in 1610, he passed the strait which now bears his name, and entered the great inland sea known as Hudson's Bay. Concluding that this led to the north-west passage, he passed the winter there, with the intention of

resuming operations early in the following year; but in the spring his crew, wearied with hardship, mutinied, and Hudson, with his son and seven others, was turned adrift in a small boat, and never afterwards heard of:

> 'Of all the sea-shapes death has worn, may mariners never know
> Such fate as Hendrik Hudson found in the labyrinths of snow.'

We are told in the history of the voyage, that later in the same day on which the fated few were abandoned, the conspirators saw the boat again, when 'they let fall the main-sayle, and out with their top-sayles, and flye as from an enemy.' Continuing thus that night and the next day, 'they saw not the shallop, nor ever after.' But punishment overtook the perpetrators of this foul crime: four were killed in a skirmish with the Esquimaux near Cape Digges; and another died on the passage to Ireland, where the survivors arrived in a famishing condition, having been reduced to such extremities for want of food as to devour their candles. Strange to relate, no attempt was made to bring the mutineers to trial; some of them, indeed, were afterwards employed in further explorations.

Great hopes were entertained that the much-desired passage would be found leading out of Hudson's Bay; and a good deal of controversy on the question arose from time to time among contending voyagers and their abettors. Old Purchas says, 'As the world is much beholding to that famous Columbus, for that hee first discovered unto us the West Indies; and to the Portugal for the finding out the ordinarie and as yet the best way that is knowne to the East Indies by Cape Bona Speranza; so may they and all the world be in this beholding to us in opening a new and large passage, both much neerer, safer, and farre more wholesome and temperate through the continent of Virginia, and by Fretum Hudson, to all those rich countries bordering upon the South Sea in the East and West Indies.'

Between this period and 1616, those arms of the sea known as Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome and Fox Channel were discovered; and in the year just mentioned Baffin sailed into and explored the vast bay, 800 miles long, and 300 wide, named after him. For a long time his report of its great length was disbelieved, but later researches have confirmed the accuracy of his statements; even the latitudes laid down by him are almost identical with those recently determined with all the advantage of superior instruments. Among other openings, Baffin saw Lancaster Sound, and had he explored it, Parry's discoveries would have been anticipated by two hundred years, as they had been to some extent by the long-forgotten Northmen. The opinion, however, at that time, and indeed until within the past thirty years was, that no practicable opening to the Polar Sea existed except that at Behring's Strait. From this period to about the middle of last century, the outlets to the west of Hudson's Bay were the points to which effort was directed; and truly may it be said that these earlier navigators left very little for those who came later. In small vessels, varying from ten to fifty tons burthen, they accomplished more than has since been effected by lavishly-equipped expeditions.

In 1743 parliament offered a reward of £20,000 to any one who should sail to the north-west by way of Hudson's Strait, which passage, it was

declared, would be 'of great benefit and advantage to the kingdom.' Between 1769–72 Mr Hearne undertook three overland journeys across the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company to the shores of the Polar Sea. He failed in the first two attempts; in the third he succeeded in reaching a large and rapid river—the Coppermine—and followed it down nearly to its mouth, but, as there is reason to believe, without actually viewing the sea. The proof of the existence of the river was the most important result of Mr Hearne's labours; for such scientific observations as he attempted are loose and unsatisfactory.

In the following year (1773), in consequence of communications made to the Royal Society on the possibility of reaching the North Pole, Captain Phipps was sent out with two vessels to effect this interesting object. He coasted the eastern shore of Spitzbergen to 80° 48′ of latitude, and was there stopped by the ice, and compelled to return. In 1776 Cook sailed on the fatal expedition which cost England her famous navigator, with instructions to attempt the passage of the Icy Sea from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay. The clause of the act above referred to, wherein Hudson's Strait was exclusively specified, was altered to include 'any northern passage' for ships; and £5000 was further voted to any one who should get within one degree of the pole. Cook, with all his perseverance, could not penetrate beyond Icy Cape, latitude 70° 45′, where he found the ice stretching in a compact mass across to the opposite continent, which he also visited, sailing as far as Cape North on the coast of Asia. It would appear that expectations prevailed of the enterprising mariner's success, for a vessel was sent to Baffin's Bay to wait for him, in 1777, in charge of Lieutenant Pickersgill. One other journey within this century remains to be noticed—that by Mackenzie, under sanction of the Hudson's Bay Company, with objects similar to those of Hearne. In 1789 he left Fort Chipewyan, crossed Slave Lake, and descended the Mackenzie River, a stream of much greater magnitude than the Coppermine, to an island where the tide rose and fell. But, as in the case of his predecessor, we have no certainty that he reached the ocean. Rivers, however, play an important part in Arctic discovery; and it was something gained to know that the sea could be reached by their means. We may here observe once for all that these land expeditions, whose prime object has been to determine the northern coast-line of America, are not to be confounded with the attempts to discover the north-west passage.

The result of these discouragements was a cessation of naval researches, which continued for many years; but at length a change took place, as sudden and inexplicable as the accumulation of ice from centuries before which cut off the Danish colonies in Greenland from communication with the mother country. In 1816–17 the Greenland whalers reported the sea to be clearer of ice than at any former time within their knowledge. This fact engaged the attention of the Admiralty; and the Council of the Royal Society were consulted as to the prospects of renewed operations in the Arctic regions. Their reply was favourable; and in 1818 two expeditions were fitted out—the one to discover the north-west passage, the other to reach the pole. Captain (now Sir John) Ross and Lieutenant (now Sir Edward) Parry, in the vessels *Isabella* and *Alexander*, were intrusted with the former of these objects.

They were especially charged to examine the great openings described by Baffin as existing at the head of the vast bay which he so diligently explored; and in carrying out these instructions, the commanders found full reason to applaud the care and perseverance of the able navigator who had preceded them by two hundred years. It must be remembered that we are now treating of a period when science put forward its imperative claims, and when, as at present, something more was required than a meagre chart of a previously-unexplored coast, and graphic accounts of new countries and their inhabitants. Astronomy, geology, meteorology, magnetism, natural history, were all clamorous for new facts, or for satisfactory tests of those already known. For the same reason it is that of late years exploring expeditions have been more interesting to the philosopher than to the general public. Lord Anson returning from the southern seas with wagon-loads of Spanish dollars and doubloons would be hailed with popular acclaim; while Sir James Ross arriving from the Antarctic Ocean with materials for accurate magnetic charts, and records of soundings deep as Mont Blanc's altitude, is the hero of the scientific world.

The open state of the sea greatly facilitated the purposes of the expedition. In August the ships were sailing up Lancaster Sound, with every prospect of an easy passage to the westward; when the commander, fancying that he saw a range of mountains barring all further progress in the distance, hesitated to advance, and finally, throwing away the favourable opportunity, returned with his consort to England.

The *Dorothea* and *Trent*, commanded by Captain Buchan and Lieutenant (now Sir John) Franklin, comprised the expedition destined for the pole. Captain Beechey, to whom we are indebted for an interesting account of the voyage, observes—'The peculiarity of the proposed route afforded opportunities of making some useful experiments on the elliptical figure of the earth; on magnetic phenomena; on the refraction of the atmosphere in high latitudes in ordinary circumstances, and over extensive masses of ice; and on the temperature and specific gravity of the sea at the surface, and at various depths; and on meteorological and other interesting phenomena.' The vessels sailed in April 1818, Magdalena Bay in Spitzbergen having been appointed as a rendezvous in case of separation. For a time they made good progress to the northward, keeping near the shore. At length a furious gale came on, with all the snowy, sleety bitterness of the north, freezing upon the rigging, and encumbering alike the movements of vessel and crew. The *Dorothea* was only saved from being driven on shore by forcing her into the main pack of ice, which afforded shelter. The *Trent*, although in less peril, had suffered severely in the storm; and reluctantly the grand object—pushing northwards—was given up as hopeless. Lieutenants Franklin and Beechey proposed to renew the attempt with dogs, sledges, and baidars—the skin-boats of the Esquimaux—appliances which experience has shown to be generally the most serviceable in ice travelling; but for that time nothing came of the project.

The phenomena peculiar to the north were new to most of those embarked on this expedition. The novelty of constant daylight for several weeks prevented some of the party from taking needful rest, until necessity compelled them to obey the natural laws, as observed by other animated creatures in those regions. Captain Beechey writes—

'Very few of us had ever seen the sun at midnight; and this night happening to be particularly clear, his broad red disk, curiously distorted by refraction, and sweeping majestically along the northern horison, was an object of imposing grandeur, which rivetted to the deck some of our crew who would perhaps have beheld with indifference the less imposing effect of the icebergs. The rays were too oblique to illumine more than the inequalities of the floes, and falling thus partially on the grotesque shapes either really assumed by the ice, or distorted by the unequal refraction of the atmosphere, so betrayed the imagination, that it required no great exertion of fancy to trace, in various directions, architectural edifices, grottos, and caves here and there, glittering as if with precious metals.'

Among other topics Captain Beechey enters on the theory of iceberg formation, and contrasts it with the analogous effects in an Alpine glacier. The latter slopes, while the former always presents a perpendicular face to the sea—a result produced by the continual increment of rain and snow, and the action of sea-water below in preventing expansion of the base. Icebergs, in fact, are amongst the most surprising of Arctic phenomena. On one occasion the discharge of a musket half a mile distant caused a huge mass to fall, the wave from which heaved a boat with its crew ninety-six feet up the beach, and there left it stove in. Shortly afterwards, the two lieutenants were viewing another part of the same berg, when an avalanche of ice slid from it with a plunge that disturbed the ship four miles away; although they themselves, by keeping the boat's head to the swell, rode it over in safety. On this Captain Beechey remarks—'The piece that had been disengaged at first wholly disappeared under water, and nothing was seen but a violent boiling of the sea, and a shooting up of clouds of spray, like that which occurs at the foot of a great cataract. After a short time it reappeared, raising its head full a hundred feet above the surface, with water pouring down from all parts of it; and then, labouring as if doubtful which way it should fall, it rolled over, and after rocking about some minutes, at length became settled. We now approached it, and found it nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference, and sixty feet out of the water. Knowing its specific gravity, and making a fair allowance for its inequalities, we computed its weight at 421,660 tons. A stream of salt water was still pouring down its sides, and there was a continual cracking noise, as loud as that of a cart-whip, occasioned, I suppose, by the escape of fixed air.'

The failure in the chief object of these two expeditions excited feelings which could only be satisfied by renewed exertions. The mountains said to exist at the bottom of Lancaster Sound were affirmed, by some who had borne part in the abortive voyage, to be ocular deception. The question was soon put to the proof. Two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, commanded by Captain Parry, sailed to explore Lancaster Sound on the 4th May 1819. Every effort was made to arrive on the scene of operation at the earliest possible period, and as the shortest route, the ships were forced into the 'Middle Ice' in Baffin's Bay in the middle of July. This collection of ice is as striking a phenomenon in this part of the sea, as are the great banks of weed, *Fucus natans*, which float with little or no change of place in the Atlantic, off the Azores and the Bahamas. As its name indicates, it occupies a position in the middle of the bay, leaving a narrow channel on the

eastern side, more or less encumbered with drift ice, while on the western side the sea is generally unobstructed. The local position of this body of ice is supposed to be due to the action of conflicting currents, which retain it pretty nearly in one spot. The usual route round its northern extremity, followed by whaling ships, doubles the length of a voyage, and whenever possible, they endeavour to cross the pack in a lower latitude. This was what Parry did. By dint of sawing, heaving, and sailing at the rate of about twelve miles a day, he forced his way through the barrier, more than eighty miles in width, in seven days. A clear sea awaited him on the western side; and by the end of July he was in the entrance of Lancaster Sound, waiting with anxiety and impatience for an easterly breeze. It came at last; both vessels crowded sail; and as Captain Parry relates—'It is more easy to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the Sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's nest were received—all, however, hitherto, favourable to our most sanguine hopes.' The question as to a passage was soon settled. 'We were,' pursues the narrative, 'by midnight in a great measure relieved from our anxiety respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this magnificent inlet, having reached the longitude of 83° 12′, where the two shores are still above thirteen leagues apart, without the slightest appearance of any land to the westward of us for four or five points of the compass.'

An inlet ten leagues wide, on the southern shore, was next seen. Thinking that this would lead to the American continent, Captain Parry sailed into it for some distance until stopped by the ice. While here, the singular phenomenon was observed, as it had been by former voyagers, of the compasses becoming useless, the needles losing all directive power, and pointing to any direction in which they might be turned. This effect, which added materially to the difficulty of navigating an unknown sea, was due chiefly to the proximity of the magnetic pole: a successful means of correcting it has since then been discovered, as will be hereafter explained. From this channel, to which the name of Regent's Inlet was given, the ships returned to Barrow's Strait, where, on the 22d August, another wide opening of eight leagues was discovered on the northern shore. Far as the eye could reach it was clear of ice, but no attempt was made to explore it, as all on board the vessels were desirous of getting to the westward: it was called Wellington Channel. Beyond this several islands were passed, the whole group now known as the Parry Islands; and during this part of the voyage a change was noticed in the general direction of the compass needle from westerly to easterly, showing, as Captain Parry observes, that they had 'crossed immediately to the northward of the magnetic pole, and had undoubtedly passed over one of those spots on the globe where the needle would have been found to vary 180°, or, in other words, where its north pole would have pointed due south.'

Sailing onwards, the passage narrowed; Melville Island was discovered and named; and on the 4th September the party became entitled to the

parliamentary reward of £5000 offered for attaining 110° of west longitude; a gratifying fact duly commemorated in the appellation of an adjacent headland — Bounty Cape. The narrowing of the channel disappointed the explorers in their hope of making their way to Behring's Strait in one season. Ice was met with; on the 14th September a sudden fall of snow indicated the close of the fine season; the *Griper* was forced on shore; and though got off again, the obstructions were such as to make it evident that no time was to be lost in looking for winter quarters. With some difficulty the course was retraced to a bay in Melville Island; but new ice seven inches in thickness formed so rapidly, that before the vessels could be brought to their anchoring-ground, a channel more than two miles long had to be cut to admit them.

All heavy materials and stores were immediately landed, the decks cleared, and each vessel housed over with a thick tilt-cloth; and to insure as much snugness as possible under the circumstances, the sides were banked up with snow. Notwithstanding the heating apparatus distributed throughout each ship, the sleeping berths were nearly always damp, and coated with ice; and whenever the external air was admitted by the opening of a door, the sudden rush of cold condensed the warm air of the apartment to a visible vapour, which settled and froze on the bulk-heads and beams. Later in the season the berths were taken down, and hammocks slung a-midship substituted for them, very much to the comfort and health of the crews—an arrangement which has been followed in subsequent voyages with equal benefit. During the winter all available means were taken to promote health and cheerfulness: when the weather permitted, the men took exercise on shore, and on other occasions were made to run round the deck to the tunes of a hand-organ or to their own songs. Dramatic entertainments were prepared: the first representation took place on the day on which the ice-bound adventurers lost sight of the sun, to see it no more for three dreary months, and was repeated fortnightly afterwards. A school was opened, and well attended by the crews, who found learning to read a valuable relief from *ennui* and its concomitant evils; and the officers, among other modes of using the time, started a weekly manuscript newspaper—'The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle'—in which humour and philosophy were mingled, to the amusement and edification of writers and readers. Those who understand the intimate connection between mental and physical health will best appreciate these attempts to provide occupation for mind and body. But the scientific objects of the expedition were not forgotten: in the observatory built on shore astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations were perseveringly recorded, in spite of the rigorous climate, and when the cold was such that to touch the metal of the instruments raised a blister, or took off the skin, just as in a case of burning, it was necessary to hold the breath while observing, otherwise a thin film of ice formed on the eye-glasses. Several phenomena peculiar to northern latitudes were taken account of: curious effects of refraction, appearances of the aurora, facility of hearing sounds at great distances—in calm weather conversation could be held between two individuals more than a mile apart with but a slight elevation of the voice; smoke did not rise, but crept along for several miles in a horizontal direction; objects seen at a distance in the dreary waste of snow deceived

the eye, and appeared much larger than they were in reality. February 1820 was the coldest part of the season; the temperature fell to 55° below zero, a degree of frigor which might well be supposed to be unbearable; yet if there be no wind, it can be borne without pain. Mercury froze so as to become malleable, and could be beaten into a variety of forms.

In March preparations were made to fit the ships again for service; the ice which had accumulated inside the *Hecla* from breath and steam was scraped off, making a quantity of seventy-five bushels. On the 12th and 13th May the first ptarmigan, deer, and musk ox, were seen; the animals pass every spring from the mainland to the islands to graze and breed. On the 1st June a party set out to cross the island to its northern shore: the pools were full of fowl, the rapid fervour of an Arctic summer had already converted the snowy waste into 'luxuriant pasture ground,' rich in flowers and grass, with 'almost the same lively appearance as that of an English meadow,' a fact which fully accounts for the periodical migration of animals from the continent.

It was not until the 1st August that the ships were once more fairly afloat, and endeavours made to push to the westward; but the icy barrier which the party had seen on their first approach still barred their progress. The *Griper* again took the ground during a perilous interval, and all further progress in the much-desired direction became hopeless. The heads of the vessels were reluctantly turned to the eastward; they stood out of the sound, surveyed part of Baffin's Bay, and in November returned to England, with all hands, comprising ninety-four individuals, in health, having lost but one during their eighteen months' absence.

In September of the same year that Parry sailed, an overland expedition started from York Factory, Hudson's Bay, under charge of Sir John Franklin, accompanied by Dr (now Sir John) Richardson, two midshipmen —Messrs Back and Hood—and Hepburn a seaman, with the object of exploring the north coast of America to its eastern extremity from the mouth of the Coppermine. There was a chance that Parry might make for the coast in his ships; and if so, the two parties would have co-operated with mutual advantage. Franklin and his party, increased by the addition of sixteen Canadian voyageurs, interpreters, &c. left Fort Chipewyan in July 1820 for Fort Enterprise on Winter Lake, more than 500 miles distant. Here, after walking eighty miles to get a look at the Coppermine, they wintered, while Mr (now Sir George) Back returned on foot to Fort Chipewyan to expedite the transit of stores required for the next year's operations. At the end of five months he rejoined his companions, having walked 1100 miles on snow shoes in the depth of winter: a journey which put his powers of endurance to a severe test, the thermometer being seldom above zero, and on one occasion 57° below it. On the last day of June 1821, the whole party having dragged their canoes and baggage to the river—a tedious and fatiguing service—embarked on the rapid stream, and reached the sea on the 18th July. The main object of the expedition then commenced; and with two birch-bark canoes, each manned by ten men, and fifteen days' provision, Franklin paddled to the eastward. They followed the coast for two weeks, pinched at times for want of food, as some of their pemmican had turned mouldy, till they came to what is now called Coronation Gulf, a distance, reckoning the indentations of the shore, of

555 geographical miles. By this time the canoes, which had gone through some rough duty, were scarcely serviceable; and the stock of provisions was reduced to three days' consumption. Under these circumstances the leaders resolved to return. They walked first to a spot on the shore ten miles distant from their haltingplace, which, with literal truth, was named Point Turnagain. To attempt to reach the Coppermine so late in the season would have been fatal to the whole of the party; they therefore made for Hood's River, discovered by them a few days previously, up which they had ascended to the first rapid by the 26th August. Two small portable canoes were then constructed from the two larger ones, for the purpose of crossing rivers on the journey now before them; and on the 1st September they set off on a straight course for Fort Enterprise, 150 miles distant. The fatigues and privations endured on this route are scarcely to be paralleled: short of food, ill supplied with clothing, and exposed to the howling severity of the climate, the escape of any one of the number appears almost a miracle. Some days, when there was nothing to eat, and no means of making a fire, they passed entirely in bed; on others, after a weary and exhausting travel, their only nourishment on halting for the night was *tripe de roche*, or rock-tripe, a species of lichen, *Gyrophora proboscidea* of botanists, a plant of most nauseous taste, and the cause of cruel bowel complaints to the whole party. Daily they became weaker, and less capable of exertion: one of the canoes was so much broken by a fall, that it was burned to cook a supper; the resource of fishing too was denied them, for some of the men, in the recklessness of misery, threw away the nets. Rivers were to be crossed by wading, or in the canoe; on one of these occasions Franklin took his seat with two of the voyageurs in their frail bark, when they were driven by the force of the stream and the wind to the verge of a frightful rapid, in which the canoe upset, and but for a rock on which they found footing, they would there have perished. On the 19th, 'previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey. These,' adds Franklin, 'would have satisfied us in ordinary times, but we were now almost exhausted by slender fare and travel, and our appetites had become ravenous. We looked, however, with humble confidence to the great Author and Giver of all good for a continuance of the support which had hitherto been always supplied to us at our greatest need.' A day or two afterwards the remaining canoe was left behind; no intreaties could prevail on the men to carry it farther. Dr Richardson, too, was obliged to abandon his collection of plants and minerals from inability to endure the burthen. The killing of five small deer at this time, however, enabled them to rest for a couple of days to recruit their exhausted strength. On the 26th they came to the Coppermine, the crossing of which, owing to their weak condition, the loss of the canoe, and having to construct a raft of willow branches, detained them until the 4th October. They were now almost in the last stage of starvation; and had it not been for the exertions of Hepburn in collecting tripe de roche, not one of them would have survived. On the 7th, when at twenty-four miles from Fort Enterprise, a division of the party took place: Franklin, with eight of the men, went on, while Richardson stayed behind at the encampment to tend on Hood, who was scarcely able to move. Hep-

burn remained with them. Three of the voyageurs, unable to proceed with Franklin, and Michel, an Iroquois, were permitted to return to the haltingplace, where they would be at least certain of fire and rock-tripe, but, with the exception of the Indian, they perished by the way: not one of them was ever seen again. Franklin, with his five survivors, reached Fort Enterprise on the 11th. What a disappointment awaited them! Instead of a cordial welcome from friendly hunters, and abundance of provisions, as had been promised, all was a blank: the building was tenantless.

A note was found from Mr Back, who had journeyed on in advance, stating that he had gone in search of the Indians, and if need were, to Fort Providence. This was but poor comfort for the famished travellers, who were obliged to take up their quarters in the dilapidated edifice. The rubbish-heaps concealed beneath the snow were searched for old skins, bones, or any kind of offal that might serve as food when stewed with rock-tripe. A good fire was a luxury seldom enjoyed, for they had scarcely strength to collect wood. Eighteen weary days were passed in these painful privations, when the monotony was interrupted by the arrival of Dr Richardson and Hepburn in a most emaciated condition, bringing the melancholy intelligence that Mr Hood and the Iroquois were both dead. Michel, in a fit of sullen spite, to which uncivilised natures are liable, had shot the young and talented officer at the encampment where they had last parted; and his demeanour towards the two survivors becoming more and more threatening, the doctor, under the imperious instinct of self-preservation, took upon himself the responsibility of putting the Indian to death by a pistol-shot. As afterwards appeared, there was reason to believe that two of the missing voyageurs had also been murdered by the Iroquois.

Two others of the wretched party died on the second day after Richardson's arrival at the fort. At last, on the 7th November, relief came, borne by three Indians sent by Mr Back. The messengers proved themselves most kind, assiduous attendants, 'evincing humanity that would have done honour to the most civilised people.' And with good fires and sufficient food, the sufferers began to recover strength. A week later, they were able to set out for Fort Chipewyan, where they remained until June of the following year. In July they reached York Factory, from whence they had started three years before, and thus terminated a journey of 5550 miles, during which human courage and patience were exposed to trials such as few can bear with fortitude, unless, as is seen in Franklin's interesting narrative, arising out of reliance on the ever-sustaining care of an Almighty Providence.

The possibility of entering the Polar Sea having been proved by Parry's first voyage, it was considered that the north-west passage might probably be effected in a lower latitude than that of Melville Island, where the icy barrier had proved impassable. Parry, accordingly, was sent out a second time with the *Hecla* and *Fury*, in May 1821, with instructions to make for Repulse Bay by way of Hudson's Strait. The former never having been fully examined, it was supposed that some opening would be found leading from it to the ocean beyond. Hudson's Strait is notorious for its manifold hindrances to navigation, and the 2d August had come before the ships reached the narrow channel between Southampton Island and the mainland, named Frozen Strait by Middleton, who was baffled by

it in 1742. At the end of August the vessels were in Repulse Bay, which, owing to some physical cause not easy of explanation, but which not unfrequently operates in the Arctic Seas, was almost clear of ice. Boat parties were immediately set to explore the shores, and the result of their labours proved the entire continuity of land round the bay, and consequently the non-existence of any passage to the western waters. Every opening in the coast towards the south-east was then diligently examined, in which service the ships were beset by floating ice, and in a few days drifted back the whole distance gained by a month's hazardous sailing. The season for exploration was now over; a secure anchorage was found off Winter Island, where the winter was passed similarly to that described in the former voyage, but with less tedium; for a party of sixty Esquimaux — men, women, and children, with dogs and sledges—took up their residence on the island early in 1822, and afforded continual interest to the voyagers in studying their habits, manners, resources, and their adaptation to surrounding nature. Even under such apparently uncongenial circumstances human ingenuity manifests itself: these people build their winter huts dome-shaped, with blocks of snow, as accurately as though they had studied the geometrical principles of such constructions. They display great skill also in fitting and sewing their dresses, and in the manufacture of canoes, weapons, and domestic implements. They eat little else than animal food, and whenever they can get it, will devour from ten to twelve pounds of flesh or blubber in a day. Their only domestic animal is the dog: deprived of this useful creature, their existence would be extremely precarious. On the long journeys which they take in search of food, six of these dogs will draw a sledge with a load of half a ton from seven to eight miles an hour during a whole day.

On the 2d July the ships were released from their frozen berths, and attempts made to sail to the northwards by Fox's Channel—a most harassing tideway, where more than once both ships were nearly destroyed by pressure from floating ice: so formidable were the obstacles, that sixty-five days were spent in making forty miles! The elements proved unpropitious, and at the end of October the vessels were once more in winter quarters at the Island of Igloolik; thirteen days' work having been necessary to cut a canal 4343 feet long through ice from twelve to fourteen inches, and in some places several feet, in thickness. Here the Esquimaux were more numerous than at Winter Island.

Not until August 8, 1823, could the ships be extricated from this new station; and no sooner were they freed, than they were again beset by drifting ice, which held them for twenty-four days. The risk of passing another winter in those dreary regions appeared to be imminent, when an easterly breeze sprung up, and carried the vessels into open water. They arrived at Shetland in October, after nearly three years' absence, and the eyes of all on board were gladdened once more with the sight of civilised humanity. The north-eastern point of the American continent was ascertained by this voyage: it is a projecting headland of Melville Peninsula, and the connection of the latter with the main was found to be by a tortuous and narrow isthmus; and with respect to a navigable passage to the Polar Sea, it proved that the only route to the westward lay through Barrow's Strait or Regent's Inlet.

A third expedition, including the same ships with the same commander, was sent out in 1824. Owing to the unfavourable nature of the middle ice in Baffin's Bay, the season was so far advanced by the time the party entered Regent's Inlet, that they at once went into winter quarters at Port Bowen, on its eastern shore. Here they remained until the 20th July 1825, when the voyage was resumed, but under very discouraging circumstances. Great accumulations of ice rendered it almost impossible to advance; the *Fury* was driven on shore, and abandoned, though most of her stores were saved, and piled on the beach; and the *Hecla* returned to England with a double complement of men and officers. This was the least successful of Parry's voyages; but there is a fact connected with it which deserves to be recorded: it proved that the anxiety and difficulty consequent on the loss of power in the compasses need no longer exist. The placing of a small circular plate of iron in the line of no direction of the ship, and near to the needle, effects a compensation which keeps the latter in working condition. This contrivance is due to Mr Peter Barlow of Woolwich, and Captain Parry says, 'Never had an invention a more complete and satisfactory triumph; for to the last moment of our operations at sea did the compass indicate the true magnetic direction.'

Concurrently with Parry's third voyage three other expeditions were undertaken: the first by Captain Lyon, in the *Griper*, to proceed by Hudson's Strait and Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome to Repulse Bay; then to cross over Melville Isthmus, and survey the coast of America as far as where Franklin left off at Point Turnagain. The vessel sailed in June 1824, but being totally unfit for the service, except in the quality of strength, she was nearly wrecked on two occasions in the Welcome, and all on board placed in imminent peril of their lives; and at last, Repulse Bay being eighty miles distant, the enterprise was abandoned.

These expeditions had the twofold object of making the north-west passage and of completing the survey of the North-American coast. Captain Beechey was appointed to command the second, and despatched in the *Blossom*, in 1825, on a similar errand to that now intrusted to Captain Collinson with the *Enterprise* and *Investigator;* namely, to sail round Cape Horn, and enter the Polar Sea by Behring's Strait, so as to arrive at Chamisso Island, in Kotzebue Sound, by the 10th July 1826, there to wait for Franklin, of whom more presently. Beechey reached the rendezvous fifteen days after the time appointed, and made immediate preparations for exploring the coast to the eastward. The barge, under charge of two of the lieutenants, surveyed 126 miles of new shore, until stopped by a long, low, projecting tongue of land, to which the name of Point Barrow was given, but without meeting or hearing any tidings of the expected overland party. The *Blossom* remained at the anchorage until October, when it became necessary to depart, to prevent her being frozen in for the winter, and after a cruise in the Pacific, she returned to Chamisso Island in August 1827. Climate, however, with its usual fickleness, was unfavourable; there was very little open sea; and in endeavouring to push along the shore, the barge was wrecked, and several of her crew drowned; and on the 6th October Captain Beechey was obliged to abandon further exploration, grieved and disappointed that he had not the satisfaction of bearing with him the adventurous party whom he had been sent especially to meet.

This party comprised the third of the expeditions referred to above. In 1824, Franklin, undeterred by the recollection of the fearful hardships endured in his former overland journey, proposed a second, which, descending the Mackenzie River to the sea, should there divide its force; and while one party explored the coast easterly to the Coppermine, the other should make its way westerly to Icy Cape, or, if possible, Behring's Strait. The project was duly sanctioned, and every preparation made to insure success by building boats, providing scientific instruments, and supplying abundant provisions. Besides three strong and light boats built at Woolwich, better suited to navigation among ice than bark canoes, a smaller one, covered with Mackintosh, and weighing only eighty-five pounds, was constructed for the purpose of crossing rivers. In July 1825 the party arrived at Fort Chipewyan, when a combined plan of operations was determined on, in which Richardson and Back, who had again volunteered, held a prominent place. To the latter, and to Mr Dease, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's traders, was intrusted the preparation of winter quarters, so as to avoid all risk of once more encountering the privations they had before so painfully experienced.

In June 1826 they descended the river, and separated on approaching the sea—Richardson and Kendal going with two boats to the east, and Franklin and Back with two boats to the west, in which direction they hoped eventually to effect a junction with Beechey and the *Blossom*. On the 4th July Franklin's division was attacked by some hundreds of Esquimaux, and only saved by the coolness and judgment of the leaders. Pursuing their voyage, the usual fate of arctic voyagers awaited them—storms, fogs, cold, and ice. The greatest retardation was from the extreme density of the fogs, caused by the low and swampy nature of the coast, into which the most northerly range of the Rocky Mountains sinks. The season was advancing; and after anxious deliberation as to pushing on or returning, the latter course was decided on. The spot was named Return Reef; and on the 18th August the party turned their backs on it, little thinking that Captain Beechey had done so much towards meeting them. On this event Franklin observes:—'Could I have known, or by possibility imagined, that a party from the *Blossom* had been at the distance of only 160 miles from me, no difficulties, dangers, or discouraging circumstances should have prevailed on me to return; but taking into account the uncertainty of all voyages in a sea obstructed by ice, I had no right to expect that the *Blossom* had advanced beyond Kotzebue Inlet, or that any party from her had doubled Icy Cape.' The extent of coast surveyed was 374 miles, the whole of the tamest and most dreary character. The boats got back to Fort Franklin the 21st September, after a voyage of 2048 miles; and there the unsuccessful party met their comrades who had gone eastwards. These had been favoured with fine weather, and their sail of 500 miles, or 902 by the coast line, from one river to the other, afforded a pleasant voyage, during which they added somewhat to the stores of natural history, botany, geology, &c.

A second winter passed at the fort. The cold was intense, at one time the thermometer standing at 58° below zero; but such a temperature even as this may be defied with a weather-tight dwelling, plenty of provisions, and congenial companions. A series of magnetic observations was com-

They were especially charged to examine the great openings described by Baffin as existing at the head of the vast bay which he so diligently explored; and in carrying out these instructions, the commanders found full reason to applaud the care and perseverance of the able navigator who had preceded them by two hundred years. It must be remembered that we are now treating of a period when science put forward its imperative claims, and when, as at present, something more was required than a meagre chart of a previously-unexplored coast, and graphic accounts of new countries and their inhabitants. Astronomy, geology, meteorology, magnetism, natural history, were all clamorous for new facts, or for satisfactory tests of those already known. For the same reason it is that of late years exploring expeditions have been more interesting to the philosopher than to the general public. Lord Anson returning from the southern seas with wagon-loads of Spanish dollars and doubloons would be hailed with popular acclaim; while Sir James Ross arriving from the Antarctic Ocean with materials for accurate magnetic charts, and records of soundings deep as Mont Blanc's altitude, is the hero of the scientific world.

The open state of the sea greatly facilitated the purposes of the expedition. In August the ships were sailing up Lancaster Sound, with every prospect of an easy passage to the westward; when the commander, fancying that he saw a range of mountains barring all further progress in the distance, hesitated to advance, and finally, throwing away the favourable opportunity, returned with his consort to England.

The *Dorothea* and *Trent*, commanded by Captain Buchan and Lieutenant (now Sir John) Franklin, comprised the expedition destined for the pole. Captain Beechey, to whom we are indebted for an interesting account of the voyage, observes—'The peculiarity of the proposed route afforded opportunities of making some useful experiments on the elliptical figure of the earth; on magnetic phenomena; on the refraction of the atmosphere in high latitudes in ordinary circumstances, and over extensive masses of ice; and on the temperature and specific gravity of the sea at the surface, and at various depths; and on meteorological and other interesting phenomena.' The vessels sailed in April 1818, Magdalena Bay in Spitzbergen having been appointed as a rendezvous in case of separation. For a time they made good progress to the northward, keeping near the shore. At length a furious gale came on, with all the snowy, sleety bitterness of the north, freezing upon the rigging, and encumbering alike the movements of vessel and crew. The *Dorothea* was only saved from being driven on shore by forcing her into the main pack of ice, which afforded shelter. The *Trent*, although in less peril, had suffered severely in the storm; and reluctantly the grand object—pushing northwards—was given up as hopeless. Lieutenants Franklin and Beechey proposed to renew the attempt with dogs, sledges, and baidars—the skin-boats of the Esquimaux—appliances which experience has shown to be generally the most serviceable in ice travelling; but for that time nothing came of the project.

The phenomena peculiar to the north were new to most of those embarked on this expedition. The novelty of constant daylight for several weeks prevented some of the party from taking needful rest, until necessity compelled them to obey the natural laws, as observed by other animated creatures in those regions. Captain Beechey writes—

parliamentary reward of £5000 offered for attaining 110° of west longitude; a gratifying fact duly commemorated in the appellation of an adjacent headland — Bounty Cape. The narrowing of the channel disappointed the explorers in their hope of making their way to Behring's Strait in one season. Ice was met with; on the 14th September a sudden fall of snow indicated the close of the fine season; the *Griper* was forced on shore; and though got off again, the obstructions were such as to make it evident that no time was to be lost in looking for winter quarters. With some difficulty the course was retraced to a bay in Melville Island; but new ice seven inches in thickness formed so rapidly, that before the vessels could be brought to their anchoring-ground, a channel more than two miles long had to be cut to admit them.

All heavy materials and stores were immediately landed, the decks cleared, and each vessel housed over with a thick tilt-cloth; and to insure as much snugness as possible under the circumstances, the sides were banked up with snow. Notwithstanding the heating apparatus distributed throughout each ship, the sleeping berths were nearly always damp, and coated with ice; and whenever the external air was admitted by the opening of a door, the sudden rush of cold condensed the warm air of the apartment to a visible vapour, which settled and froze on the bulk-heads and beams. Later in the season the berths were taken down, and hammocks slung a-midship substituted for them, very much to the comfort and health of the crews—an arrangement which has been followed in subsequent voyages with equal benefit. During the winter all available means were taken to promote health and cheerfulness: when the weather permitted, the men took exercise on shore, and on other occasions were made to run round the deck to the tunes of a hand-organ or to their own songs. Dramatic entertainments were prepared: the first representation took place on the day on which the ice-bound adventurers lost sight of the sun, to see it no more for three dreary months, and was repeated fortnightly afterwards. A school was opened, and well attended by the crews, who found learning to read a valuable relief from *ennui* and its concomitant evils; and the officers, among other modes of using the time, started a weekly manuscript newspaper—'The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle'—in which humour and philosophy were mingled, to the amusement and edification of writers and readers. Those who understand the intimate connection between mental and physical health will best appreciate these attempts to provide occupation for mind and body. But the scientific objects of the expedition were not forgotten: in the observatory built on shore astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations were perseveringly recorded, in spite of the rigorous climate, and when the cold was such that to touch the metal of the instruments raised a blister, or took off the skin, just as in a case of burning, it was necessary to hold the breath while observing, otherwise a thin film of ice formed on the eye-glasses. Several phenomena peculiar to northern latitudes were taken account of: curious effects of refraction, appearances of the aurora, facility of hearing sounds at great distances—in calm weather conversation could be held between two individuals more than a mile apart with but a slight elevation of the voice; smoke did not rise, but crept along for several miles in a horizontal direction; objects seen at a distance in the dreary waste of snow deceived

February
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ps were once more fairly
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became hopeless. The heads
eastward; they stood out of
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four individuals, in health,
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sailed, an overland expedi-
, under charge of Sir John
Richardson, two midshipmen
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ence that Parry might make
parties would have co-operated
party, increased by the addition
&c. left Fort Chipewyan in
more than 500 miles distant.
a look at the Coppermine, they
returned on foot to Fort Chipe-
required for the next year's opera-
joined his companions, having
depth of winter: a journey which
, the thermometer being seldom
below it. On the last day of June
their canoes and baggage to the
embarked on the rapid stream, and
main object of the expedition then
canoes, each manned by ten men,
paddled to the eastward. They fol-
ed at times for want of food, as some
till they came to what is now called
the indentations of the shore, of

555 geographical miles. By this time the canoes, which had gone through some rough duty, were scarcely serviceable; and the stock of provisions was reduced to three days' consumption. Under these circumstances the leaders resolved to return. They walked first to a spot on the shore ten miles distant from their haltingplace, which, with literal truth, was named Point Turnagain. To attempt to reach the Coppermine so late in the season would have been fatal to the whole of the party; they therefore made for Hood's River, discovered by them a few days previously, up which they had ascended to the first rapid by the 26th August. Two small portable canoes were then constructed from the two larger ones, for the purpose of crossing rivers on the journey now before them; and on the 1st September they set off on a straight course for Fort Enterprise, 150 miles distant. The fatigues and privations endured on this route are scarcely to be paralleled: short of food, ill supplied with clothing, and exposed to the howling severity of the climate, the escape of any one of the number appears almost a miracle. Some days, when there was nothing to eat, and no means of making a fire, they passed entirely in bed; on others, after a weary and exhausting travel, their only nourishment on halting for the night was *tripe de roche*, or rock-tripe, a species of lichen, *Gyrophora proboscidea* of botanists, a plant of most nauseous taste, and the cause of cruel bowel complaints to the whole party. Daily they became weaker, and less capable of exertion: one of the canoes was so much broken by a fall, that it was burned to cook a supper; the resource of fishing too was denied them, for some of the men, in the recklessness of misery, threw away the nets. Rivers were to be crossed by wading, or in the canoe; on one of these occasions Franklin took his seat with two of the voyageurs in their frail bark, when they were driven by the force of the stream and the wind to the verge of a frightful rapid, in which the canoe upset, and but for a rock on which they found footing, they would there have perished. On the 19th, 'previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey. These,' adds Franklin, 'would have satisfied us in ordinary times, but we were now almost exhausted by slender fare and travel, and our appetites had become ravenous. We looked, however, with humble confidence to the great Author and Giver of all good for a continuance of the support which had hitherto been always supplied to us at our greatest need.' A day or two afterwards the remaining canoe was left behind; no intreaties could prevail on the men to carry it farther. Dr Richardson, too, was obliged to abandon his collection of plants and minerals from inability to endure the burthen. The killing of five small deer at this time, however, enabled them to rest for a couple of days to recruit their exhausted strength. On the 26th they came to the Coppermine, the crossing of which, owing to their weak condition, the loss of the canoe, and having to construct a raft of willow branches, detained them until the 4th October. They were now almost in the last stage of starvation; and had it not been for the exertions of Hepburn in collecting tripe de roche, not one of them would have survived. On the 7th, when at twenty-four miles from Fort Enterprise, a division of the party took place: Franklin, with eight of the men, went on, while Richardson stayed behind at the encampment to tend on Hood, who was scarcely able to move. Hep-

burn remained with them. Three of the voyageurs, unable to proceed with Franklin, and Michel, an Iroquois, were permitted to return to the haltingplace, where they would be at least certain of fire and rock-tripe, but, with the exception of the Indian, they perished by the way: not one of them was ever seen again. Franklin, with his five survivors, reached Fort Enterprise on the 11th. What a disappointment awaited them! Instead of a cordial welcome from friendly hunters, and abundance of provisions, as had been promised, all was a blank: the building was tenantless.

A note was found from Mr Back, who had journeyed on in advance, stating that he had gone in search of the Indians, and if need were, to Fort Providence. This was but poor comfort for the famished travellers, who were obliged to take up their quarters in the dilapidated edifice. The rubbish-heaps concealed beneath the snow were searched for old skins, bones, or any kind of offal that might serve as food when stewed with rock-tripe. A good fire was a luxury seldom enjoyed, for they had scarcely strength to collect wood. Eighteen weary days were passed in these painful privations, when the monotony was interrupted by the arrival of Dr Richardson and Hepburn in a most emaciated condition, bringing the melancholy intelligence that Mr Hood and the Iroquois were both dead. Michel, in a fit of sullen spite, to which uncivilised natures are liable, had shot the young and talented officer at the encampment where they had last parted; and his demeanour towards the two survivors becoming more and more threatening, the doctor, under the imperious instinct of self-preservation, took upon himself the responsibility of putting the Indian to death by a pistol-shot. As afterwards appeared, there was reason to believe that two of the missing voyageurs had also been murdered by the Iroquois.

Two others of the wretched party died on the second day after Richardson's arrival at the fort. At last, on the 7th November, relief came, borne by three Indians sent by Mr Back. The messengers proved themselves most kind, assiduous attendants, 'evincing humanity that would have done honour to the most civilised people.' And with good fires and sufficient food, the sufferers began to recover strength. A week later, they were able to set out for Fort Chipewyan, where they remained until June of the following year. In July they reached York Factory, from whence they had started three years before, and thus terminated a journey of 5550 miles, during which human courage and patience were exposed to trials such as few can bear with fortitude, unless, as is seen in Franklin's interesting narrative, arising out of reliance on the ever-sustaining care of an Almighty Providence.

The possibility of entering the Polar Sea having been proved by Parry's first voyage, it was considered that the north-west passage might probably be effected in a lower latitude than that of Melville Island, where the icy barrier had proved impassable. Parry, accordingly, was sent out a second time with the *Hecla* and *Fury*, in May 1821, with instructions to make for Repulse Bay by way of Hudson's Strait. The former never having been fully examined, it was supposed that some opening would be found leading from it to the ocean beyond. Hudson's Strait is notorious for its manifold hindrances to navigation, and the 2d August had come before the ships reached the narrow channel between Southampton Island and the mainland, named Frozen Strait by Middleton, who was baffled by

it in 1742. At the end of August the vessels were in Repulse Bay, which, owing to some physical cause not easy of explanation, but which not unfrequently operates in the Arctic Seas, was almost clear of ice. Boat parties were immediately set to explore the shores, and the result of their labours proved the entire continuity of land round the bay, and consequently the non-existence of any passage to the western waters. Every opening in the coast towards the south-east was then diligently examined, in which service the ships were beset by floating ice, and in a few days drifted back the whole distance gained by a month's hazardous sailing. The season for exploration was now over; a secure anchorage was found off Winter Island, where the winter was passed similarly to that described in the former voyage, but with less tedium; for a party of sixty Esquimaux — men, women, and children, with dogs and sledges—took up their residence on the island early in 1822, and afforded continual interest to the voyagers in studying their habits, manners, resources, and their adaptation to surrounding nature. Even under such apparently uncongenial circumstances human ingenuity manifests itself: these people build their winter huts dome-shaped, with blocks of snow, as accurately as though they had studied the geometrical principles of such constructions. They display great skill also in fitting and sewing their dresses, and in the manufacture of canoes, weapons, and domestic implements. They eat little else than animal food, and whenever they can get it, will devour from ten to twelve pounds of flesh or blubber in a day. Their only domestic animal is the dog: deprived of this useful creature, their existence would be extremely precarious. On the long journeys which they take in search of food, six of these dogs will draw a sledge with a load of half a ton from seven to eight miles an hour during a whole day.

On the 2d July the ships were released from their frozen berths, and attempts made to sail to the northwards by Fox's Channel—a most harassing tideway, where more than once both ships were nearly destroyed by pressure from floating ice: so formidable were the obstacles, that sixty-five days were spent in making forty miles! The elements proved unpropitious, and at the end of October the vessels were once more in winter quarters at the Island of Igloolik; thirteen days' work having been necessary to cut a canal 4343 feet long through ice from twelve to fourteen inches, and in some places several feet, in thickness. Here the Esquimaux were more numerous than at Winter Island.

Not until August 8, 1823, could the ships be extricated from this new station; and no sooner were they freed, than they were again beset by drifting ice, which held them for twenty-four days. The risk of passing another winter in those dreary regions appeared to be imminent, when an easterly breeze sprung up, and carried the vessels into open water. They arrived at Shetland in October, after nearly three years' absence, and the eyes of all on board were gladdened once more with the sight of civilised humanity. The north-eastern point of the American continent was ascertained by this voyage: it is a projecting headland of Melville Peninsula, and the connection of the latter with the main was found to be by a tortuous and narrow isthmus; and with respect to a navigable passage to the Polar Sea, it proved that the only route to the westward lay through Barrow's Strait or Regent's Inlet.

A [illegible] expedition, including the same ships with the same commander, was sent out in 1824. Owing to the unfavourable nature of the middle ice in Baffin's Bay, the season was so far advanced by the time the party entered Lancaster Sound, that they at once went into winter quarters at Port Bowen, on its eastern shore. Here they remained until the 20th July 1825, when the voyage was resumed, but under very discouraging circumstances. Great accumulations of ice rendered it almost impossible to advance. The *Fury* was driven on shore, and abandoned, though most of her stores were saved, and piled on the beach; and the *Hecla* returned to England with a double complement of men and officers. This was the last unsuccessful of Parry's voyages; but there is a fact connected with it which deserves to be recorded: it proved that the anxiety and difficulty consequent on the loss of power in the compasses need no longer exist. The placing of a small circular plate of iron in the line of no direction of the ship and near the needle, effects a compensation which keeps the latter in working condition. This contrivance is due to Mr Peter Barlow of Woolwich; and Captain Parry says, 'Never had an invention a more complete and satisfactory triumph, for to the last moment of our operations at sea the compasses indicated the true magnetic direction.'

Contemporaneously with Parry's third voyage three other expeditions were undertaken. The first by Captain Lyon, in the *Griper*, to proceed by Hudson's Strait and Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome to Repulse Bay; then to cross over Melville Isthmus, and survey the coast of America as far as where Franklin had set off at Point Turnagain. The vessel sailed in June 1824, but being totally unfit for the service, except in the quality of transport, she was nearly wrecked on two occasions in the Welcome, and [illegible] placed in imminent peril of their lives; and at last, Repulse Bay being eighty miles distant, the enterprise was abandoned.

These expeditions had the twofold object of making the north-west passage and completing the survey of the North-American coast. Captain Beechey was appointed to command the second, and despatched in the *Blossom* to Behring on a similar errand to that now intrusted to Captain Franklin with the *Terror* and *Investigator;* namely, to sail round Cape Horn, and enter the Polar Sea by Behring's Strait, so as to arrive at Chamisso Island, in Kotzebue Sound, by the 10th July 1826, there to wait for Franklin, of whom more presently. Beechey reached the rendezvous [illegible] days after the time appointed, and made immediate preparations for [illegible] the coast to the eastward. The barge, under charge of two of the [illegible], surveyed 126 miles of new shore, until stopped by a long, low, [illegible] tongue of land, to which the name of Point Barrow was given. [illegible] without meeting or hearing any tidings of the expected overland party. The *Blossom* remained at the anchorage until October, when [illegible] necessary to depart, to prevent her being frozen in for the winter, and [illegible] in the Pacific, she returned to Chamisso Island in August [illegible]. The season, however, with its usual fickleness, was unfavourable; there was very little open sea; and in endeavouring to push along the shore, the barge was wrecked, and several of her crew drowned; and on the 6th October Captain Beechey was obliged to abandon further exploration, grieved [illegible] that he had not the satisfaction of bearing with him the [illegible] party whom he had been sent especially to meet.

This party comprised the third of the expeditions referred to above. In 1824, Franklin, undeterred by the recollection of the fearful hardships endured in his former overland journey, proposed a second, which, descending the Mackenzie River to the sea, should there divide its force; and while one party explored the coast easterly to the Coppermine, the other should make its way westerly to Icy Cape, or, if possible, Behring's Strait. The project was duly sanctioned, and every preparation made to insure success by building boats, providing scientific instruments, and supplying abundant provisions. Besides three strong and light boats built at Woolwich, better suited to navigation among ice than bark canoes, a smaller one, covered with Mackintosh, and weighing only eighty-five pounds, was constructed for the purpose of crossing rivers. In July 1825 the party arrived at Fort Chipewyan, when a combined plan of operations was determined on, in which Richardson and Back, who had again volunteered, held a prominent place. To the latter, and to Mr Dease, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's traders, was intrusted the preparation of winter quarters, so as to avoid all risk of once more encountering the privations they had before so painfully experienced.

In June 1826 they descended the river, and separated on approaching the sea—Richardson and Kendal going with two boats to the east, and Franklin and Back with two boats to the west, in which direction they hoped eventually to effect a junction with Beechey and the *Blossom*. On the 4th July Franklin's division was attacked by some hundreds of Esquimaux, and only saved by the coolness and judgment of the leaders. Pursuing their voyage, the usual fate of arctic voyagers awaited them—storms, fogs, cold, and ice. The greatest retardation was from the extreme density of the fogs, caused by the low and swampy nature of the coast, into which the most northerly range of the Rocky Mountains sinks. The season was advancing; and after anxious deliberation as to pushing on or returning, the latter course was decided on. The spot was named Return Reef; and on the 18th August the party turned their backs on it, little thinking that Captain Beechey had done so much towards meeting them. On this event Franklin observes:—'Could I have known, or by possibility imagined, that a party from the *Blossom* had been at the distance of only 160 miles from me, no difficulties, dangers, or discouraging circumstances should have prevailed on me to return; but taking into account the uncertainty of all voyages in a sea obstructed by ice, I had no right to expect that the *Blossom* had advanced beyond Kotzebue Inlet, or that any party from her had doubled Icy Cape.' The extent of coast surveyed was 374 miles, the whole of the tamest and most dreary character. The boats got back to Fort Franklin the 21st September, after a voyage of 2048 miles; and there the unsuccessful party met their comrades who had gone eastwards. These had been favoured with fine weather, and their sail of 500 miles, or 902 by the coast line, from one river to the other, afforded a pleasant voyage, during which they added somewhat to the stores of natural history, botany, geology, &c.

A second winter passed at the fort. The cold was intense, at one time the thermometer standing at 58° below zero; but such a temperature even as this may be defied with a weather-tight dwelling, plenty of provisions, and congenial companions. A series of magnetic observations was com-

menced; and as the locality lay on the opposite side of the magnetic pole to that along which Parry had sailed in his voyages, some interesting results were arrived at. 'It appears,' says Franklin, 'that for the same months, at the interval of only one year, Captain Parry and myself were making hourly observations on two needles, the north ends of which pointed almost directly towards each other, though our actual distance did not exceed 855 geographical miles; and while the needle of Port Bowen was increasing its westerly direction, ours was increasing its easterly, and the contrary—the variation being west at Port Bowen, and east at Fort Franklin—a beautiful and satisfactory proof of the solar influence on the daily variation.'

In addition to magnetism, observations of the aurora borealis were also recorded, and the fact established that no disturbance of the needle (in that locality at least) takes place during the play of the phenomenon. A course of lectures too on practical geology was delivered by Richardson—an eminently useful subject in a new district. And as an instance of what a love for science may accomplish when animated by a persevering and self-reliant spirit, we must not omit to mention Mr Drummond, one of the party, who passed the winter alone at the foot of the Rocky Mountains in a small hut erected by himself, where he collected 1500 specimens of plants, and 200 birds and quadrupeds, besides insects. These, though points of minor interest when compared with the grand objects of the expeditions, serve nevertheless to connect the individuals whose names they distinguish, by many links of sympathy and esteem, with unobtrusive thousands who can admire where they cannot imitate.

The plan which had been proposed by Franklin for reaching the North Pole on the failure of Captain Buchan in 1818 was taken up by Sir Edward Parry after returning from his third voyage; and in April 1827 he sailed for Spitzbergen in the *Hecla*, calling by the way at Hammerfest, to take on board a number of reindeer which were to be employed in drawing the two boats built expressly for the service, and fitted with sledge-runners. Arrived at their destination, the vessel was anchored in a harbour on the northern coast, while Parry, with Lieutenants Ross and Bird, Beverly the surgeon, and twenty-four men, started on their novel enterprise. The central point to which their hopes and wishes tended was 600 miles distant; and to quote the commander's words—'It was proposed to take with us resources for ninety days; to set out from Spitzbergen, if possible, about the beginning of June; and to occupy the months of June, July, and August in attempting to reach the pole, and returning to the ship, making an average of 13½ miles per day.' Each boat, with the contents, weighed 3573 lbs., or 268 lbs. to each man. Among the stores was a good supply of that prime essential in Arctic travelling, pemmican, which combines abundant nutriment with small compass. It is made from beef dried over wood fires, and pounded, and preserved in bags, with fat to exclude the air.

On the 13th June the party were off Little Table Island, discovered by Phipps in 1773. It is the most northerly land on the globe at present known, and though but little more than a rock a few hundred feet high, its position is such that, as Parry observes, 'bleak, barren, and rugged as it is, one could not help gazing at it with intense interest.'

In 1806 Captain Scoresby had sailed as high as 81° 30′, and reported

the ice then stretching to the northwards as a smooth unbroken level, a description which unfortunately would no longer apply in 1827. Where the water was open, the crews availed themselves of sails and oars; but when they came to the ice, the dragging of the boats proved to be a more formidable task than was anticipated. The reindeer had been left behind at Spitzbergen as useless under the circumstances, since there could be no provender for them, and the labour of moving the heavy loads was fatiguing in the extreme. A level surface was rarely met with: the ice was nearly everywhere ridged with hummocks, furrowed with deep hollows full of loose snow or water, or broken up into sharp laminæ, familiarly termed 'penknife ice' by the sailors.

Although the season of the arctic summer, when there is constant sunlight, the temperature was seldom above the freezing-point. All vicissitudes of weather were to be encountered: one day it rained steadily for twenty-one hours without any of that shelter which the land at times affords. The night was chosen for travelling, the glare from the expanse of snow being less painful to the eyes than when the sun was higher, besides which, the day was the best time for drying wet garments. This arrangement proved rather embarrassing; the men scarcely ever knew night from day, and the officers, even with chronometers, would have been sometimes puzzled to tell the hour, had they not been provided with time-keepers constructed to show twenty-four hours on the dial, with but one revolution of the hour-hand in that period. Had they reached the pole, where the sun's apparent height varies very slightly, they would have been unable to retrace their steps without this provision, and might have gone off on a meridian precisely opposite to the true one.

Their labours thus commenced with the evening:—'Being rigged for travelling,' observes Parry, 'we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit; and after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them as much as possible from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled from five to five and a-half hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, five, or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by the bamboo masts and three paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow. Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, or clothes; and after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10° or 15°. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time —and the only one—of real enjoyment to us: the men told their stories, and "fought all their battles o'er again;" and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting-time, to look out for bears or for the ice breaking up

around us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes, each man alternately taking this duty for one hour. We then concluded our day with prayers; and having put on our fur dresses, lay down to sleep with a degree of comfort which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances; our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature, while we slept, was usually from 36° to 45°, according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions it rose as high as 60° to 66°, obliging us to throw off a part of our fur dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described.

'Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two pints formed our daily allowance, the cocoa being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp with seven wicks—a simple apparatus, which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast—that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32°. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling-point in about an hour and a-quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200°. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion.'

Arctic land presents no very inviting prospect, but the frozen surface of an arctic sea is drearier still. While Parry and Ross marched on ahead of the boats to beat a track, the most insignificant objects became a source of intense interest and curiosity. One warm day two flies on the ice were regarded with a degree of attention that would have been ludicrous under other circumstances; and equally important was the sight of an *aphis borealis* in a languid state a hundred miles away from land. Such, with the varying nature of the ice, and efforts consequent thereon, and changes of the weather, were the only incidents to relieve the monotony of daily toil. Rain is not frequent in the north, but during this journey it rained more than in the whole of seven previous summers in a lower latitude. All these facts have to be taken into consideration in order to form an accurate idea of the obstacles to be overcome in arctic travel; and it is satisfactory to observe that, notwithstanding these, the promotion of science has not been lost sight of by the explorers. On the 17th July Parry and his officers took hourly observations on all natural phenomena observable by means of the instruments in their possession, in accordance with an arrangement proposed by the Royal Society of Edinburgh for simultaneous hourly observations throughout that day.

The conviction soon forced itself on the minds of the principals, that reaching the pole over such ice as daily impeded them was out of the question. Sometimes they gained no more than fifty yards in two hours; once, after eleven hours of hard work, the advance made was only two miles. The difficulty was further increased by a current setting to the southward, by which they lost more ground than they gained. After a day's severe labour in dragging the boats for twelve miles, they were but five miles nearer to the pole than when they started in the morning; on

another occasion they lost thirteen miles in twenty-four hours, the southerly drift running at times five miles an hour. Defeated in their main object, the latitude of 83° became the assigned goal; yet even in this they were disappointed, and after struggling for thirty-five days against multiplied difficulties, they were compelled to give up in latitude 82° 45′, with the sole satisfaction that in all human probability no adventurers had ever before penetrated so far. This was on the 23d July, 172 miles from the ship.

'To accomplish this distance,' writes Parry, 'we had traversed, by our reckoning, 292 miles, of which about 100 were performed by water, previously to our entering the ice. As we travelled by far the greater part of our distance on the ice three, and not unfrequently five times over, we may safely multiply the length of the road by two and a-half; so that our whole distance, on a very moderate calculation, amounted to 580 geographical, or 668 statute miles, being nearly sufficient to have reached the pole in a direct line.' Soundings had been taken more than once during the journey, and depths obtained varying from 200 to 400 fathoms; here, at the ultimate haltingplace, no bottom was found with 500 fathoms of line. The party were again in the open sea on the 11th August, at fifty miles distance from Table Island, after forty-eight days on the ice; and ten days later, they arrived on board the *Hecla*, having been absent nine weeks, and travelled in the whole more than 1100 miles.

Next in chronological order is the expedition equipped at the cost of Sir Felix Booth, and conducted by Captain Ross, and his nephew, Commander (now Sir James) Ross. They sailed in May 1829, in the *Victory*, a vessel fitted with a steam-engine in addition to her sails, so as to be able to navigate in calm weather or in baffling winds. The object of the voyage was to search for the north-west passage, as Parry had done before, by some opening leading out of Regent's Inlet: they arrived in this inlet in August, and took on board a large quantity of the *Fury's* stores, which had been piled on the beach when that vessel was cast away: of the ship herself not a vestige remained. They then sailed for two hundred miles along the east and south-east coast of the land, called North Somerset by Parry, and named Boothia by Ross, in honour of his patron, and wintered in Felix Harbour, from which the *Victory* was not liberated for a whole year. The narrative of this voyage, indeed, affords little more than a continued succession of difficulties and disasters: the steam-engine was thrown overboard as a useless encumbrance; the ship was either firmly beset, or unable to make her way among the ice when at liberty, and was at last abandoned, leaving the party with no resource but the boats and the *Fury's* stores: without the latter they must have been starved to death. Two dreary winters did they pass on the beach where these stores had been piled, in a building to which they gave the name of Somerset House. In April 1833 they began to carry provisions by toilsome journeys, and make deposits at various places along the coast in the direction of their route. Not until the 14th August of this year did the ice open to afford them a path of escape from their miserable imprisonment—miserable, although there was no want of food. Happily they at length made their way to Barrow's Strait, where they were taken up by a whale ship, and brought to England.

One interesting fact brought to light by this voyage affords some relief to its long and barren series of disasters—the discovery of the north mag-

netic pole; the situation of which on the land of Boothia is marked on the map. It was made by Commander James Ross on one of his exploring excursions. 'The place of the observatory,' he remarks, 'was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was 89° 59′, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession.' This was very nearly the position assigned to it by scientific men several years earlier, and arrived at by protracting the direction lines of compass-needles in various circumjacent latitudes, till they met in a central point. Parry's observations placed it eleven minutes distant only from the site determined by Ross.

'As soon,' says the latter, 'as I had satisfied my own mind on the subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then that, amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory in the name of Great Britain and King William IV. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is 70° 5′ 17″, and its longitude 96° 46′ 45″ west.'

Even if the pole were stationary, this determination could only be regarded as approximate; but when we know that the centre of magnetic intensity is a movable point, we shall readily understand that the cairn erected with so much enthusiasm can now only show where it *was*. According to Hansteen, the pole moves 11′ 4″ every year, and revolves within the frigid zone in 1890 years, so that it will not reach the same spot in Boothia until the year 3722! The precise determination of this point, however, is said to be comparatively unimportant, because its position can always be ascertained by observations of the compass and dipping-needles.

Ross's protracted stay of four years in the inhospitable north induced the government to send out an expedition to look for the absent party. Back, who was then in Italy, hurried home to volunteer his services: his offer was accepted; and with Dr King, surgeon and naturalist, he left England in February 1833. At the Hudson's Bay Company's post, Norway House, the usual complement of voyageurs and other attendants awaited them; and in high spirits they started for their winter quarters, on the eastern shore of Great Slave Lake. While a dwelling was being erected, the commander took a trip to Lake Aylmer, out of which flows a stream now known as Back's River, down which he hoped to pass the following year to the sea.

In April 1834 news reached them of the return of Ross and his crew to England—a fact which animated them with greater spirit for new discoveries. In June they descended the river—a hazardous feat, as will be

conceived from Back's description of the stream on arriving at the sea on the 29th July:—'This, then, may be considered as the mouth of the Thlew-ee-choh, which, after a violent and tortuous course of 530 geographical miles, running through an iron-ribbed country without a single tree on the whole line of its banks, expanding into fine large lakes with clear horisons, most embarrassing to the navigator, and broken into falls, cascades, and rapids, to the number of no less than eighty-three in the whole, pours its waters into the Polar Sea in latitude 67° 11′ north, and longitude 94° 30′ west—that is to say, about thirty-seven miles more south than the mouth of the Coppermine River.'

Foul weather prevented the exploration of the coast to Point Turnagain, as had been intended: the utmost that could be done was to send out a walking party, who, after toiling through swamps for fifteen miles, turned back at a low tongue of land named Point Ogle. Nothing but moss and fern grew on the desolate shores; there was no drift-wood; and so damp was the weather, that for ten days, while encamped on Montreal Island, they could not light a spark of fire, or obtain a warm meal. Under these adverse circumstances, after naming the prominent points and islands of the estuary in which they had found so little to cheer them, and taking possession of the country in the name of William IV., they made their way to Fort Reliance—their winter quarters on Slave Lake—and in the following year returned to England.

This was not the last of Back's labours. In 1836, at the instance of the Geographical Society, he attempted to reach Wager Inlet, Repulse Bay, in the *Terror*, as Captain Lyon had so unsuccessfully endeavoured to do twelve years earlier, and for a similar object—the exploration of the shores of Regent's Inlet and of the American continent. The ship sailed in June; in September she was beset by ice in Fox Channel, near Cape Comfort, and there held in its frozen grasp until the 14th July of the following year. It was as though an animated spirit opposed the progress of the party, and determined to punish their daring. The stout ship was at times heeled over almost on her broadside by toppling ice; at others lifted for weeks together on the top of upheaving masses, or compressed between encroaching floes. Human skill was powerless in circumstances which so formidably tasked human courage and fortitude. These qualities were happily not lacking; and indeed without them, the discomfited band of explorers would never have survived to bring their crippled ship back to England.

In 1836 the Hudson's Bay Company resolved on completing, if possible, the survey of those portions of the northern coast which Franklin and Back had failed to reach. This service was intrusted to Messrs Dease and Simpson, two of their employées, with a party of twelve men, who were instructed to descend the Mackenzie River, and on arriving at the sea, endeavour to follow the coast to the westward, either by land or water, as weather and other circumstances permitted, to the point at which Beechey turned back. They were afterwards to explore to the eastward from Point Turnagain of Franklin; to determine whether Boothia Felix were a peninsula, as Ross supposed, or an island; and then to push on in the same direction to some known point which had been visited by Back. In July 1837 they had reached Return Reef, where Franklin was stopped. Beyond this all was new. Two large rivers were dis-

covered, the Garry and Colville, the latter more than a thousand miles in length. Although in the middle of the dogdays, the ground was frozen so hard at four inches beneath the surface, that they could scarcely drive in their tent-pegs. So keen was the north-easterly wind, that 'the spray froze on the oars and rigging; and out in the bay the ice lay smooth and solid, as in the depth of a sunless winter.' Yet even here a few flowers cheered the eyes of the travellers, and enlivened the stubborn soil. On the 1st August, further progress by water being impracticable—they had gained but four miles on the four previous days—Mr Simpson, with some of the men, continued the journey on foot, while Mr Dease and the others remained in charge of the boats. The walking party, after two or three days' travel, fell in with a number of Esquimaux, from whom they hired an oomiak, or family canoe, in which to pursue the voyage along the lanes of open water occasionally visible close to the beach. On the 4th, after passing the mouth of a large, deep river, 'I saw,' says Mr Simpson, 'with indescribable emotions Point Barrow stretching out to the northward, and enclosing Elson Bay, near the bottom of which we now were.' This, it will be remembered, was the farthest point attained by the *Blossom's* barge in 1826, an exploit commemorated by naming the bay after Lieutenant Elson, one of the officers in command.

The party returned to the winter station on Great Bear Lake, and while there, received instructions to renew their search to the eastward, and were informed of Sir G. Back's expedition, with which they were if possible to communicate. They were descending the Coppermine in June 1838 in pursuance of these instructions, when the stream was swollen by spring floods, and encumbered with floating ice, and, in shooting the numerous rapids, 'had to pull for their lives, to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon, we came in sight of Escape Rapid of Franklin; and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant,' continues Mr Simpson, 'we were in the vortex; and before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock, which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than 100 feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose. Our next impulse was to turn round to view the fate of our comrades behind. They had profited by the peril we incurred, and kept without the treacherous rock in time.'

They had navigated but a short distance along the coast when they were stopped by ice, and lingered many days at Boathaven in a state of utter hopelessness. The time for returning had arrived ere any real work had been accomplished. At length, on the 20th August, Mr Simpson started with seven men for a ten days' walk to the eastward, on the first of which they passed Point Turnagain, the limit of Franklin's survey in 1821. By

the 23d they had toiled onwards to an elevated cape, rising from a sea beset with ice, and the land closing all round to the northwards: further progress seemed to be impossible. 'With bitter disappointment,' writes Mr Simpson, 'I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the reach of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood, in fact, on a remarkable headland, at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.' This was one of the rewards which compensate the adventurous explorer for seasons of peril and privation.

In 1839 they were more successful, and, favoured with mild weather and an open sea, they sailed through the narrow strait that separates Victoria Land from the main. On the 13th August they doubled Point Ogle, the farthest point of Back's journey in 1834; an event which terminated the long-pursued inquiry concerning the coast-line of the American continent. The survey was now complete. A day or two later, the party, with flags flying, crossed to Montreal Island in Back's Estuary, where they discovered a deposit of provisions which Captain Back had left there five years previously. The pemmican was unfit for use; but out of several pounds of chocolate, half decayed, the men contrived to pick sufficient to make a kettleful of acceptable drink in honour of the occasion. There were also a tin case and a few fish-hooks, of which, observes Mr Simpson, 'Mr Dease and I took possession, as memorials of our having breakfasted on the identical spot where the tent of our gallant, though less successful, precursor stood that very day five years before.'

They had now obeyed their instructions to the letter; the coast-line was determined, and connected with what was previously known to the eastward. It was time to think of returning, but a desire to ascertain if Boothia Felix might not form part of the continent on the opposite side of the estuary led them onwards. By the 20th August they had sailed far enough to see the farther shore, with its capes, of the Gulf of Boothia, which runs down to within forty miles of Repulse Bay; and they then turned back. On their return, they traced sixty miles of the south coast of Boothia, where at one time they were not more than ninety miles from the site of the magnetic pole as determined by Sir James Ross. A long extent of Victoria Land was also examined; and on the 16th September they once more happily entered the Coppermine, after a boat voyage of more than 1600 miles, the longest ever performed in the Polar Sea.

Hitherto we have been occupied with the explorations on and around Northern America, and we now come to the history of those along the continent of Asia, the northern limit of which extends over a space of 145° of longitude. The discovery and survey of this vast region is due entirely to the Russians; for although other nations have attempted the passage, they penetrated no farther than the Karskoie Sea on the west, and Cape North

on the east. The first knowledge of the countries which here bound the polar basin was, as in the case of the other continent, derived from private adventurers, who undertook journeys into those desolate latitudes in hopes of a profitable trade in furs, skins, and ivory. Russian traders, sailing from the White Sea and mouth of the Petchora, voyaged as far as Obi and the Iennissei; their vessels, similar to those of early British navigators, were little better than shallops, and it is impossible not to be struck with the labours of those whose chief resource was indomitable perseverance.

The first endeavours under government authority were made about the year 1600; and trading stations were established at the mouths of most of the larger rivers, with the double view of exploration and of subjecting the natives to Russian authority. The Lena, Iana, Indigirka, Alaseia, and Kolyma, were discovered before 1640, by parties sent under Cossack leaders to collect tribute, who at the same time fell in with the Tchuktches, and heard their reports of islands lying off the coast. The earliest attempt to sail to eastward of the Kolyma was made in 1646, and repeated in the two following years, with several small vessels, all of which were wrecked except one commanded by Deshneff, a government functionary, whose name stands high among the early explorers. His grand object was to get round to the mouth of the Anadyr, on the eastern coast, to trade for sable skins; and the summer of 1648 proving favourable to navigation among the ice, he sailed along the shore and through the strait explored by Behring nearly a century later, and founded a settlement at the place to which he was bound—the Anadyr River. This is the only occasion on which such a voyage has been made; and to Deshneff and his companions belongs the honour of having been the first and sole navigators from the Arctic Sea to the Pacific, and of having proved, at a period much earlier than is commonly supposed, that the American and Asiatic continents are not united.

Other expeditions followed; the Bear Islands were seen; and to obtain accurate particulars concerning them, the government of Siberia sent out two parties in 1711, who crossed the ice to the Likahoff Islands, and saw others yet farther to the north. On their return to the mainland, the leaders were murdered by the crews, who feared the hardships of further explorations. Thus the work went on with varying fortune, the positions mostly ill-defined, as must be the case in the absence of accurate instruments, until 1734, the reign of the Empress Anne, when the Russian Admiralty fitted out three expeditions 'to obtain a correct knowledge of the northern coast of Siberia from the White Sea to Behring's Strait:' 'one, consisting of two vessels, was to sail from Archangel eastward to the mouth of the Obi; another from the Obi to the Iennissei. The third was to sail from the Lena, and consisted of two vessels, one of which was to sail westward to the Iennissei, and the other eastward, past the Kolyma, to Behring's Strait.'

Insurmountable impediments to navigation, recall of commanders, wintering in the rivers, overland journeys to St Petersburg, renewed attempts, scurvy, and shipwreck, comprise the history of these expeditions. One of the mates, in observations on the compass, makes the remark, 'The variation of the needle was so great, and it was so unsteady, that I am inclined to believe the magnet ceases to act in these high latitudes.' This fact is worthy of record, as bearing on phenomena which have subsequently been regarded with much attention. But, on the main question: the Russian

Admiralty refused to receive the reports of impossible navigation; and, in 1739, sent out another expedition under Lieutenant Lapteff, who, by dint of perseverance in four successive voyages, did at last pass to the eastward of the Kolyma; but here fields of ice extending far to the north, barred his further progress.

Next in order come the voyages by Behring. This mariner, a Dane by birth, was first employed in explorations by the Czar Peter. It was in 1741 that he sailed through the strait which has since borne his name, to examine the coast of Kamtchatka, which was then supposed to stretch away to the south, and join Japan. After being forty-four days at sea, he was wrecked on a small island, where he died in great misery, and but a small number of his crew survived to return to the mainland and tell the story of his fate. Schalaroff, a merchant of Yakutsk, was equally unfortunate. In 1760 this adventurer, whose name is venerated throughout Siberia, determined on trying whether the passage could or could not be accomplished. He persevered during three seasons, in defiance of mutiny and hardships innumerable. He, too, was wrecked on the desolate coast seventy miles east of Cape Chelagskoi, and, with all his crew, died of starvation. Three years later, Sergeant Andrejeff conducted a sledge expedition across the ice to the Bear Islands; his reports, which were much exaggerated, led shortly afterwards to the accurate survey of this and the adjacent country. Cook's exploration, which has been before referred to, produced another expedition on the part of the Russians, which sailed from the Kolyma in 1787 under Captain Billings; but the attempts made to navigate either to the east or the west were both defeated. Further efforts were made at intervals during the first quarter of the present century, some of them mainly to search for the northern continent, whose existence, far in the Polar Sea, had so often been the subject of rumour. And last we come to the expeditions commanded by Lieutenant Anjou and Admiral von Wrangell, carried on also by means of dogs and sledges from the year 1820 to 1823; the latter taking the mouth of the Kolyma for his starting-point—the former the river Iana. These undertakings were especially promoted by the Emperor Alexander, and were conducted with all the care and skill warranted by an advanced state of science and philosophy. They failed but in one particular—the discovery of the northern continent. How diligently and perseveringly this was searched for, is best proved by the narrative of perils endured, even to the risk of life, in the arduous enterprise. Three times was the frozen surface of the sea traversed without leading to any definite result; on the fourth journey, in March 1823, Von Wrangell reached the latitude of 70° 51′, longitude 175° 27′ west—105 wersts in a direct line from the mainland. Soundings gave a depth of 22½ fathoms; the ice here was thin and weak. More than once the party had only been saved from breaking through by the speed at which the dogs travelled over it. In the distance a screen of dense blue vapour—a certain indication of open water—was visible, on which the admiral remarks:—

'Notwithstanding this sure token of the impossibility of proceeding much farther, we continued to go due north for about nine wersts, when we arrived at the edge of an immense break in the ice, extending east and west farther than the eye could reach, and which at the narrowest part

was more than a hundred and fifty fathoms across. . . . We climbed one of the loftiest ice-hills, when we obtained an extensive view towards the north, and whence we beheld the wide immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze. It was a fearful and magnificent, but to us a melancholy spectacle. Fragments of ice of enormous size floated on the surface of the agitated ocean, and were thrown by the waves with awful violence against the edge of the ice-field on the farther side of the channel before us. The collisions were so tremendous, that large masses were every instant broken away; and it was evident that the portion of ice which still divided the channel from the open ocean would soon be completely destroyed. Had we attempted to have ferried ourselves across upon one of the floating pieces of ice, we should not have found firm footing upon our arrival. Even on our own side, fresh lanes of water were continually forming, and extending in every direction in the field of ice behind us. With a painful feeling of the impossibility of overcoming the obstacles which nature opposed to us, our last hope vanished of discovering the land, which we yet believed to exist. We saw ourselves compelled to renounce the object for which we had striven through three years of hardships, toil, and danger. We had done what duty and honour demanded: further attempts would have been absolutely hopeless, and I decided to return.'

On returning from this extreme limit of their adventurous journey, the party were placed in a situation of extreme risk. 'We had hardly proceeded one werst,' writes M. von Wrangell, 'when we found ourselves in a fresh labyrinth of lanes of water, which hemmed us in on every side. As all the floating pieces around us were smaller than the one on which we stood, which was seventy-five fathoms across, and as we saw many certain indications of an approaching storm, I thought it better to remain on the larger mass, which offered us somewhat more security; and thus we waited quietly whatever Providence should decree. Dark clouds now rose from the west, and the whole atmosphere became filled with a damp vapour. A strong breeze suddenly sprung up from the west, and increased in less than half an hour to a storm. Every moment huge masses of ice around us were dashed against each other, and broken into a thousand fragments. Our little party remained fast on our ice-island, which was tossed to and fro by the waves. We gazed in most painful inactivity on the wild conflict of the elements, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still the mass of ice beneath us held together, when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hurled against a large field of ice. The crash was terrific, and the mass beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that dreadful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the impulse of self-preservation implanted in every living being saved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed. They flew across the yielding fragments to the field on which we had been stranded, and safely reached a part of it of firmer character, on which were several hummocks, and where the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved: we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation from such imminent peril.'

More than once during this trip the party heard from the Tchuktches that land could be seen far away in the northern seas. 'There was a part

of the coast,' so said a chief, 'where, from some cliffs near the mouth of a river, one might in a clear summer day descry snow-covered mountains at a great distance to the north; but that in winter it was impossible to see so far.' The part of the coast alluded to was Cape Jakan, which the explorers afterwards visited; but although they 'gazed long and earnestly on the horison, in hopes, as the atmosphere was clear, of discerning some appearance of the northern land,' they 'could see nothing of it.'

After Back's last fruitless voyage in the *Terror*, no further steps towards discovering the north-west passage were made by the British government for seven years. Still, in certain quarters the desire to settle the long-agitated question prevailed as strongly as ever: one final effort, it was thought, should be made to traverse the Polar Sea from its eastern to its western mouth, and many scientific, as well as other considerations, were urged in its favour. The expedition now absent under Sir John Franklin's command was at length determined on; the ships selected—the *Erebus* and *Terror*—were those in which Sir James Ross had so successfully navigated the antarctic seas; and to render them more efficient, each was fitted with a small steam-engine. The route prescribed by official instructions was the track taken by Parry in his first and most fortunate voyage; to push directly westward from Melville Island to Behring's Strait, without deviation to the north or south unless appearances were decidedly in favour of such a departure; and in the event of reaching the Pacific, Sir John was to refresh and refit at the Sandwich Islands, and return to England by way of Cape Horn. The two ships were provided with ample stores for three years; patent fuel instead of coals for economy of stowage; everything, in short, that could promote health, comfort, or the cause of science. They sailed in May 1845, the *Terror* being commanded by Captain Crozier; since which time, with the exception of letters received a few weeks afterwards from some of the officers, and of their having been seen by the Lancaster Sound whalers, nothing whatever has been heard of them.

In 1847 it was felt that some effort should be made to ascertain the fate of the one hundred and thirty-eight individuals embarked in the missing vessels, who might be imprisoned in the ice, awaiting relief and rescue; and in May 1848 Sir James Ross, with Captain Bird as second in command, sailed in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, provisioned for three years, with orders to make for Barrow's Strait, and as much farther westward as might be practicable, with such examination of the coast and inlets as might lead to the discovery of Franklin. The complete equipment of this expedition, and the character of its commander, excited high hopes of its success, and great was the disappointment when it returned in November 1849 without the slightest intelligence of those whose fate had become a subject of deep anxiety. The ships had wintered at Leopold Harbour on the north-eastern extremity of Boothia or North Somerset, but with the exception of a survey of a previously-unexplored portion of the north-western coast of the same land, no result of importance was obtained. Illness prevailed among the crews to a greater extent than had been previously experienced, the seasons were uncongenial, and the ice intractable—circumstances all concurring to render the undertaking abortive. A vessel, the *North Star*, was despatched in 1849, as had been arranged, with

supplies of provisions, to enable Ross to continue his researches. Her captain was instructed to avoid passing a winter in the ice; but not having returned, the probability is, that he ventured too far to escape being frozen in.

Two other expeditions were despatched also in 1848, with the same object—the relief of Franklin. Sir John Richardson, with willing zeal, came forward once more to assist in the search for his long absent friend; and with Dr Rae—who had been successfully employed in surveying the north-eastern coast for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1846–47—he descended the Mackenzie River to the Polar Sea; but no trace of the missing ships rewarded his exertions.

Meantime the brig *Plover*, Commander Moore, had been sent round to Behring's Strait, there, in company with the *Herald* surveying-ship, to make such advances and explorations among the ice as would best promote the object of discovering the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The result was equally unsatisfactory with that of the expeditions above-mentioned. Portions of the coast previously surveyed by Beechey were again visited; Lieutenant Pullen was sent with a canoe party from Point Barrow to the Mackenzie, to reach the Hudson's Bay Company's forts on that river; a small group of islands was discovered and taken possession of, from which, as Captain Kellett of the *Herald* reports, lofty summits were visible in the distance. He considers it as 'more than probable that the peaks we saw are a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Wrangell in his polar voyages.'

Thus the fate of the missing expedition remained as uncertain as ever; and we have now only to mention briefly the various attempts that are at present (April 1850) in progress for ascertaining it. Captains Collinson and Maclure are on their way to Behring's Strait in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator:* they sailed on the 20th January last: Dr Rae, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, is exploring overland in the direction of Melville Island: four vessels, the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, and the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid* steamers, now being fitted out at Woolwich, are to sail in May, under command of Captain Austin, to renew the search left incomplete by Sir James Ross: Captain Penny, a whaler, is to explore Wellington Channel with two other ships: Sir John Ross is making preparations to co-operate in the same general service: rewards of £20,000 and £10,000 are offered by government for efficient relief to the Franklin expedition, or information concerning it; and lastly, two or three schooners, equipped by private subscription, are to go out from New York to unite in the work.

Here our brief history of arctic explorations terminates. The results hitherto obtained from them—the extension of whaling grounds apart—are, as will have been remarked, altogether different from those of a pecuniary nature. The astronomer, the geographer, the physicist, the naturalist, the chemist, and science at large, have acquired facts through their means which could have been gained in no other way. The cost has been great, but the consequences will be permanent; and the record of enterprising hardihood, physical endurance, and steady perseverance displayed in overcoming elements the most adverse, will long remain among the worthiest memorials of human enterprise.

SOCIAL UTOPIAS.

IN every country, and in all ages of the world, there have been sages and poets who, contrasting the present with the past, have seen reason to anticipate for humanity a destiny as superior to its condition in the time in which they lived as that was to the barbarism from which it had emerged; and embodying their sanguine anticipations in prophecy or philosophic fiction, have idealised a state of society in which the evils of the past and present should have no existence. These constantly-reproduced visions of the future have assumed a variety of forms, according to the circumstances of time and locality in which they have been promulgated, and the bent of mind of the author; sometimes appearing in a political form, as the veritable Magna Charta of the future; at others associated with some new theory of the mind; and often as a new religion, or a new manifestation of one more venerable. Such theories and speculations seem natural to the human mind under certain conditions, and it cannot be doubted that they have conduced to social progress, by spurring society onward, preventing stagnation and retrogression, and constantly directing the attention of mankind to a higher destiny. Though never generally received, who shall say to what extent they have influenced the progress of society? It is chiefly in this view that they command our respect and attention, as infiltrating public opinion with new ideas, suggestive of requisite reforms and ameliorations.

The idea of a state of society free from vice and misery of every description dates from a very remote period. All the ancient nations had a tradition that, in the first ages of the world, man enjoyed an existence uncontaminated by crime, and untainted with disease, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and living in innocence and peace upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. Such was the Eden of Moses and Zoroaster, and the Golden Age of the Greek poets. It may easily be understood how belief in this universal tradition, and the contrast of the barbarism which supervened upon the Golden Age with the more advanced condition of society in which he lived, led the philosopher Plato to imagine a state of society in which the simplicity and innocence of the golden reign of Saturn should be revived, and embellished with the artistic and scientific appliances of that degree of civilisation to which Athens had then attained. That he intended only to write an amusing fiction, as some have supposed, is very unlikely; it is far more probable that his aim was to picture a model

republic, the realisation of which he believed practicable, and anticipated as the ultimate constitution of society.

The philosophers and legislators of antiquity could not comprehend how order could be maintained in a state without the institution of castes, those barriers to progress which struck with immobility the civilisations of the past. In legislating for his imaginary republic of Atlantis, which he describes as a large island far to the westward of Europe, Plato may reasonably be supposed to have studied the political systems and social organisation of the ancient states, and to have drawn from them such institutions as he thought it desirable to perpetuate. In Egypt, in India, in Greece, even at Sparta under the communitive institutions of Lycurgus, he found the system of castes; and hence he divides the citizens of his ideal republic into three classes—the magistracy, the race of gold; the warriors, the race of silver; and the workmen, the race of iron. But as if he saw in this classification a tendency to repress the aspirations of genius in the most numerous class, he immediately provides a remedy for the evils of caste in a divine ordination, that a citizen of the race of gold should have a son of the race of silver, and *vice versâ*; and that one of the race of iron should have a son of the race of silver, perchance of the race of gold. Thus the principle of caste is broken down; for where these conditions are possible, it exists no longer, and the fusion of castes becomes but a question of time.

The citizens of Atlantis have established among them the community of goods, an institution little compatible with that of caste, though not absolutely opposed to it. Even the women were common to all—a blemish in his social system into which Plato was led by the general laxity of morals in the Grecian states, and the prevalence of the custom among several ancient nations. This leads him to the establishment of the common family, all the children being recognised as the heirs in common of the state, which charges itself with their maintenance and education. Thus another blow is struck at the institution of caste, which seems, indeed, to have been admitted by Plato only as a sacrifice to the spirit of the age in which he lived, while he doubted the necessity of maintaining it, and provided for its ultimate abolition. If he had wished to perpetuate castes, he would not have established the common family, and the community of women and goods, nor have admitted the possibility of the fusion of classes. The poets were banished, lest they should corrupt religion with their mythological fables; and no foreigners were allowed to reside in the island, lest the citizens should be led by them to adopt luxurious habits and injurious innovations in their political and social system.

Of the Thaumasia of Theopompos, a philosopher of Chios, whose fame as a historian is celebrated by Athenæus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, only a fragment is extant. This is a dialogue between Midas, king of Phrygia, and the demi-god Silenus, in which the latter informs the former that, beyond the great ocean which lies to the westward of the Pillars of Hercules, there is an extensive continent, inhabited by a race of giants, and inferior animals of corresponding size. The people of this continent possessed many large cities, and some peculiar institutions; one of their cities was called Eusebes, or the Holy City, the inhabitants of which lived to double the ordinary period of the duration of human life in Europe.

The country around the city of Eusebes was like a garden, and the inhabitants lived without toil upon the spontaneous fruits of the earth; war and strife were unknown among them, and sickness never invaded their dwellings. So peaceful and innocent were their lives, that the gods mixed in familiar intercourse with them, as the Olympian deities are fabled to have done with the Arcadians in the Age of Gold.

Arranging social theories and experiments in the order of time, for the better understanding and appreciation of each, as they often illustrate each other, we proceed from imagination to reality, from the social idealists of antiquity to the workers out of their conceptions. The latter are more significant than the former; between them there is all the distance which separates opinion from fact, theory from practice. We meet in all ages with associations of individuals separating themselves from the outward world, striving to organize a state within a state, and constituting a living protest against exterior society. The first of these which history has recorded is that of the Essenes, a sect of the Jews, concerning whom Philo, Josephus, and Pliny, have left us ample details. Both the Jewish historians speak highly of their morality, and the innocence and peacefulness of their lives; Josephus indeed says that 'they exceed all other men that addict themselves to virtue.' They believed in one God, and in a future state, and observed the Jewish Sabbath; but they offered no sacrifices. Their number in the time of Josephus was about four thousand, and all were engaged in agriculture. They had no particular town, but were scattered in groups through the principal parts of Judea; and when one of them travelled, he was received as a brother by the Essenes of every place that he came to. They held all their property in common, appointing stewards to conduct their financial affairs; and as all among them were content with the necessaries of life, they sought not to amass wealth. War they considered contrary to religion; regal domination they regarded as impious and unjust, since all men are brothers; and trade they esteemed the source of avarice and luxury. Looking upon all men as free and equal, and united by the ties of universal fraternity, they had no slaves, or even servants, but laboured equally, and were the servitors of each other. As many as lived in one town or village had their abode under one roof, and had their meals together, like the citizens of Sparta and Crete. They preluded their frugal meals with a prayer, and were noted for their temperance and abstemiousness. Their dress was plain and simple, and the colour most in esteem was white—a preference which evinces their love of cleanliness. Marriage was discountenanced, and the voids made in their communities by death were filled up by children whom they adopted, and reared according to their own formula, and by converts, who were only admitted, however, after a long probation. Marriage was not absolutely forbidden, however; and we learn from Josephus that there was an order of Essenes who had wives, but who were strict monogamists.

In the education of the children which they adopted, the Essenes chiefly directed their attention to the healthful and vigorous development of their frames, and the cultivation of the moral sentiments. They forbade oaths; but Josephus testifies to their strict regard to truth, and the justness and probity of all their dealings. They paid great respect to the aged, and

supported the sick, the disabled, and the superannuated out of the common stock. Riches, sensual pleasures, and vainglory they held in contempt. 'They formed themselves,' says Philo, 'to sanctity, to justice, to domestic economy, to social duties, by regulating themselves upon three principles, which resumed all their doctrine: *Love God, love virtue, love mankind.* Their love for God proved itself by their purity of life, by their chastity, by the anxiety which they had to fulfil all their relations to the Divinity. Their love of virtue resulted sufficiently in their contempt of wealth, of pleasure, of vainglory, and also in their patience, in their frugality, in their temperance, in their simplicity, and in their respect for the laws; while their love to their neighbours they proved by their benevolence, their equity, their charity, and by a system of community in which there was no interest to be covetous.'

There is so much resemblance between the doctrines and customs of the Essenes and those of the primitive Christians, that Montfaucon, a learned Benedictine, doubted the antiquity of the Essenes, and considered them as a sect posterior to the time of the apostles. Josephus speaks of the Essenes as a sect of the Jews more than a century and a-half previous to the Christian era; but it is probable that the early Christians derived from them some of their customs and observances, and the more so, as the Essenes were universally esteemed for their piety, and the purity and simplicity of their lives. It is easy to recognise this resemblance in the abolition of slavery and of sacrifices, in the repugnance to war and oath-taking, in the repasts in common, in their austere morality, and in the community of goods, a distinguishing feature of the social economy of the Essenes, and for a certain period of Christianity likewise. Whether the last-mentioned custom ever extended beyond the primitive church of Jerusalem is uncertain. It was probably adopted there as a means of drawing closer the bonds of union and fraternity, when persecution menaced the little band of disciples with extinction, and ended with their dispersion over Judea, previous to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. The brief existence of the practice, however, and its recognition, more or less direct, as a Christian institution, by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, St Barnabas, and St Ambrose, led to its adoption by the monastic orders, and to the claim of the church's authority and sanction by the social sects of later times.

The revolution of ideas brought about by the religious reformation of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, caused the resuscitation of the doctrine that common property was an integral part of Christianity; and among the long-enslaved serf-class it spread with the rapidity of wildfire. For them the Reformation would have accomplished nothing, if it did not eventuate a social revolution as well as a religious one. The disciples of Wickliffe, of Luther, and of John Huss, quoted the apostles and fathers of Christianity, particularly the remarkable declaration of St Ambrose, that 'nature has given all things in common to all men. Nature has established a common right, and it is usurpation which has produced a private claim.' John Ball, a reforming priest, proclaimed in Kent the doctrine of the natural equality of all mankind, and the result was the poll-tax insurrection, headed by Wat Tyler. Similar in its causes was the insurrection, at a later period, of the peasantry of Saxony and the Rhenish provinces, and the commotions, more important

in their results, of the Hussites in Bohemia. Here the outbreak took a more definite form, and was conducted by the indomitable Zisca with the avowed aim of establishing a social republic upon the ruins of the existing institutions. Romanism was to be succeeded by the reformed church, monarchy by a republic, aristocratic feudalism by democracy; the lands of the Bohemian nobles and gentry were to be parcelled out among all the people, as the Lacedæmonian state was by Lycurgus; and all feudal tenures and exclusive privileges to be utterly abolished. Such a state of things could only be maintained in that age while the Hussites remained in arms, especially as the ranks of Zisca's army were mainly recruited from the labouring-classes, and all that had been permanently gained at the termination of the civil war was the recognition of the reformed religion.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, the doctrine of the community of goods was revived by the Anabaptists. They excited a tumult at Amsterdam, and raised an insurrection in Westphalia. 'We have one common father, Adam,' said Muntzer, one of their leaders: 'whence comes, then, the diversity of ranks and of goods?—why groan we in poverty while others have delicacies? Have we not a right to the equality of goods, which, by their nature, are made to be parted without distinction among us? Return us the riches of the time being—restore us that which you retain unjustly.' To the community of goods, a feature common to all Utopias, under a form more or less modified, the Anabaptists added the community of women and the common family—ideas borrowed from the social republic of Plato. In common with the general Baptists, and the United Brethren, and other religious sects of a later date, they held the doctrine that baptism should not be performed until the candidate had arrived at an age to understand the nature of the ceremony, and then by dipping in the water, instead of by sprinkling. To this point of difference from the established churches of the countries in which the sect sprung up they added the more dangerous tenet, that with those who have the light of the Gospel to direct them the office of magistrate is unnecessary, and an encroachment upon liberty. The theological doctrines upon which they grounded their dissent alike from Luther and from Calvin were harmless enough, and even their resolution to communise their property and labour might have been regarded merely in the light of an experiment in social science: but their political principles were so utterly subversive of all authority, that they drew upon themselves a persecution which they possibly might otherwise have escaped.

Muntzer, the first Anabaptist leader, died upon a scaffold at Mulhausen in 1525. His fate did not diminish the ardour of his disciples, who continued to propagate his doctrines, which were eagerly received by the working-classes, and especially by the peasantry. John Bocold, a tailor of Leyden, and John Matthias, a baker of Haarlem, were declared prophets; and the former was afterwards inaugurated as their king. Enthusiastic and sanguine, determined to maintain and carry out their doctrines by force of arms, they rose in insurrection under their leaders, the said John Bocold and John Matthias, and seized the city of Munster, to which they gave the name of Mount Zion. Here they established the Anabaptist family, and reduced to practice the doctrine of a community of women and of goods. They revived the love-feasts of the early Christians; but the simplicity

ancient morality which had characterised all former attempts to render the equality of mankind an actuality was unknown among them. Teaching the reconciliation of the flesh and the spirit, and the sanctification of the former by the latter, they indulged in festivities and sensuous delights, until the imperial troops invested their city of refuge. Though immersed in sensuality, they made a brave defence. Matthias fell in a rash sally, and Munster was at length taken by storm. Most of the Anabaptists died fighting; but Bocold was made prisoner, and executed, after suffering the most cruel torments, which he bore with the fortitude of a martyr.

Among the religious Utopias of this period, that of the Millennians must not be omitted. These are more prophetic than practical: they are content to defer until the second advent of Jesus the realisation of that dream of equality which the Anabaptists sought to work out in their own day. Basing their anticipations of the future upon the prophecies of Isaiah, Daniel, and Jeremiah, they await the millennium, or thousand years' reign of Christ, commencing with his second coming, which Agier fixed for the year 1849. Under the reign of the Messiah the earth is to be a terrestrial paradise; the antipathies of the brute creation will cease to be displayed; and the wolf will lie down with the lamb, and the lion with the suckling-calf. It will be the reign of universal peace and love, and Christ will be at once the president and pontiff of the great Communarchy. Isidore Isolanis, however, anticipating the Millennium, nominated Pope Adrian VI. the chief of the world-republic; and Fialin, curate of Marsilly, expected the return to earth of the prophet Elijah. Louis Reybaud states that the Millennians await the reappearance of Jesus to this day at appointed hours, and even in England the sect is not yet extinct.

After the Anabaptists, no attempt to reduce to practice the speculations of the social theorists was made for more than two centuries and a-half; that period, however, had its full share of societary fictions and constitutions for ideal commonwealths. Of these the most celebrated is the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More—a work which will bear comparison with the 'Atlantis' of Plato, and which has added a word to the English language, every theoretical system of society being since called Utopian. Utopia is a beautiful island in the Atlantic; the manners of the people are peaceful, their customs simple, their laws derived from nature, and their religion one of charity and love. All its citizens are well educated, no one is persecuted for his belief, they engage in war only for their own defence, and the punishment of death is unknown among them. The supposition of criminals under such institutions as those of Utopia mars the beauty of More's delineation; mildness is preferred by the Utopians to severity, however, and instead of being put to death, malefactors are reduced to slavery. The penal laws of England in More's time were terrible in their severity, and the rigour with which he persecuted the Protestants proves that he did not regard the views propounded in his 'Utopia' as practicable in his own age. The institution of monogamy, modesty of relations between the sexes, and the absence of castes, place a wide difference between the ideal commonwealth of More and that of Plato; we feel and understand, in perusing the 'Utopia,' all the influence of Christianity upon society. The basis of the government in Utopia is

election. Over every group of thirty families there is a philarch, and to every ten philarchs a protophilarch. The council of protophilarchs and the senate are elected every year, and the chief magistrate is elected for life by these two assemblies, but removable by the majority upon any proved misconduct. Labour and property are in common in Utopia, and every one makes his wants the measure of his desires. The Utopians desire, in their clothing, no other quality than durability; they set no value upon the precious metals, and esteem intellectual pleasures the highest source of enjoyment. Their communal repasts are enlivened by music, and their banqueting halls perfumed with the most exquisite odours. All the Utopians are agriculturists; but every man applies himself to some occupation in addition to his share of the common labour in cultivating the soil, such as the woollen and linen manufactures, or the mechanical arts connected with architecture. Each family also makes its own clothes, and the same trade generally descends from father to son, but departures from this rule are allowed; and indeed nothing can be more unfavourable to social progress than the tendency to caste which is inherent in the hereditary succession of trades. In consequence of the equal division of labour, and the economy of management among the Utopians, no one works more than six hours per day; and the labour being so light, and the enjoyment of its fruits so well assured, no one seeks to evade his share.

Similar in design to the 'Utopia' of More were the other philosophic fictions produced between the era of the Reformation and that of the first French Revolution. Little more than the enumeration of these must suffice: the list embraces the 'New Atlantis' of the philosopher Bacon; the 'Oceana' of the republican Harrington; the 'City of the Sun' of Campanella, a Calabrian friar, a work which Reybaud describes as 'a fantastic creation full of grandeur;' the 'Other World' of Hall; the 'Isle of Pleasures' of Fenelon; the 'Gaudentia di Lucca' of Berkeley; the 'Austral Discovery' of Retif de la Bretonne; the 'Dream of Perpetual Peace' of the Abbé St Pierre; and the 'Basiliade' of Morelly. Many features of the 'Atlantis' and the 'Utopia' are common to all these visions of the age of gold; but most of them exhibit a return towards nature rather than an advance towards the refinements of civilisation. It is generally of Arcadia that the writers dreamed: its sunny skies, its blue hills, its cascades, and its shepherdesses; but one chain of ideas pervades them all—the amelioration of man's condition, the association of interests, the harmony of the passions, the unity of sentiment. Morelly was perhaps the most sincere believer in the practicability of the views which he advanced, and his 'Code of Nature' is an elaborately-written work, advocating the same social principles which, in the 'Basiliade,' he had presented in the garb of fiction. The idea of the latter work, which was for a long time attributed to Diderot, was taken from the account given by Gregory of Nazianzen of a famous charitable institution as large as a town, founded by Basilius of Cæsarea, a noted rhetorician and Christian preacher, and named after him the Basilias.

Who were the workers-out of these social fictions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? We find them only in two of the more obscure religious sects—the Moravians and the Shakers; or, as they call themselves,

the Society of United Brethren, and the United Society of Believers. The first of these sects sprung up in Moravia, from which they derive the name by which they are commonly designated; but being persecuted by the Austrian government in the middle of the seventeenth century, they settled themselves in Hungary and Transylvania. Their religion is the utmost simplification of Christianity: they have no priests, but their elders, of whom there are three or four to each community, read the public prayers every morning and evening, and deliver a religious and moral discourse on the Sabbath. Their doctrines differ little from those of the Lutheran church, except as regards baptism: this rite is left unperformed until the children are ten or twelve years of age, when, if they can repeat the catechism of the sect correctly, and make a confession of their faith openly before the congregation, the elders point out to them the duty and benefit of being joined in membership to the rest of the brotherhood. Believing that the heart deceives less than the reason, the Moravians rely more upon goodness than upon intelligence; and Samuel Hartlib, an English traveller, writing from their colony at Sarospatak in Hungary in 1659, describes them as 'an honest, simple-hearted people, humble, godly, laborious, well-trained up, and lovers of discipline.'

Each of the Moravian communities is composed of several hundred families, who all reside under one roof; they have a common kitchen and dining-hall, and the men of every trade have their distinctive workroom. They have no social distinctions or classes among them, but each brother follows some manual occupation, and the produce of his labour is thrown into the common stock, to provide therefrom for the wants of all. Each community elects a steward and three or more elders, according to the number of the brotherhood; and these have the charge of all their domestic and financial affairs. They have no privileges or immunities, but greater responsibility; the steward buys and sells on account of the community, and has to render an account of his management. At their common repasts, however, the steward and elders sit at a separate table, the other brothers and the women sit at separate tables, and the children likewise sit apart—the boys at one table, and the girls at another. The members of each community are divided into choirs, according to sex and state: there are choirs of youths and of maidens, of husbands and of wives, of widowers and of widows. Maidens, wives, and widows, are readily distinguished by the colour of their ribbons.

All the children are educated in common by properly-qualified persons, under the superintendence of twelve brothers selected for that purpose. The boys and girls are instructed apart, but all are treated alike as the children of one father. All things being common among them, individual accumulation is impossible, and heritage is unknown; yet no one has any trouble or anxiety concerning the education, training, and maintenance of his children. Marriage is among them the object of delicate attention and scrupulous anxiety, and unmarried men are seldom met with in their communities. There being no considerations of selfish interest on either side, their unions are prompted by affinity of sentiment alone, and are nearly always happy. An elder performs their simple marriage ceremony, and pronounces a blessing upon the married pair in the presence of all the brotherhood.

The United Brethren have now extended their communities into Southern Russia and other parts of Europe. All their settlements maintain their connection with each other, and co-operate in maintaining and carrying out a religious propaganda, which has sent forth its missionaries to Southern Africa, the West Indies, Canada, Labrador, Lapland, and even Greenland. Active colonists and zealous apostles, it is seldom that they fail in their propagandist enterprises. Their missionaries possess in a high degree the qualities which most contribute to success—patience, devotedness, earnestness, benevolence, and untiring energy. Most of their establishments borrow their names from places mentioned in the New Testament—as Nazareth, Bethlehem, Genesareth, Sharon, Galilee, and Sarepta.

There is a considerable resemblance, it will be seen, between the Moravians and the Essenes; the foundation of their systems is the same, and many of the details are identical. There is between them precisely the distance which separates Judaism from Christianity: the Moravian family is less ascetic—it rests upon a wider basis, and is more concerned with this world. In some points they approach Quakerism, and in others they exhibit an approximation to the psychological principles of St Simon and Fourier: so nice are the shades of difference between the sects established upon principles of dissent from society, as well as from the churches, social not less than religious.

The United Society of Believers, commonly called Shakers, originated more than a century after that of the United Brethren; its founder was a female, a native of Lancashire, whose name was Anne Lee. Accompanied by a few friends and disciples, she emigrated to the United States, then agitated by the approaching rupture with the mother country, and cast upon the soil stirred by Franklin and Paine the seeds of a new social and religious faith. Anne Lee was but the wife of a poor blacksmith, and had received little or no education; but her faith was great in the principles which she believed it her mission to teach, and she was undoubtedly actuated by the purest motives, by a sincere desire to provide a remedy for the evils which afflict society. It was some time, however, before the principles which she and her immediate disciples propounded made much progress. The self-denial which they inculcated, their peculiar religious opinions and mode of worship, and the importance which they attach to the unnatural institution of celibacy, attracted few minds. It was not until they established the community of property among them that they made much progress in extending their sect: then their numbers began to increase, and in 1780 the first Shaker community was established at Niskyuna, now called Water-Vliet, eight miles from the town of Albany, in the United States. In 1805 the number of their communities had increased to twenty; in 1847 there were eighteen, and the Shaker population was estimated at between 4000 and 5000; and they are certainly not upon the increase. Harriet Martineau and J. S. Buckingham, who have both visited the Shaker community of New Lebanon, describe their success in the accumulation of property and the acquisition of the means of material comfort as most surprising. 'There is no question of their entire success,' says the former, 'as far as wealth is concerned. A very moderate amount of labour has secured to them in perfection all the comforts of life that they know how to enjoy, and as much wealth as would command the intellectual

luxuries of which they do not dream. The earth does not show more flourishing fields, gardens, and orchards than theirs. The houses are spacious, and in all respects unexceptionable. The finish of every external thing testifies to their wealth both of material and leisure.' The writer adds, 'If happiness lay in bread and butter, and such things, these people have attained the *summum bonum*.'

The Shakers attach little importance to mental cultivation, and hold scientific attainments in small esteem. Here we see a resemblance to the Moravians; but in other respects they approach nearer to the Essenes than any of the religious sects among whom the community of property is or has been practised. In their communities the sexes are completely separated: man and woman are among them two imperfect halves of humanity. They occupy distinct portions of the house, they work and have their meals apart, and sit apart in the chapel, which has two entrances—one for the males, the other for the females. In their costume both sexes assimilate somewhat to the Society of Friends, with the addition of such eccentricities of dress as red stockings for the men. Their mode of worship is calculated to excite a smile or a feeling of compassion, according to the tone of the spectator's mind. Their religious exercises commence with a hymn, which is sung to a lively tune, after which they prostrate themselves thrice upon the floor of the chapel; then they sing again, which is followed by the men pulling off their coats, preliminary to a scene perhaps only paralleled among the dancing dervises of the East. They dance, jump as high as they can, clap their hands, and make such other extravagant demonstrations of joy as might be expected only from the uncivilised aborigines of Caffraria or Australia. These singular exercises they call manifestations of their joy and gratitude for the goodness of the Creator.

As might be expected, the inmates of the Shaker communities are generally ignorant to a lamentable degree. The religious sentiment and the principle of celibacy are with them paramount. The singularity of their religious exercises, the importance which they attach to entire abstinence from marriage, their neglect of mental cultivation, and the little consideration which they display for intellectual attainments, must inevitably tend to diminish the number of those who join them in the same ratio as the true elements of social and domestic happiness become understood and appreciated in the outer world. The peculiar aspect which the Utopian idea has assumed in their communities is so repellant—so contrary, indeed, to the prevailing ideas of what social existence ought to be—that there can be little doubt that their numbers will soon become stationary, and then rapidly decline. It is certain, however, that the greatest amount of success has attended those social sects which have made their formula of association subordinate to their religious views. Unity of religious sentiment has given them a power of coherence which they would not otherwise have possessed, and which the withdrawal from ordinary and accepted modes of life has only confirmed. 'Whether the maintenance of this consolidation' [of interests], says a writer who has lived some time in one of their communities, 'is absolutely dependent on their particular spiritual position, may well be questioned. Its violation of the sacred marriage unity must for ever prevent its entering into harmony with the hallowed feeling of community now becoming prevalent. It is indeed probable that this, the

secret of its strength, is its ever-present agony, and will at some not very remote period prove the cause of its overthrow.'

The Moravians and Shakers are the only social sects which date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, if we except the Idealists, who sprung up with the progress of the tremendous political convulsion of which France was the scene in the latter years of the last century. It seems that the religious sects which have been described must be referred to the Reformation rather than to the particular Utopias of More, Bacon, Harrington, Fenelon, Campanella, and Morelly; but that these had no effect in producing later projects for the regeneration of society, is by no means to be inferred. The ideas upon social amelioration and improvement which they contain were revolved and elaborated in the minds of poets, philosophers, and politicians, and only the French Revolution was required to bring them from the under-current of opinion to the surface. Rousseau and the Illuminatists generalised the views enunciated by the writers of social fictions, and gave them a distinct aim and a practical direction; and the Revolution found the idea of the reconstruction of society, and the amelioration of man's condition, germinating in the bosom of Condorcet, of Robespierre, and even of the furious and sanguinary Marat.

In our own country the enfranchisement of ideas eventuated by the French Revolution of 1793 produced the societary speculations of Godwin, the equalitarian tendencies of the earlier poems of Southey, the Millennial dreamings of Coleridge, and the splendidly-conceived poetic Utopias of Shelley. Godwin and Shelley retained through life their faith in the practicability and ultimate realisation of their societary theories; but it is well known that the opinions of Coleridge and Southey underwent a change, and became considerably moderated. This was more particularly the case as regarded the latter, and was the more marked, from the intolerance which afterwards distinguished his attachment to the institutions of the present. It was while domesticated with Southey at Keswick that the opinions of Coleridge underwent a change, and that he abjured the Utopian visions of his youth. In their earlier days, Coleridge and Southey, in conjunction with a literary friend named Lloyd, as enthusiastic as themselves, had determined to emigrate to America, and found upon the banks of the Susquehanna a Pantisocracy, or state of society in which all things were to be in common—education, family, labour, property, and suffrage. The idea was never realised, chiefly owing to the want of funds; and in five years after it was entertained by them, the opinions of both Southey and Coleridge underwent a change.

It is chiefly in his 'Religious Musings'—a desultory poem written on the Christmas eve of 1794—that we find the Utopian ideas of Coleridge, and those references to the Millennium, to which allusion has been made in the preceding paragraph. After descanting upon the person and character of Christ, and the influence of Christianity upon the mind, he inveighs against the war with France, and then proceeds to examine the origin and uses of government and property. To the institution of private property he traces selfishness, avarice, and luxury, and to these war, oppression, poverty, and disease; but he considers the fine arts to have sprung from luxury, and the sciences from

'Keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought.'

He sees, with the Optimist, good in evil; and from the scientific and mechanical appliances, which mankind would not have possessed but for the 'keen necessities' of the past, the poet educes a brilliant future for the human race, when man shall be a law to himself, and the universal family shall enjoy in common the produce 'raised from the common earth by common toil.' This stage of society, he supposes, will be succeeded by the Millennium, the thousand years' reign of Christ, 'in which,' he says in a note, 'I suppose that man will continue to enjoy the highest glory of which his human nature is capable; that all who, in past ages, have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man, will rise and enjoy the fruits and flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former life; and that the wicked will, during the same period, be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this earth, and by our entering the state of pure intellect.'

The poetry of Shelley is even more Utopian than that of the bards of Pantisocracy: he is the poet of the future, as essentially as Byron is of the present, and Scott of the past. His 'Revolt of Islam,' his 'Queen Mab,' and his 'Prometheus Unbound,' are Utopias in verse. It was the creed of Shelley that human nature is capable of being rendered perfect; that kings and priests have hitherto hindered that glorious consummation for the attainment of their own selfish purposes; that religion is hostile to the development of feelings of charity and fraternity; and that, if the inherent goodness of the human heart was free to work out its mission, the Golden Age would be realised. There can be no doubt that Shelley really believed his principles to be correct, and his views attainable; and his untiring benevolence in visiting the cottages of the poor during his residence at Marlow stamps with sincerity and disinterestedness his eloquent pleadings for humanity. 'Queen Mab,' which is perhaps the most generally known of Shelley's works, and which was written by its gifted author at the age of eighteen, with all its strange paradoxes and contradictions, is a poem abounding in fine passages. He supposes the soul of a female character called Ianthe to leave the body during sleep, and to ascend, under the guidance of the fairy Mab, to the latter's cloud-roofed palace, from whence she contemplates the earth, and surveys the ruins of Jerusalem, Palmyra, Athens, and Rome. Then she beholds a battle-field, and a town destroyed in the conflict, and the deathbed of a tyrant, and the poet descants upon the horrors of war, the evils of monarchy, the vices engendered by competitive commerce, and all the social errors and evils of the present. The spirit describes the *auto-da-fé* of an atheist, and Mab, after defending and supporting materialism, summons the Wandering Jew, who relates the crimes and abuses, and consequent misery and suffering, which are alleged to have resulted from Christianity. Having thus passed in review the past and the present, the fairy queen favours Ianthe with a glimpse of the future, when all the moral and material beauty of the Golden Age, and all the prophetic anticipations of the Millennium are realised and fulfilled. The earth, in the language of St Simon, is rehabilitated, and no longer produces rank weeds

and poisonous fungi, but everywhere flowers and fruits. Fens and marshes, which had exhaled malaria, are covered with the ambery corn; the whirlwind and the storm are known no more; the burning deserts of Arabia and Africa are rendered cultivable; the polar ice is dissolved; and the wild denizens of the forests have forgotten their thirst of blood—the lion sports with the kid, and the child shares its meal with the 'green and golden basilisk.' The nature of man has experienced a change corresponding with this beautiful picture of the external universe—war, slavery, commerce, and all the evils of present society, are no longer known; his passions are attempered and harmonised; temperance has banished disease from his frame, and prolonged his life, and his existence has become a long summer's day—a dream of Arcadia or Paradise realised.

The 'Revolt of Islam' is a poetic Utopia of a somewhat different cast. The poet arises from slumber visited by unquiet dreams, and meets on the seashore a beautiful female form, by whom the story is related. She is beloved by a spirit, who conducts her to the glorious senate of the departed friends of the human race, where she meets Laon, a patriot of Argolis, who relates the story of the revolt of his countrymen against the tyrant of Islam. This poem is far superior to 'Queen Mab,' and is replete with passages of exquisite beauty; the glory of the poet's genius is unobscured by the dark passions, the doubts, the misanthropy, or the cynicism, of Byron; and it is seen in this more than in any other of his poems, except perhaps the 'Prometheus Unbound.' The hymn in the fifth canto, of the nations who have liberated themselves by revolt, is a complete exposition of Shelley's views and opinions: it declares fear to be the cause of man's misery and degradation; proclaims the moral beauty of equality; and announces the advent of peace, love, freedom, and universal brotherhood. The mythic story upon which the 'Prometheus Unbound' is founded is well known: it is as metaphysical and mystical as most of Shelley's poems; and the atheistic tenets of the poet are as boldly avowed and proclaimed in it as in any of them. The idea of the perfectibility of human nature is here reproduced; and the overthrow of Jupiter, and unbinding of Prometheus, harbinger the restoration of the Golden Age. These three poems present us with a complete view of Shelley's social philosophy; and the whole tenor of his life, and the revelations of his character given to the world by his widow, prove that he really believed it practicable, and was actuated in its enunciation by the purest and most benevolent motives.

The Utopias of antiquity, and of the period between the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution of 1793, were confined to a few ardent and talented philanthropists, living in ages and countries remote from each other, and their speculations descended not among the masses. Those of More, Bacon, Hall, and Campanella, were written in Latin, and their authors never dreamt of addressing themselves to the people, or of attempting to reduce to practice their visions of societary perfection. The Moravians and Shakers, equally with the Hussites and Anabaptists, must be considered as derived from the religious agitation of the Reformation; and it was not until the close of the eighteenth century that the idea of social regeneration began to mingle with the aspirations of the masses for political emancipation. It entered into the philosophy of Condorcet; we

find it in the insane ravings of Marat, though every page of his journal seems inspired by the genius of bloodshed; and it was the ever-present day-dream of the stormy life of Robespierre. 'Robespierre's doctrine,' says Buonarotti, 'was, that the Revolution ought to change altogether the moral and material condition of the labouring-classes.' The reconstruction of society was too vast a scheme for his brief political existence, during which France was torn by intestine as well as exterior strife, and no social changes were seriously projected until the Babouvist agitation and conspiracy of 1796.

When the Jacobin Club and its affiliated societies in the departments had been closed by the Directory, and the workmen disarmed by the authorities under the terror of a threatened bombardment of the faux-bourgs, the democratic party established a club in the vaults of the Pantheon, where they assembled and organized their forces, and at which a man named Babeuf, as well from the paucity of talent which successive decimations had created in the Jacobin ranks, as from his enthusiasm and extreme opinions, became the principal orator. He also edited a journal, in which he supported the constitution of 1793, the communisation of property, and a new organisation of industry. From the tribune of the Pantheon Club, and in the pages of his journal, Babeuf constantly proclaimed the doctrine of equality, urging upon his auditors and his readers that it should be something more than common suffrage, and had a more comprehensive signification than that given to it by the legal interpreters of the constitution. Political inequality he regarded as a less evil than those social inequalities which create so much dissonance in society, such wide-spread misery, such heartburnings, and such crimes. He declared that the soil of every country was the common birthright of the people of that country, and that it was right and proper that every citizen should perform his due share of physical or intellectual labour, which, with the communisation of property and the abolition of heritage, would establish veritable equality.

'It is easy,' said he, 'to make every one understand that a few hours' occupation per day would secure to every individual the means of living agreeably, and permanently relieve him from those anxieties by which we are now continually undermined; and surely the man who now slaves himself to exhaustion in order to have a little, would work a little in order to have much.' Labour, he considered, would, under his system, be no longer disagreeable, but become a mild and pleasing occupation, of which no person would have either the inclination or interest to elude his share. 'It would be right,' says Buonarotti, his disciple and historian, 'to charge in turn all the able-bodied citizens with the more repulsive labours, the disagreeableness of which, it was hoped, would be progressively but rapidly diminished by a masculine education, and by the assistance of mechanism, chemistry, and the physical sciences in general. Probably it would have been convenient to distinguish the works of strict necessity into easy and painful, and to oblige each citizen to exercise one of one class, and one of the other. Probably it might also have been just to establish another division of citizens, according to age, for the purpose of proportioning the labour to the increase and diminution of strength, for in matters of this kind equality ought to be measured and determined less by the intensity

of the labour required than by the capacity of the labourer.' 'It may be said,' says the same writer, 'what will become of those productions of industry which are the fruits of time and genius? Is it not to be feared that, being no longer better recompensed than other descriptions of labour, they will be altogether extinguished to the injury of society? Sophism! It is to the love of glory, not to the desire for riches, that we have been at all times indebted for the efforts of genius. Millions of poor soldiers devote themselves to death for the honour of serving a cruel master, and shall we doubt the prodigies that might be operated upon the human heart by the sentiment of happiness, the love of equality and country, and by the noble incentives to a wise policy?'

Such doctrines as those promulgated by Babeuf could not fail to command a considerable share of popular favour, and among the working-classes, in particular, they were adopted with enthusiasm. True to the unconquerable spirit that had actuated them from the commencement of the Revolution, those of Paris at least were still ready to embrace any formula or any scheme which promised to restore the constitution of 1793. The meetings at the Pantheon were attended by excited crowds, whom Babeuf harangued in a strain of fervent and enthusiastic oratory, until at length the attention of the government was drawn upon them, and prompt measures adopted for their suppression. On the 26th February 1796 the doors of the Pantheon were closed by the authorities, but another building was shortly opened, in which the disciples of Babeuf continued to assemble, and in which they set up the busts of Robespierre and Marat. The organisation of the Babouvists and the agitation of their principles had now reached a point at which the leaders thought it behoved them to consider the means of rendering the social republic an actuality. It is not surprising, when the temperament of the French people is considered, that such an enthusiast as Babeuf should have hazarded an appeal to arms, or that men so excitable as the workmen of Paris, accustomed as they had been to *émeutes* and insurrections for the last seven years, should have been ready to participate in a movement which promised to restore them even more than that of which they had been deprived by the constitution of 1795. A plan of insurrection was concerted between Babeuf and his friend Darthé, which was to be upon an extensive scale. Active emissaries were distributed through the disaffected quarters of Paris, and sent to try the feeling among the troops in the camp of Grenelle; a programme of the new government was drawn up; a Committee of Public Safety resolved upon, and concentric movements upon the seats of the Directory; and the Councils all scientifically arranged. Unfortunately for the success of the enterprise, the conspirators had admitted to their confidence an officer named Grisel, who betrayed their designs to the government on the eve of their execution; and on the 10th May 1796, Babeuf, Darthé, and seven others, were arrested, and brought to trial before the high criminal court of Vendôme. Being convicted, the two principal conspirators were condemned to the guillotine, and the rest to transportation for life to a penal settlement. Babeuf and Darthé, on hearing their sentence, stabbed themselves in the dock, in the presence of the judges; but the instruments of intended self-destruction broke, and thus frustrated their intention. After passing a night of extreme suffering, during which the blade of the weapon

the Society of United Brethren, and the United Society of Believers. The first of these sects sprung up in Moravia, from which they derive the name by which they are commonly designated; but being persecuted by the Austrian government in the middle of the seventeenth century, they settled themselves in Hungary and Transylvania. Their religion is the utmost simplification of Christianity: they have no priests, but their elders, of whom there are three or four to each community, read the public prayers every morning and evening, and deliver a religious and moral discourse on the Sabbath. Their doctrines differ little from those of the Lutheran church, except as regards baptism: this rite is left unperformed until the children are ten or twelve years of age, when, if they can repeat the catechism of the sect correctly, and make a confession of their faith openly before the congregation, the elders point out to them the duty and benefit of being joined in membership to the rest of the brotherhood. Believing that the heart deceives less than the reason, the Moravians rely more upon goodness than upon intelligence; and Samuel Hartlib, an English traveller, writing from their colony at Sarospatak in Hungary in 1659, describes them as 'an honest, simple-hearted people, humble, godly, laborious, well-trained up, and lovers of discipline.'

Each of the Moravian communities is composed of several hundred families, who all reside under one roof; they have a common kitchen and dining-hall, and the men of every trade have their distinctive workroom. They have no social distinctions or classes among them, but each brother follows some manual occupation, and the produce of his labour is thrown into the common stock, to provide therefrom for the wants of all. Each community elects a steward and three or more elders, according to the number of the brotherhood; and these have the charge of all their domestic and financial affairs. They have no privileges or immunities, but greater responsibility; the steward buys and sells on account of the community, and has to render an account of his management. At their common repasts, however, the steward and elders sit at a separate table, the other brothers and the women sit at separate tables, and the children likewise sit apart—the boys at one table, and the girls at another. The members of each community are divided into choirs, according to sex and state: there are choirs of youths and of maidens, of husbands and of wives, of widowers and of widows. Maidens, wives, and widows, are readily distinguished by the colour of their ribbons.

All the children are educated in common by properly-qualified persons, under the superintendence of twelve brothers selected for that purpose. The boys and girls are instructed apart, but all are treated alike as the children of one father. All things being common among them, individual accumulation is impossible, and heritage is unknown; yet no one has any trouble or anxiety concerning the education, training, and maintenance of his children. Marriage is among them the object of delicate attention and scrupulous anxiety, and unmarried men are seldom met with in their communities. There being no considerations of selfish interest on either side, their unions are prompted by affinity of sentiment alone, and are nearly always happy. An elder performs their simple marriage ceremony, and pronounces a blessing upon the married pair in the presence of all the brotherhood.

The United Brethren have now extended their communities into Southern Russia and other parts of Europe. All their settlements maintain their connection with each other, and co-operate in maintaining and carrying out a religious propaganda, which has sent forth its missionaries to Southern Africa, the West Indies, Canada, Labrador, Lapland, and even Greenland. Active colonists and zealous apostles, it is seldom that they fail in their propagandist enterprises. Their missionaries possess in a high degree the qualities which most contribute to success—patience, devotedness, earnestness, benevolence, and untiring energy. Most of their establishments borrow their names from places mentioned in the New Testament—as Nazareth, Bethlehem, Genesareth, Sharon, Galilee, and Sarepta.

There is a considerable resemblance, it will be seen, between the Moravians and the Essenes; the foundation of their systems is the same, and many of the details are identical. There is between them precisely the distance which separates Judaism from Christianity: the Moravian family is less ascetic—it rests upon a wider basis, and is more concerned with this world. In some points they approach Quakerism, and in others they exhibit an approximation to the psychological principles of St Simon and Fourier: so nice are the shades of difference between the sects established upon principles of dissent from society, as well as from the churches, social not less than religious.

The United Society of Believers, commonly called Shakers, originated more than a century after that of the United Brethren; its founder was a female, a native of Lancashire, whose name was Anne Lee. Accompanied by a few friends and disciples, she emigrated to the United States, then agitated by the approaching rupture with the mother country, and cast upon the soil stirred by Franklin and Paine the seeds of a new social and religious faith. Anne Lee was but the wife of a poor blacksmith, and had received little or no education; but her faith was great in the principles which she believed it her mission to teach, and she was undoubtedly actuated by the purest motives, by a sincere desire to provide a remedy for the evils which afflict society. It was some time, however, before the principles which she and her immediate disciples propounded made much progress. The self-denial which they inculcated, their peculiar religious opinions and mode of worship, and the importance which they attach to the unnatural institution of celibacy, attracted few minds. It was not until they established the community of property among them that they made much progress in extending their sect: then their numbers began to increase, and in 1780 the first Shaker community was established at Niskyuna, now called Water-Vliet, eight miles from the town of Albany, in the United States. In 1805 the number of their communities had increased to twenty; in 1847 there were eighteen, and the Shaker population was estimated at between 4000 and 5000; and they are certainly not upon the increase. Harriet Martineau and J. S. Buckingham, who have both visited the Shaker community of New Lebanon, describe their success in the accumulation of property and the acquisition of the means of material comfort as most surprising. 'There is no question of their entire success,' says the former, 'as far as wealth is concerned. A very moderate amount of labour has secured to them in perfection all the comforts of life that they know how to enjoy, and as much wealth as would command the intellectual

remained buried in Babeuf's wound, close to his heart. he and Darthé atoned for their attempt upon the scaffold. Their conspiracy excited the utmost consternation throughout France. though even those who regard Babeuf as a fanatic and ideologist have acknowledged their conviction of the sincerity of his desire to realise what he conceived to be the universal welfare in his system of social equality.

More than a quarter of a century elapsed after the execution of Babeuf and Darthé before any new theory of society was submitted to public opinion in Europe, or any fresh attempt made to reduce to practice Utopias of an earlier date. The din of war resounded throughout Europe, and the political reaction damped the aspirations of the enthusiastic, or induced them to look to America as the only land in which any attempt could be made to solve the problem of social organisation. In the United States, indeed, several attempts were made during this period to work out some plan of social amelioration, and by none more successfully than by the Harmonists, the Economists, and the Fraternalists.

The first two of these social sects sprung from the Separatists of Germany—so called from their having dissented and separated from the Lutheran church. The Separatists arose as a religious body in the kingdom of Wurtemburg: and in 1815 a number of them left Germany with a capital of only £1200, and formed the settlement of Harmony in the state of Ohio. From this the colonists derive the name of Harmonists; but they are better known by that of Rappites, applied to them from that of their founder, a most pious, benevolent, and simple-hearted man. Their attempt has been equally successful with that of the Shakers; and the value of their landed property was estimated a few years since at £340,000, exclusive of a considerable sum invested in the American funds. In their religious views, as well as in their social economics, the Harmonists seem to form a link between the Moravians and the Shakers. They do not hold the views of the latter society on marriage, but that institution is placed among them under such restrictions as tend to check what they consider would be an undue increase of population. Like the Shakers, however, they hold all their property in common.

In the spring of 1817, about two hundred more of the Separatists, all of the humbler classes, left Wurtemburg with a very limited amount of capital, and embarked for Philadelphia. On their arrival in that city they nominated as their chief and agent a young man, who had gained their respect and affection during the voyage across the Atlantic by his superior intelligence, simple manners, and kindness to the sick. His name was Joseph Bimeler. He had been a weaver, and afterwards a school-teacher, in Wurtemburg; and his selection by those with whom he was associated to be their leader has done honour to their discrimination. He purchased for the emigrants, on credit, 5500 acres of land in a spot of great natural beauty in the valley of the Tuscarawas, in the eastern portion of the state of Ohio, to which they removed in the latter part of the year, and fell to work in separate families, erecting bark-huts and log-shanties, and providing for their immediate wants. Strangers in a strange land, girt round by the pathless prairies, and in the dreary season of winter, the first months of their settlement passed wretchedly enough, and they endured much

suffering and privation. For a year and a-half they worked in separate families, and made little progress in acquiring the comforts of life; then they resolved to follow the example of Rapp, and endeavour to establish another Harmony in the wilderness by the power of associated effort. A constitution was adopted, based upon principles strictly democratic, under which they have lived to the present time. Their principal officers are three trustees, in whom their property is vested, and upon whom devolves the management of the internal affairs of the community; and an agent, who manages all their relations with the outward world. These officers are elective—females voting as well as males; the trustees are elected for three years, one retiring annually, when his post is filled by a new election. Like the Harmonists, they hold all their property in common.

For several years the colony struggled with difficulties, but these were gradually surmounted by the economy, industry, and integrity of the plodding and frugal Germans, and now they are as wealthy as the Shakers and Harmonists. Their property, consisting of 9000 acres of land, a woollen factory, two iron-foundries, an oil-mill, two flour-mills, a saw-mill, a tan-yard, farming stock and implements, and money invested in the American funds, was valued three years since at nearly half a million of dollars. Their numbers have slightly diminished since 1817, in consequence of the poverty which environed them in the early years of their settlement, which prevented the contracting of new matrimonial alliances, and the loss of fifty persons during the prevalence of the cholera in the summer of 1832. Their village, named Zoar, contains twenty-five dwelling-houses, many of them built of logs, and nearly all unpainted, so that the place has far from a prepossessing appearance. They are substantial, however, and comfortable inside. The barns are of large dimensions, and, like the rest of their buildings, are grouped without order, rearing their brown sides and red-tiled roofs above the foliage of the fruit-trees which partially conceal them.

The sounding of the horn calls the Economists to their labours at daybreak. They work in groups, in a plodding, but systematic manner, which accomplishes much. Their agricultural implements are of the simplest and most primitive description; their scythes, like those used in the south of Germany, are short and unwieldy; and their hoes clumsy and heavy. The women perform their share of field-labour in common with the men: they hoe the corn and reap it; they make hay; and they even clean out the stables, and wheel away the manure in barrows. The costume and language of Germany are still retained among them. They are seen about the village with their rude implements of labour over their shoulders, their contented-looking countenances shaded by broad-rimmed straw-hats; or with their hair combed straight back from their foreheads, and tied under a coarse blue cotton cap, carrying upon their heads baskets of apples or potatoes. Systematic division of labour is a prominent feature in their domestic economy, though it is far from having reached its attainable perfection among them. They have a common washhouse, a common bake-house, and a common nursery for all the children over three years of age; those under that age remain with their mothers. The closest economy regulates all their domestic and industrial affairs.

In common with the Moravians and Shakers, the Economists have but little mental development among them. Elementary instruction is given

in winter to the children in German and English. They are a simple-minded, artless people, unacquainted with the outer world, and taking no interest in the great social and political questions which agitate it. Their morality is of a high order; and not one among them has ever been convicted of any offence against the laws of the land in which they live. The little log-church of their community is often filled on winter evenings, and twice on the Sabbath. Like the Harmonists, they use neither prayers nor thanksgivings; they do not baptise, or observe the sacrament of the Eucharist; and, like the Jews and Mohammedans, they abstain from pork. Their morning service consists of vocal and instrumental sacred music, in which a piano is used, with the reading and explanation of some portion of the Old or New Testament. The evening service differs from it in the substitution of catechising from a German work for the perusal and exposition of the Scriptures.

The Fraternalists, sometimes called Restorationists, are a social and religious sect of later origin than the Separatists of Germany, from whom have sprung the communities of Harmony and Zoar. The sect and community of the Fraternalists were founded by Adin Ballon, a Universalist preacher of some note in the state of Massachusetts, and a man personally esteemed for his many excellent qualities. They are few in number compared with the Shakers and Germans, and occupy a house at Mendon, to which are attached two or three hundred acres of land. They hold all their property in common, and apply what is called the non-resistance test to all who desire to join them—namely, they are required to sign a declaration that they will not, under any circumstances, enter the army, navy, militia, or constabulary, commit any assault or other violence, or maintain any action at law. The Fraternalists are free from debt—an incubus which has extinguished most of the Fourierist experiments in America; but whether they will ever attain that degree of prosperity which has attended the communities of the Shakers and Germans remains to be seen.

Taking the social sects and their founders in the order of time, we next arrive at St Simon, whose new religion and new organisation of society dazzled the active intellects of France more than any which have since been submitted to public opinion in that or any other country. Henri St Simon had served under Lafayette in America, and had afterwards travelled in Spain, England, Germany, and Switzerland. He early conceived that idea of social amelioration which was the dream of his life; and in his first work, the 'Letters of an Inhabitant of Geneva,' he proposed a plan for the popular remuneration of men of learning and genius, by means of a national subscription apportioned annually among those who attained the highest number of suffrages. In developing this plan, he divides mankind into three classes, and seeks to prove to all, by arguments appropriate to each, the excellence of the proposed mode of remuneration. He proposed to transfer spiritual affairs from the clergy to the learned, and to vest the direction of the civil government in the proprietors of land, from which class the 'grand chiefs of humanity' should be chosen by universal suffrage. His next treatise was upon the progress of science since the Revolution, but the tendency of his thoughts was always more towards the future than the past; and the leading idea of this work was the impulsion of men of

learning to the reconstruction of society. He denounced the war as inimical to social progression, and advocated the institution of an intellectual magistracy, one of the fundamental principles of his social system. In his latest work, the 'New Christianity,' he contends for a new religious reformation, and asserts that religion should be of a progressive nature; that it cannot perform its mission in canonical shackles; and that it should receive as much impulsion from society as it gives to it, and act upon the age as the age reacts upon it. It should be the mission of Christianity, he maintains, to modify itself according to the manners, the country, the people, and the age, and to preserve nothing immutably and eternally save the divine precept, 'Love one another.' To this St Simon added, 'Religion should direct society towards the grand design of the amelioration, the most rapid possible, of the condition of the class the most numerous and the most poor.' After claiming the sacerdotal office, as he had before done the magisterial, for the men the most capable of contributing to the permanent wellbeing of society, he leaves the doctrine in an uncertain and speculative state, and loses himself in a cloud of brilliant ideas. The choice of the new priesthood and the organisation of the regenerated church he left an unsolved problem.

The critical portion of this work is one of profound study and discrimination. He attacks both the Romish and Protestant churches, charging upon the former the misdirected studies of the clergy and the vicious education of the laity; and upon the latter the adoption of an inferior moral code, the omission of a social organisation adapted for continued progress, and the neglect of those artistic refinements and illusions which had rendered such powerful support to the church of Rome. Christianity, he maintained, should be social as well as religious, and have its sensuous phase as well as its spiritual one. 'In attacking the religious system of the age,' said he to M. Olinde Rodriguez just before his death, 'people have really proved but one thing—that it is not much in harmony with the progress of the positive sciences, and they have done wrong in concluding that the religious system should disappear entirely. It ought only to place itself in accordance with the progress of the sciences.'

St Simon died May 19, 1825. The disciples whom he left were neither numerous nor wealthy; but M. Olinde Rodriguez being joined by MM. Bazard, Enfantin, Cerclet, Buchez, and others, a journal was established by association for the publication of articles on social science and industrial statistics. The times, however, were not favourable for the complete development of the St Simonian faith, and the writers of the school reserved their social and religious system for better times, confining themselves to the expression of individual opinions. The chief result of the publication of the journal was the gathering of a little knot of intelligent men round the nucleus formed by the immediate disciples of St Simon, and it soon became extinct. Having lost this means of publicity, they began to hold reunions and conferences, to organise correspondence, and to establish propagandist centres, and a system of widely-ramified affiliations. M. Bazard gave a complete exposition of St Simonism in a series of lectures; and the initiations of poets, artists, workmen, and students, increased in number every day. Among the new converts were MM. Armand Carrel, Carnot, Chevalier, Barrault, Duveyrier, and others, who, with MM.

Rodriguez, Bazard, and Enfantin, afterwards constituted what they termed the Grand College.

The Exposition of M. Bazard commences by deploring the evils of society throughout Europe; he sees everywhere discord and antagonism—nowhere concord and cohesion. Having taken a survey of present society, he proceeds to indicate another order of social relations, 'which should unite divided mortals, making them march with peace and love towards a common destiny, and giving to society, to the entire world, a character of union, of wisdom, and of beauty.' The author then surveys the history of society, founds the St Simonian system on the science of human life, and discovers in the nature of humanity an irresistible tendency towards universal association. He next denounces the wrongs which an imperfect civilisation inflicts upon the poor; and to destroy the usurpations of conquest and the privileges of birth, he proclaims the St Simonian formula—'To each according to capacity, to each capacity according to works.' He then examines the constitutive law of property, and demands the abolition of heritage, and the establishment of the common family.

The second part of the Exposition was devoted to the religious and moral system of St Simon. Its head was declared to be God, but the definition of the divine character and attributes opened a wide field for controversy and future schism. In it the pantheistic system of Spinoza was revived and reproduced. St Simon was declared to be the Messiah of the new religion—it was he who had organised the religious system, as the material had been organised by Moses, and the spiritual by Jesus. It was the mission of St Simonism, therefore, to fuse together the material and the spiritual, to put an end to their antagonism, and sanctify the one by the other. It admitted no longer a church and a state, but fused them into one; it dethroned alike the emperor and the pope, to set up the sage in the place of both. The St Simonians meditated a theocratic and associative constitution, and divided mankind into three classes—sages, artists, and workmen, each subject to its chiefs. The religious chief was to be the sole legislator and judge, and the distributor of the common wealth of the family, receiving it as sole inheritor, and rendering it to each and all according to their formula of remuneration. There were insurmountable difficulties in the way of the realisation of this constitution, but it had many attractions for the imaginative, and the workmen were fain to embrace any scheme which promised amelioration of their condition.

It was not until the Revolution of 1830 that the St Simonians became a conspicuous sect; then they set on foot a journal devoted exclusively to the dissemination of their views, and nominated MM. Enfantin and Bazard the co-pontiffs of the new religion. A discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, in the course of which they were accused of preaching the community of goods and of women, called forth a pamphlet from M. Bazard, in which he denied that the St Simonians held such doctrines; 'because,' said he, 'they believe in the natural inequality of men, and regard that inequality as the basis even of association, and as an indispensable condition of social order.' What they advocated, he said, was simply the abolition of the privileges of birth, and consequently of heritage, and such an industrial organisation as would render 'the task of each the expression of his capacity, and his riches the measure of his works.' With regard to woman,

it was not promiscuity which they advocated, but a more sacred marriage law, and her complete emancipation.

They had now taken a large house in Paris, where they established the St Simonian family, and reduced to practice their views on association and industrial organisation. Their numbers continuing to increase, they established two preparatory colleges, from which they drew the members of the supreme college. Lectures and pamphlets aided the propaganda, and departmental churches were established at Toulouse, Montpelier, Lyons, Metz, and Dijon. But just as the religion had reached the zenith of its notoriety, schism entered the church through a rupture between MM. Bazard and Enfantin. The latter dreamed of a universal St Simonian family, and expected to realise in his lifetime complete supremacy, a universal religious pontificate and political tribuneship, and the former recoiled from his colleague's adventurous flight. A rupture ensued, M. Bazard resigned, and the St Simonians divided; M. Pierre Leroux, who had lately joined them, adhering to the retiring chief, who was succeeded by M. Rodriguez. The seceders alleged that the views of M. Enfantin on the emancipation of woman tended to promiscuity, and the scandal thus brought upon the religion damped the popular ardour in the height of its excitement. There was an arrest of proselytism, the income diminished, the bank became low, and the real property possessed by the St Simonian church was not easily convertible into cash. An attempt was made to raise a capital by means of a joint-stock association; but it did not succeed, and the St Simonian formula for the organisation and remuneration of labour was not realised more happily. Four thousand workmen had been affiliated, and worked at their respective occupations in special houses on account of the church; but the doctrine had no substantial hold upon their minds, and the promised amelioration came not.

Yet in spite of their financial difficulties, the falling off of the workmen, and the secession of many of their ablest leaders, the remaining St Simonians continued to disseminate their doctrines, until their demand of universal suffrage attracted the notice of the government, and a body of police was sent to eject them from their principal lecture-hall, which was henceforth closed against them. The house in which the St Simonian family had established itself was also entered by the police, and some papers there seized formed the basis of a criminal prosecution. This, the closing epoch of St Simonism, abounded in disgraces. M. Rodriguez repeated the charge of advocating sexual promiscuity, before made against M. Enfantin, and the justice of which the latter had rendered no longer doubtful, and separated from his colleague, calling the faithful to him as the immediate disciple and direct successor of St Simon. The abruptness of this rupture, and its inopportunity on the eve of a judicial prosecution, gave a severe blow to the movement. The journal was discontinued, the workshops were closed, and the St Simonian family dissolved. From this time the sect engaged but little of the public attention, and does not appear likely ever to renew the excitement and the notoriety of its palmy days.

While St Simonism was fading from the popular mind, which it had dazzled for two years like a brilliant but evanescent meteor, sinking into obscurity through the force of dissension and schism on one side, and

governmental prosecution on the other, a new theory of societary organisation was beginning to act upon imaginative minds and benevolent hearts dissatisfied with the existing system of society. Charles Fourier, the son of a humble shopkeeper at Besançon, himself a traveller on commission through France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland, afterwards a private soldier in a dragoon regiment, and eventually clerk to a merchant, had published in 1807 a work called the 'Theory of Four Movements.' As a theory, it was imperfect and incomplete—an indication of the author's views rather than their development; probably he had then scarcely matured his societary system in his own mind. The bent of his mind is seen, however, in his criticisms on present society, and his imperfect sketches of industrial organisation. God, man, the universe, cosmogony, all find place in its pages; but every subject is left in an incomplete and unsatisfactory state—the mere outlines of a grand picture which in all probability Fourier himself could not at that period have filled up. His principal work did not appear until fifteen years after the 'Theory of Four Movements.' In the 'Treatise on Association' he follows up his acute criticism on the errors and prejudices of old society, and constructs a new social system more in accordance with what he deems the laws of nature and the universe. With unity of system for his basis, and universal analogy for his guide, he sets out with harmonising the passions, and proceeds to solve the great problems which social science, ethics, and theology, present to the mind of the moral cosmogonist. Improving upon Rabeuf, he seeks to render labour attractive by overcoming, by scientific and mechanical appliances, everything which can make labour repulsive; and through man's industry, aided by science, to subdue the earth, to attemper the icy atmosphere of the poles and the burning simoons of the equator, to fertilise the ocean-sands, to render cultivable the snow covered steppes of Siberia and the arid deserts of Africa, and to raise magnificent palaces amid the beautiful gardens with which they should be covered, not for crowned monarchs, but for all the family of man. Idleness would be unknown where labour is made attractive, and crime would cease where the means of subsistence by moderate exertion are placed within the reach of all.

The inhabitation of the earth had been idealised before by Shelley, and had entered into the views of the St Simonians. Science may yet accomplish much in the direction indicated: in attracting moisture by planting trees—in protecting from hail storms, as proposed by M. Arago—in accelerating evaporation by electric agency—in draining fens and marshes by the steam-engine—and in further applying the science of chemistry to the fertilisation of the soil. But Fourier, like Shelley, has prophesied much more than the present state of the sciences warrants us in anticipating, and we must regard his glimpses of the future as the brilliant dreamings of an imaginative mind. He foresaw that his system would be regarded as an impracticable theory—a mere dream never to be realised; and he earnestly desired to submit it to the test of practice, and to find some benevolent and wealthy individual to undertake the experiment. He assures riches and undying fame to those who would become the founders of the first Phalanstery, or Harmonic Industrial Colony, in which there should be neither poor nor rich—where the sick and infirm would find a comfortable asylum—where industry would be scientifically and harmoniously organised—where each individual would

work for himself, according to his own taste, and vary his occupation as often as he pleased—where all the children would be well educated—where the hearts and minds of all would be free and unshackled, and grateful man would incline himself before his Creator, who has reserved him for enjoyments unknown in any past stage of society. Perfect freedom and boundless prosperity would there develop all the noblest sentiments of humanity, and happiness would be increased by the universality of its diffusion.

No one responded to Fourier's appeal. Mistaking the cause of this negative result, he concluded that his grand work was too elaborate and extensive for the study of his theory; and to remedy this, and facilitate its comprehension, he resolved to write an abridgment, containing nothing but what had a direct relation to practical operations. With this view he published his 'New Industrial World,' which detailed a development of his plans for the establishment of phalansteries—a word which he derives from the Macedonian phalanx, to convey the idea of strength and organisation. Like Plato and St Simon, he divides mankind into three classes: the workmen, the capitalists, and the artists; and on the three bases of labour, capital, and talent, he founds his social and industrial system. He divides labour into works of necessity, of utility, and of pleasure, and proposes to remunerate them in the same order—awarding to workmen of the first class more than would be received by those of the second, and to the latter more than the share assigned to those of the third class. His mode of distribution is the division of the capital of each association into twelve parts—of which five are allotted to the workmen, four to the capitalists, and three to the artists. In this arrangement it will be seen there is a closer approximation to existing social relations than in the system of St Simon, far removed as that was from the Communitive institutions of the social republic idealised by Babeuf. The capitalist had no existence in the latter system, and in the St Simonian hierarchy was only represented in the sage, in whom was vested the property of the common family.

Like his predecessor St Simon, Fourier died in indigence and obscurity: his decease took place in the winter of 1837. His disciples soon became numerous both in France and Belgium; and his principles of social organisation and industrial remuneration were widely adopted in the United States. Even in this country they had at one time their representative in the press, and they have still their advocates here among men of moderate views, who, regarding a change in the relations of society as inevitable, prefer Fourier's plans to those of more levelling tendencies. The maintenance of vested privileges, and individual property and interests, were points which recommended them to many who regarded those of Babeuf and St Simon as destructive of social order. The absence of the pantheism of the St Simonian system, and the materialism of that of Owen, also tended to obtain favour for Fourierism among minds in which the religious sentiment was strongly developed. To these various causes must be ascribed the progress of Fourierism, which, in a few years after the death of its founder, numbered its disciples in France alone by many thousands, and which still maintains its position, while the new religion of St Simon has sank into nearly complete oblivion.

In the autumn of 1841, 150 of the most intelligent artisans of Paris, who had imbibed the views of Fourier, emigrated to the Brazils, under the

guidance of Dr Mure, an enterprising, benevolent, and enlightened man. On the arrival of the colonists at Rio Janeiro, Dr Mure was introduced by the minister of state to the emperor, who approved the objects of the association, and presented them with an extensive tract of uncultivated land, upon which to reduce their system of attractive industry to practice. The spot selected for the experiment was the peninsula of Du Sahy, and in twelve months after their arrival, the settlers had erected temporary habitations and workshops, cleared several hundred acres of land, harvested their first crop of corn, made a road four miles in length, and constructed eighteen bridges. Nearly 400 more workmen followed at various times during 1842, and the inspectors appointed by the Brazilian government reported favourably of the progress made by the associated settlers, but no account of the present position of the colony has reached this country. In 1843 a similar settlement was founded in Guatemala by an association of workmen who had emigrated from Belgium, and received from the government of Guatemala a grant of 12,300 acres of land, upon which they proposed to establish manufacturing and agricultural phalansteries. In the preceding year the Fourierists had commenced an experiment in France, under the superintendence of Mr A. Young, a warm advocate of their views, who purchased, at an expense of £64,160, the estate of Citeaux, twelve miles from Dijon, on the main road from Paris to Geneva, and having a communication with numerous adjacent towns by means of the roads which intersected it. The property consisted of a park, in the centre of which was a splendid mansion, four farms, brick-fields and kilns, extensive workshops, a large building used as a manufactory for refining sugar, several cottages, two flour-mills, and a large saw-mill. The extent of the land was 1300 acres, and the soil was extremely fertile, and the situation favourable for the disposal of the produce.

Two hundred persons were located upon this estate, under a form of association permitted by the laws of France, by which no member is liable for more than the amount of his own shares; but notwithstanding the extent of the undertaking, the eligibility of the site, and other concurrent advantages, the scheme proved a complete failure, and in a few years was abandoned. The same fate has attended most of the numerous phalansteries established during the last ten years in the United States, and those which still remain are involved in debt, and struggling with difficulties. It seems, indeed, that the preference for Fourier's plan evinced by many rests on fallacious grounds, and that community of interests is the only basis on which association can be long or beneficially maintained.

Contemporaneously with the Fourierist movement in France was that of the Socialists in this country, which originated with Mr Robert Owen, formerly a cotton-manufacturer at Cromford, and subsequently at New Lanark. After travelling in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and America, and submitting his views to the governments of Prussia, Holland, and the United States, Mr Owen commenced the publication of his book of the 'New Moral World,' in which he developed his opinions on social and political economy, religion, ethics, metaphysics, and education. He criticises present society much in the style of St Simon and Fourier, but the new system which he would substitute for it differs widely from those of his

French cotemporaries. He proposed the establishment of agricultural and manufacturing associations, on the principle of community of interests; but though he enters largely into the statistical details of his plans, his views on social and industrial organisation are vague and incomplete. He is strictly practical and utilitarian, and there is nothing in his works of that brilliant imagination and those poetic conceptions which characterise the works of St Simon and Fourier. A unitary habitation should shelter the members of each of his communities, and all the appliances of science and mechanism should be applied to the abridgment of labour, and the consequent increase of leisure for intellectual culture. Education should be in common, and each community should have a common kitchen and dining-hall, and a common nursery for the younger children. Land, labour, capital, and skill, being the elements of wealth, were to be combined in each of the proposed communities, in which, contrary to the views of the political economists of the school of Ricardo and J. B. Say, manufactures were to be subordinate to agriculture. The objects of wise social arrangements were declared to be the production and equable distribution of wealth in the manner most beneficial for all, the education of all in such a manner as to insure the equal and harmonious development of all the faculties, and the attainment of a wise and enlightened government, calculated to watch over and promote the common interests of every member of the community.

These economical views were mixed up with those metaphysical disquisitions upon free-will and necessity which have always been such a fruitful source of controversy among moral philosophers. The doctrine of the necessity of human actions, and consequently of man's irresponsibility, which in various forms had entered into the religious systems of the Fatalists, the Antinomians, the Pelagians, and the Necessitarians, was reproduced by Mr Owen, and made to form the basis of his social system. The character of man, he maintains, is formed by the union of two forces: first, by the organisation derived from his parents at his birth, and afterwards by the influence of exterior circumstances acting upon his organisation; and his organisation reacting upon circumstances, from the cradle to the grave. Man is therefore virtuous or vicious, intelligent or ignorant, religious or irreligious, not as he wills to be, but according as his organisation is inferior or good, and as the moral and material conditions by which he is surrounded through life tend to depress or elevate him in the scale of humanity. This view of the formation of character necessarily involved the doctrine of man's irresponsibility for his actions, they being the inevitable result of circumstances entirely beyond his control; and praise and blame, reward and punishment, were declared to be alike irrational. In the communities which he proposed to establish, man would be placed amid the circumstances best calculated to render him virtuous, intelligent, and happy; and each succeeding generation would progress in rationality and intelligence, and have its capacity for happiness thereby enlarged.

These views were propounded by Mr Owen as early as 1816, and he continued to write and lecture upon his system at various periods afterwards; but no society was formed for their dissemination until 1835, and the 'Book of the New Moral World' was not published until seven years later. Few rallied round the society upon its first establishment, and these were chiefly working-men; but in the following year the system of sending

out itinerant lecturers was adopted with much success. A weekly journal was set on foot, the lecturers increased in number, and in a few years the disciples of Owen amounted to many thousands. In 1840 the attacks of the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Ashley upon the Socialists, from their places in parliament, had the effect of elevating the society to a prominent position in public opinion, and materially aided its progress, by the manner in which its principles and objects were made the theme of universal comment by the press. The opponents of the system grounded their attacks upon its alleged immorality and irreligion, charging the Socialists with disseminating atheistical opinions and advocating promiscuous intercourse. The latter charge was entirely without foundation, the views of Mr Owen on marriage amounting to its recognition as a civil contract merely, and the extension of the privilege of divorce to all classes of the community. With regard to religion, that of Socialism was declared in the constitution of the society to be 'a knowledge of the unerring and unchanging laws of nature, derived from accurate and extended observation of the works of the great Creating Power of the universe, and the practice of charity for the feelings, convictions, and conduct of all men;' and that all should 'have equal right to express their opinions respecting the Supreme Power of the universe, and to worship it under any form, or in any manner, agreeable to their consciences—not interfering with equal rights in others.' At the same time, it must be admitted that most of the Socialists engaged in the dissemination of the principles had adopted deistical or atheistical opinions, and that their assaults upon religion were sometimes of a nature to call forth the animadversions of Mr Owen, who reprehended them as inconsistent alike with the metaphysical principles upon which his system was based, and with the feeling of charity with which those principles should inspire his disciples.

In 1841 the society commenced its practical operations upon 1200 acres of land in Hampshire, upon which a large building was erected in the following year, and called Harmony Hall. It consisted of three ranges or compartments, of which the first contained the library, and reading, conversation, and dining-rooms, and above these the sleeping apartments of the unmarried persons, with well-devised arrangements for the separation of the sexes; the second, or central range, contained the offices of the superintendents and the storehouses, above which were the dormitories of the married people; and the third contained the school-rooms and baths, with the sleeping-apartments of the children over them. The culinary arrangements were admirable, and the entire building was heated, ventilated, and supplied with hot and cold water, according to the latest improvements which science has enabled the present generation to effect. Fifty or sixty persons were draughted from the Socialist body, and located at Harmony Hall, where they engaged in cultivating the land, and working at various mechanical occupations. For a time all went on well, and the experiment began to attract the attention of the press; but a feeling of dissatisfaction gradually arose in the Socialist body, both within and without the community. Those located at Harmony Hall claimed the management of their own affairs, and the election of the governor, which the society could not concede without endangering the interests of those who had invested capital in the experiment; and the general body was eager to enter into com-

munity, and felt dissatisfied that the outlay of more than £30,000 should have effected no larger result than the location of about fifty persons. These circumstances, added to the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, impelled the society upon a retrograde course, and in July 1845 it became bankrupt: all its property was sold, its weekly organ was discontinued, and the society itself shortly afterwards became extinct.

Socialism, however, has not existed for nothing: though it has failed in practice as an associative system, and we hear no more of the name, it has not ceased to operate indirectly in various ways, and we owe to its agitation the establishment of co-operative stores, corn-mills, bakehouses, and coal clubs, public baths and washhouses, model lodging-houses, ragged schools, and societies for promoting sanitary reform and improving the dwellings of the poor. These things arose out of the conviction that was gradually forced upon the public mind of the duty and necessity of raising the humbler classes of society from the ignorance and material wretchedness to which attention was so loudly called by Mr Owen and his disciples. Moreover, they gave an additional impetus to that keen desire for the acquisition of knowledge which sprung up coevally with the Socialist agitation, and which manifested itself in the establishment of Halls of Science in most of the large towns, which are estimated to have cost the Socialist body more than £20,000, and to have been attended at one time by thirty thousand persons. Most of these have since been converted into lecture halls, unconnected with any peculiar religious, social, or metaphysical principles. Though the Socialists have ceased to exist as a separate body, it would be wrong to infer that they have abandoned their views upon social economy; upon the ruins of the Rational Society several others have been established with objects somewhat similar, but for the most part unconnected with any theological, political, or metaphysical peculiarities. Some of them emigrated to America in 1843, and formed a colony on the principle of community of interests at Mukwonago in Wisconsin. In 1845 a number of them emigrated to Venezuela, with the view of establishing there similar communities upon land granted them for the purpose by the government of that state. Many more have joined the various co-operative land and building societies in this country. The association of Fraternal Democrats is, as its name implies, more political in its tendencies, but takes its place among the numerous social ideologies of the present age by the declaration, as one of its fundamental principles, that the land should be the common property of the people. It confines itself to propagandism, and maintains a correspondence with the similar societies and clubs in France, Belgium, and Germany. A detailed account of these does not come within the scope of the present Paper; they are only mentioned here as an evidence of the persistency with which the Utopian idea is constantly reproduced, and the diversity of forms which it assumes.

Other social sects, however, have sprung up in the British islands, which, like the Socialists, have identified themselves with religious or metaphysical opinions peculiar to themselves. These are the Concordists, the White Friends, and the Communist Church. The first of these originated in 1842 with the disciples of J. P. Greaves, a psychological mystic, who died in the early part of that year: they formed a communitive association, under the name of the Concordium, at Ham in Surrey, but they

never became numerous, and the community was dissolved two or three years afterwards. While the Socialists taught that the human being must be placed amid superior conditions, in order to acquire a superior character, the disciples of Greaves maintained that it was too late to perfectionise the present generation, as no degree of intellectual development, or any other external conditions, could possibly repair the defects of birth. Society, according to them, could only be regenerated individually, not in masses; and the process must be internal, not external—directed from the centre upon the circumference, and not from the circumference upon the centre. Associated interests and unitary habitation were only adopted by them as a means of attracting minds intelligent and loveful, that by them society might be leavened, and an impetus given to the diffusion of those truths through which its regeneration was to be effected. Celibacy was recommended until the nature of the individual had become regenerated, and, in the future, marriage was to be placed under restrictions similar to those which prevail among the Harmonists. To rehabilitate the fallen nature of man, self-denial and asceticism were enjoined; and in their food and clothing they emulated the simplicity of the Golden Age. They wore their hair and beards long; the outer garment of the men was a tunic of a dark-chocolate colour; they slept on hard mattresses, and made frequent use of the cold bath; their food was bread, vegetables, and fruit, and their drink water. The fruits by all of them, and the vegetables by many, were eaten in the raw, or, as they regarded it, the natural state—the process of cooking depriving them, as they believed, of their etherealising properties. Each in turn read to the rest during their simple meals, and on Sunday afternoons scientific lectures were delivered in the school-room.

Similar in some respects to the Concordists, but approximating in others to the Shakers, are the White Friends, Irish Separatists from Quakerism at the commencement, but recruited from other sects since they adopted the community of goods. The sentiment of religion is as strongly developed in them as in the Shakers, and, like them, they set little value on mental attainments. Their religious doctrines are little different from those of the sect from which the founders of the body sprung, but in practice they sometimes run into fanaticism, after the manner of George Fox. They derive their name from wearing white and undyed garments; the men wear their beards long, and go bareheaded—many of them go barefooted likewise. The women have their hair neatly braided, and none of them wear caps. They occupy a large house, formerly a hotel, at Usher's Quay, Dublin, and a noble mansion called Newlands, formerly the residence of Lord Kilwarden, about five miles from that city; to the latter 180 acres of land are attached. As among the Shakers, all their furniture is of the most primitive description, and they agree with the Concordists in the adoption of a vegetable dietary. They hold their property in common, and regarding themselves as one family, use only the baptismal name.

The Communist Church was founded in 1843 by Mr Barmby, a young man of considerable talent, who had imbibed the extreme communitive views then and since agitated upon the continent; and had been led, by the success of the Shaker and Harmonist communities, to regard religion as the true basis of the communitive life. The ten fundamental tenets of his church are:—That God is infinite and eternal, the universal mind and uni-

versal matter; that God is the communal parent of all mankind; that the human race inherit all the properties of the divine nature; that all mankind have equal capacities, present appearances to the contrary resulting from the want of communal education; that these capacities should be communally developed; that the human race have common wants and rights, the expression of which is summed up in universal suffrage; that all mankind have common powers, present appearances to the contrary resulting from the want of a communal organisation of industry; that these powers should be communally exercised; that the human race, as co-heirs of God, should possess and enjoy in common; and that the consummation of the preceding doctrines would be the salvation of universal humanity. The pantheistic tendencies of St Simonism are here reproduced, and with this system its founder reconciles the doctrines of every other church and sect. Communism is announced in his writings as the continuation of Christianity, and as a complete system of politics, societetics, ecclesiastics, and domestics. Mr Barmby's style, like that of Thomas Carlyle and J. P. Greaves, is one peculiar to himself: new words occur in every sentence of his works, and are regarded by him as necessary for the expression of new ideas. It is extremely florid, and evinces an imaginative mind and an enthusiastic temperament: he seems to regard himself as the Messiah of a new dispensation, and his conceptions of his ideal future are grand and often highly poetic. He anticipates, like Shelley and Fourier, the rehabilitation of the earth, and dreams of magnificent communisteries under the sunny sky of Syria, in which the happy commoners dine off gold and silver plate, in superb banqueting halls, furnished with splendid pictures and luxurious couches, and enlivened with music. His 'Book of Platonopolis,' of which only a few chapters have been published, is a vision of the future, in which he supposes himself conducted by a venerable man to a grand communistery, built in the form of a crescent, in which the pillars are of marble and porphyry, and from the summit of which floats the green and sun-emblazoned banner of Communism. Steam-cars convey the commoners from one communistery to another as often as they desire a change of residence, and when they wish to vary the mode of travelling, balloons and aërial ships are ready to convey them through the air. Every communistery resembles an Oriental palace, and the whole country is like a well-cultivated garden; Platonopolis, in short, is an Atlantis, or City of the Sun, improved by modern science, and adorned with all the conceivable productions of genius in the department of the fine arts.

The social ideologies which remain to be noticed are those which, during the last twenty years, have taken such hold upon the public mind in Central Europe, particularly among the working-classes, and which latterly have mingled with their ideas of a perfect political system. We come now to the successors of Babeuf—to those who have discarded the societary theories of St Simon and Fourier, bold innovators as they were, as approximating more closely to the present system than to that of pure equality, by which they would supersede it; and numerous as are the modifications of Babeuf's idea of a social republic which the period under review has produced in France, they all seem resolvable into three, of which the heads are M. Cabet, the Abbé Constant, and M. Proudhon. The 'Travels in

Icaria' of the first is the text-book of his school: it is a description of an imaginary model republic, illustrating the author's ideas of perfect democratic equality. He supposes an English nobleman to be so much interested by the description given to him by a friend of the government, institutions, and customs of Icaria, that he undertakes a journey to that country with the view of becoming personally and more fully acquainted with them. The Icarians have abolished among them the use of a circulating medium, and indeed have ceased to require any, since they neither buy nor sell. Foreigners are not allowed to take money into the country with them; but on paying to the Icarian consul a sum proportionate to the time they propose to remain in the country, they receive a passport which franks all their expenses, and admits them to all public buildings and places of amusement; and when they leave Icaria, their money is restored to them, if they have brought more than is required. All property is in common among the Icarians; but the unitary habitation, which is associated with this institution in the systems of Adin Ballon, Robert Owen, and Mr Barmby, is discarded by M. Cabet for streets and squares. The streets of Tyrama, a seaport-town, are described as straight, wide, and clean, with colonnades on either side, and perfectly regular in their architecture. 'I was delighted,' says the imaginary traveller, 'with the elegant houses, the fine open streets, the excellent taste, displayed in the arrangement of fountains, and with the magnificence of the public buildings and national monuments. The public gardens and promenades were enchanting; and, on the whole, Tyrama was the most beautiful town I had ever beheld.' Everywhere he sees the evidences of wealth and comfort, and every available application of science to produce them. Railways are numerous, and atmospheric propulsion is anticipated. Agriculture has been brought to great perfection in Icaria. 'Every yard of ground was cultivated, and appropriated to some useful purpose. The whole country seemed covered with the green harvest, having interspersed vines, flowery arbours, groves, plantations, farm-houses, and picturesque villages. Here and there flocks were scattered over the meadows, and groups of husbandmen enlivened both hill and dale. The road was extremely level, and in excellent order. The footpaths were continuous, and shaded with fruit-trees in bloom. We passed farms and villages, crossed rivers and canals; indeed the road seemed the continuation of the suburbs of a large town, or an avenue intersecting an immense garden.' The capital is approached by a wide avenue of poplars, and the eastern entrance is described as 'a gigantic monument of art.' From the extremity of the avenue, which is a gentle decline, a fine view is obtained 'of the thousand pinnacles of the city, and two immense colonnaded palaces towering above all.' The government of Icaria is a pure democracy, and its citizens are remarkable for their intelligence, the urbanity of their manners, and the respect in which they hold the female sex.

The disciples of M. Cabet are very numerous, and resemble the Socialists in the inculcation of universal charity and fraternity, in desiring to carry out their views by peaceful and constitutional means, and in their opinions on marriage and divorce. In one respect, however, M. Cabet is the moral antipode of Robert Owen: the Icarians have a priesthood and temples of religion, and the founder of the system constantly contends that Christi-

anity is Communism, and the latter but another name for the former. His disciples are distinguished from those of M. Proudhon and the Abbé Constant by the denomination of Icarians. Two or three hundred of them emigrated about eighteen months since to Texas, in order to found the social republic of Icaria; but most of them appear to have been totally unfitted for such an enterprise, and many of them have returned to their native land in disappointment and disgust. M. Cabet held the office of procurator-general under the government of Louis-Philippe; and though, like all innovators, his character has been variously represented, those who can separate the man from his principles cannot fail to appreciate the sincerity and benevolence of the former, however much fraught with danger to society they may consider the latter.

The Communism of the Abbé Constant differs little from that of M. Cabet, but the respective means by which they propose to attain the common object place a wide gulf between them. While the latter inculcates feelings of charity and brotherhood, and looks to peaceful and legal means alone for the actualisation of his system, the former discourses in a fierce and warlike tone, and would establish the social republic by the pikes and muskets of the dwellers in the fauxbourgs. To this party belong Barbes and Thoré, and the Icarians were assailed and vilified by them for propounding their scheme of emigration on the eve of the Revolution of February 1848.—The third section into which the French Communists may be divided is headed by M. Proudhon, a compositor, whose disciples are numerous among the working-classes, but lack the organisation of those of M. Cabet. His views are also more vague and cloudy, and his tone is often as violent as that of Thoré; he is a materialist, moreover, and his anti-religious opinions are as daringly avowed in his works as those of Shelley in his 'Queen Mab.' He deals largely in paradoxes, and often loses himself in a labyrinth of metaphysical reasoning. Between MM. Proudhon and Cabet, therefore, there is as wide a distance as between the latter and the Abbé Constant; and the former is often engaged in an acrimonious controversy with both the Icarians and the almost extinct St Simonians on the merits of their respective systems.

The Utopias which remain to be described are the 'Re-establishment of the Kingdom of Zion,' and the 'Gospel of the Poor Sinners;' the former written by M. Albrecht, a native of Switzerland; and the latter by M. Weitling, a German, who imbibed the views of M. Cabet while working in Paris at his occupation of tailor. Both these works mingle religion with politics and social science, and bear some resemblance to the New Christianity of St Simon. In the first-named work, the social institutions of the Mosaic dispensation are blended with a system of Christian Communism; but the disciples of the author are few in number compared with those of Weitling, and are confined to the western cantons of Switzerland. Its style is prophetic, sometimes approaching that of the Old Testament, and the author appears to be a man of considerable talent. The 'Gospel' of M. Weitling is a work more remarkable than even that of Albrecht, and created on its appearance a sensation equal to that produced in France by the publication of the celebrated 'Words of a Believer' of the Abbé Lamennais. Faith, hope, and love, are in it declared the cardinal points of the Christian system; and in a review of the acts and precepts of its Founder, it is main-

tained by M. Weitling that the Eucharist should be a love-feast—that Jesus abjured private family and private property—that he taught the abolition of punishments and of money—that he preached war and attacked property—and that the doctrines of the Gospel are those of liberty and equality, and the communisation of labour, property, and enjoyment. Though maintaining that the Founder of Christianity preached war, the author in another work expatiates eloquently upon its horrors, and the misery to which it gives rise; and it is probable that he makes a distinction between wars undertaken for the recovery of national independence, or for the political enfranchisement of the class to which he belongs, and those waged for foreign conquest or spoliation. He established in Switzerland many societies of German and Swiss workmen, which, under the veil of singing clubs, became propagandist centres for the diffusion of the principles enunciated in his works. In 1843 he was arrested at Zurich, tried upon charges of sedition and conspiracy, and after several months' imprisonment, was handed over to the government of his native country—Prussia—and obliged to serve in the army as a conscript; but he evaded the greater part of his term of service, and made his escape to England. He was regarded by his party as a martyr, and the principles which he had advocated spread more rapidly than before, not only in Switzerland, but throughout Germany. His general views accord more with those of the Icarians than of any other of the social sects of modern times, but are more deeply tinged than any with the politics of extreme democracy.

The persistency with which the Utopian idea has been reproduced through so many centuries, is regarded by some as a proof that the human mind revolves continually in a circle, constantly conceiving the same ideas; and by others as an evidence of the correctness of the principle upon which the idea is based. The progression that has been forbids us to entertain the first belief; and the second involves a problem which will be best solved by posterity. The social ideologies of the present day are, however, evidently the expression of a deeply-felt want, an aspiration after the beautiful and the intellectual, a feeling of sympathy for human wo; and while their authors, and those who adopt them, confine themselves to moral and peaceful means of propagating them, and do not suffer their zeal to mislead them into courses inimical to the continuance of order, we should respect their motives, however erroneous we may deem their opinions. In an age like the present, whatever of good may be contained in the systems that have been passed briefly under review, will not be lost; the criticisms of their authors upon present society may be useful in drawing the attention of legislators to many errors and abuses, the dust and cobwebs of the past; and their visions of the future may suggest many modifications applicable to the moral, mental, and material wants of the present generation. We dive for pearls into the depths of the ocean, and descend for gold into the darksome mine; and we should not disdain to search for truths among dreams of Utopia and foreshadowings of the Millennium.

THE SPECULATOR:

A TALE OF MAMMON-WORSHIP.

ABOUT five-and-forty years ago, Mr Robert Oakley, merchant of Bristol, and otherwise a highly-respectable person, was enjoying the last afternoon remaining to him of his annual fortnight's respite from business among the cliffs and caves and downs of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. Mr Oakley was at that time a man of mature age. More than forty winters glittered in his sharp gray eyes; and the glossy blackness of his plainly-cut, well-fitting coat, the spotless fineness of his linen, his elaborately-brushed broad-brimmed hat, and highly-polished cork-sole shoes, plainly announced a person with whom the world went smoothly. It had been for some time blowing hard, and the wind was momently increasing in violence; but Mr Oakley, who was an enthusiastic admirer of sea scenery, with the help of a stout gold-headed walking-cane, resolutely stood his ground, and watched, with apparently untiring interest, the white-crested waves dash themselves in fierce pursuit of each other upon the shingly shore, or, where checked and hurled for an instant back by the Rock-Needles, leap and hiss in fierce derision above the summits of the vainly-obstructing masses, and sweep on as madly as before. Now and then a fishing-boat, or a larger vessel, drove past—in imminent danger, to his unpractised eye, of immediate engulfment, or of destruction on the iron shore; and a feeling of comfortable self-gratulation simmered at the merchant's heart, as the comparison of his own safety with the danger of those on board involuntarily but vividly suggested itself. At length a rapid change in the driving clouds overhead, from light fleecy strips to dark heavy patches, increasing in size and density, and the consequent quick darkening of the atmosphere, warned him that the fitful gusts of heavy rain which struck his face so sharply were but the precursors of a violent land as well as sea-storm, from which it would be prudent to escape with all possible despatch. The light on the corner of the Wight shot forth over the fierce waters as he turned homewards, instantly followed by a vivid flash of lightning and a heavy thunder-peal; so that even in the opinion of the lately-delighted admirer of sea and shore sublimity, a more wild, desolate, and disagreeable scene than now dimly and fitfully presented itself could scarcely be imagined. Fortunately, however, he could not be,

he thought, more than about four or five miles from Yarmouth. Little more than an hour's smart walking would take him there, and then a change of apparel and a cup of tea would remedy and obliterate all inconveniences. Thus self-assured and confident, Mr Oakley strode manfully forward in his rugged, circuitous road, unconscious of the deadly peril lying in wait for him in that secure hour, and brief, undreaded path. While he is struggling along in the growing darkness and drenching rain, I shall have time to note down a few traits of his moral character—a knowledge of which is essentially necessary to an accurate appreciation of his past and future actions.

Mr Robert Oakley of Wine Street, Bristol, was known in that city as an *Irish* merchant—a designation applied in ports trading largely with the sister country to persons whose exports and imports are confined to Ireland. As much less capital is required in such a commerce than the merchant-princes, whose enterprise embraces the whole habitable globe, can boast of, its chief men take a considerably lower mercantile rank on mart and 'Change than their richer brethren. Especially in those palmy days of flourishing slave and sugar islands, the West-India merchant and proprietor stood high above his fellows, and nowhere more so than in the wealthy western metropolis of England. By no one were these magnates of commerce held in higher, more envious reverence, than by Mr Robert Oakley. 'How contemptible,' he had often, but more especially of late, bitterly reflected, 'how utterly insignificant are the poor twelve or thirteen thousand pounds—not certainly more than that—which the ceaseless industry of twenty of the best years of my life has enabled me to scrape together, compared with the colossal fortunes rapidly accumulated by men who, playing with vast ventures, frequently gain more, much more, at a single hit, than I do by a whole year of plodding perseverance and patient care!' As these thoughts gloomed across his mind, the true respectability of his position, his solid, if not extensive wealth, depending on none of the frightful chances which frequently sweep away at a blow the Aladdin fortunes of great speculators, dwindled in his estimation into coarse beggar-wrappings—useful, indeed, for the common necessities of life, but only to be worn with humility, almost with shame, in the presence of the robes and furred gowns of the really rich men of the world.

With such repinings cankering at his heart, it is not to be supposed that Robert Oakley had not frequently cast about for one of those great and lucky ventures, one of those Napoleonic strokes, whereby immense results, the natural reward of a lifetime of ordinary energy and success, are secured by one fortunate turn of the commercial dice. He was ever looking out for such an opportunity, but none had hitherto presented itself sufficiently free from *hazard* to induce him, however momentarily dazzled, to boldly venture his fortunes upon it; and up to the time we left him on the bleak cliffs of Freshwater, he had been able to boast that, though often sorely tried, he had successfully withstood temptation—a result he owed somewhat to his naturally cautious, nervous temperament, to his dread of awakening the wolfish instincts of greed he felt to be latent within him, and which, he knew, required to be but once alimented with suddenly, easily-acquired gold, to start into vigorous, untameable life; but more,

much more, than to any physical or mental qualities of his own, to the affectionate and wise counsels of his excellent wife, who, ever on the watch for such aberrations, gently drew him back from the contemplation of the deceptive shadow gleaming in the faithless waters, to the beaten paths of common sense and the safe retreats of home and competence.

Well had it been for Mr Robert Oakley had these frequent trials and temptations taught him the highest as well as the most useful of all virtues —humility—a wise distrust of himself. Unfortunately they generated only arrogance of spirit—pride of heart; that pride which ever goeth before a fall; and an inordinate contempt for the feebler men whom he had seen fall irretrievably on the slippery path where he had himself so frequently stumbled. One of these unlucky ones was his only brother, Richard Oakley, who, endowed by nature with a quicker, a more sanguine temperament than himself, less wisely guided by marital counsel and advice, perhaps also more strongly tempted, had rashly speculated with the fortune bequeathed him by his father—five thousand pounds, the same sum that Robert inherited—and the common result of such bold leaps in the dark had awaited him—bankruptcy, ruin! He had married a lady of Belfast of the name of Neville, still young, although a widow, and the mother of one child, a boy. She brought no other fortune to her husband than beauty, innocence of heart, inextinguishable gaiety of temper, and yielding gentleness of disposition—admirable qualities, but, uncombined with the English gravity and prudence which distinguished her quiet, thoughtful sister-in-law, helped nothing to prevent, if indeed they did not hasten, a catastrophe which they could, however, cheer and soften. Perhaps Mrs Richard Oakley never so truly loved her frank-tempered, facile-minded husband—certainly she never before exhibited such thoughtful tenderness —as when, scantily equipped for a new contest with the triumphant, mocking world, they bade adieu to the proud city that had witnessed their vain and brief prosperity, and subsequent deep humiliation, and went forth in search of happier, if humbler fortunes.

'You must not imagine,' said Robert Oakley coldly, in reply to his brother, who, with his wife, had, with downcast looks and hesitating steps, entered his counting-house in Wine Street—'you must not imagine that other men have not been tempted by glittering baits, because they have not foolishly yielded to the seduction. I, too, have felt—all men, I imagine, have felt at times—the feverish appetite for sudden, inordinate gain which prompts the gamester whether he play on 'Change or at less reputable places; but I have striven with and conquered the evil impulse. Feeble spirits, unable to withstand such temptations, should flee from them.'

'You, Robert, were always of a more reserved and cautious disposition than I.'

'Possibly; still'——

'Besides,' interrupted the weeping partner of the broken man—'besides being married to so discreet, so good, so excellent a wife. Ah, Richard,' she added with an outburst of self-accusing grief, 'had you never seen me, this calamity might never have befallen you!'

'Alice!' exclaimed her husband with reproachful tenderness—'Alice, this to me!'

'We had better not waste time in profitless regrets for the past,' said Robert Oakley. 'I am glad for your own sakes, as well as mine, that you have determined on leaving Bristol. I promised you two hundred pounds: my wife has persuaded me into making it five hundred, and I do so on the express understanding of course that this gift is to be a final one.'

'Bless her—bless her!' sobbed the grateful wife. 'But God *has* blessed her, and for her sake hers.'

'Here are notes,' continued the elder brother, 'for two hundred pounds, and a bill for three hundred, due in London the day after to-morrow, which I discounted for Sir Martin Biddulph.'

'Of Oatlands?'

'Yes: horse-racing and other noble and manly sports will, I doubt not, some day or other bring the owner of that fine property to the dogs. This bill will, however, I am pretty sure, be punctually paid. If not, I have indorsed it, and the London agents of the bankers here shall have instructions to pay it for my honour.'

Little more was said, and Richard Oakley, with his wife, passed out of the counting-house into an inner room, where not cold service, but the warm sympathy of a gentle, loving heart, awaited them.

'You will not forget to write frequently, very frequently, to *me*?' said Mrs Robert Oakley as she strained her sister-in-law in a parting embrace. 'And Caroline—you will not forget Caroline, I know, any more than we shall Harry, or sweet little Alice? This is for her,' she added in a whisper: 'not a word, dear, if you love me—for her, not you.'

Fourteen years had elapsed since this parting and the afternoon when Mr Robert Oakley, as upright, physically and morally, as ever, and now rich to the extent of about £12,000, found himself suddenly overtaken by a heavy squall of wind and rain on the storm-beaten cliffs of the Isle of Wight. The distance he had to walk proved longer and more difficult of accomplishment than he had found it in the broad daylight a few hours previously, and he gladly availed himself of the opportune shelter offered by a small tavern at Freshwater to rest and refresh himself before attempting the one or two miles which, he was told, still intervened between him and Yarmouth.

There was a blazing fire in the bar-parlour of the little inn, tenanted only by a few comfortable, farmer-looking persons, and one or two unmistakable specimens of the half-seaman, whole-smuggler tribe, which at that period swarmed along the southern coast. Their conversation—a very animated one—ceased abruptly on the entrance of the stranger; but at the sight of his pinched features and dripping garments, evidently not those of a gauger—and the company there assembled were first-rate judges on the point—they with rough but ready courtesy drew back from the fire, round which they had been seated, discussing war-politics and hot spirits and water, and invited him to approach and dry himself. He very readily complied with the invitation, and by the time the tea, which he had ordered on entering, was brought in and placed, at his request, on a small table as distant as possible from that of the tobacco-smokers, his chilled limbs, wet clothes, and ruffled temper, were pretty nearly restored to their normal condition; and he felt quite prepared to resume his journey as soon as the

abatement of the rain, doubtfully hoped for by the weather-wisdom of the room, should enable him to do so with prudence. Thus recomposed, he sat quietly down to tea, and had just finished it, when his attention was sharply aroused by the noisy entrance of two rough fellows in shaggy jackets and 'sou-wester' caps, pilots, it presently appeared, who had been out some days in the Channel, and had now brought up a schooner, bound from Shoreham to Poole, in the Yarmouth roads.

'A dirty night coming on, I'm thinking, Bob Shelden?' remarked a fat, rosy-jowled person, seated cosily by the fire, as soon as the new-comers were fairly settled in their chairs.

'You said coming on, Farmer Gage?' replied the gentleman so familiarly addressed in a dry, rasping voice, which the large tumbler of brandy and water he had already thrown down his throat could have done nothing to liquefy or soften—'you said coming on? It would blow the horns off a bull at the back of the Wight *now*, so it's to be hoped there ain't much more coming on, or the *Mary-Ann* will part her cable in Yarmouth roads. A light, Jack. Thanks! This 'bacca,' he added, after indulging in a few delicious whiffs—'this 'bacca is a very creditable article, considering it was never christened in a customhouse.'

'Stow that, Bob Shelden!' interrupted one of the party, hastily taking the pipe from his mouth, and jerking the point of it over his shoulder in the direction of Mr Robert Oakley's dark corner. 'Stow that, my hearty!'

Bob Shelden paused in his agreeable pastime, and shading his eyes with his hand, peered curiously in the direction indicated by his cautious friend. The examination must have been satisfactory, as he quickly and quietly resumed his pipe and the conversation.

'The gale was fortinately right aft, Farmer Gage; but just to give you a notion of what a screamer it is outside, we've been but little odds of six hours coming from Guarnsey to Yarmouth roads, besides boarding and bringing in the schooner over the bargain.'

'That's a smart run, that is, Bob,' observed one of the seamen; 'but you had the tide from the Caskets.'

'Ay, lad, that's true.'

'Anything at Guarnsey likely to be coming our way?'

'Well, there's a sloop-of-war lying there with a prize she'll be bringing in to Portsmouth; and there's a large barque, that put in two or three hours before we left, loaded with rum and sugar. She's been knocking about for the last three weeks everywhere but where she ought to be, and last Sunday's paper, I mind, said she was supposed to be either lost or carried into a French port. She's had her bulwarks stove in, and has lost her boats, with some other damage; but the cargo, they said, was all safe and sound. She'll come in, I daresay, in a day or two.'

'I don't remember hearing about her; where does she hail from?'

'She's the *Three Sisters* of Bristol, Captain Paulding, or some such name. Hollo, friend! what the devil are you upsetting and smashing the old woman's tea-tackle for, eh?'

In suddenly jumping up, Mr Oakley had overturned the little table upon which the tea-equipage was arranged. He hurriedly apologised for his carelessness, took up his hat and cane, threw a guinea on the table, and strode hastily out of the house, much to the astonishment of the specta-

tors—who, however, having ascertained that the guinea was a genuine one, charitably concluded that the stranger was a *gentleman*, though apparently rather crazed in his wits.

'It's very likely,' said Bob Shelden, 'that he has some concern in the barque I was mentioning. I saw Tom Hardy speak to him in the street at West Cowes last week. You know Tom Hardy, Farmer Gage?'

'Ay, lad, for one of the cleverest scamps in all creation. He's lost the situation I hear he had at Bristol, and is back again, I suppose, to live upon his poor old mother.'

'I daresay. I'm thinking this gentleman was Tom's master. I'll ask the first time I see him.'

'Very likely; and, as you say, concerned in the barque: if not, he must be crazed.'

Crazed indeed! The words of the pilot had smitten him with frenzy, and he hurried along towards Yarmouth, his brain reeling and his blood on fire with the suddenly-awakened and maddening lust of gold—gold in glittering, enormous heaps, to be obtained at no risk—'No risk!' he almost shrieked, 'save, save'—the pale thought *would* flit dimly, if only momently, across his throbbing brain—'save to his peace of mind, his moral life, his perilled soul!' 'Cummings, Brothers,' he presently muttered, regaining the hurried current of his previous thoughts: 'Cummings, Brothers, the richest house in Bristol! It will scarcely ruin them; besides, they would do the same: who would not? Fair, quite fair; everything is fair, they say, in war and trade. A strange chance: she was reported lost or captured when I left Bristol, and must now be quite given up. A rare chance! A glorious, golden opportunity, which, once missed, could never be regained. It shall *not* be missed!' and he quickened his already almost running pace towards Yarmouth. He was soon there, and at once hastened to the little quay. It was solitary and silent, but for the howling wind and furious sea that beat against, around, and over it. Oakley was surprised that pilots and fishermen should all have retired so early; for, strange as it may appear, the tumult, the tempest of emotion by which he was internally tossed and shaken, had rendered him not only regardless, but unconscious of the still-increasing storm which raged without. He was reluctantly turning to depart, when a heavy, lopping step was heard, and presently a seaman, in enormous jack-boots, and carrying a lantern in his hand, was seen approaching. Oakley hurried to meet and accost him.

'Can I be put across to Lymington?' he eagerly demanded.

'Across to Lymington!' echoed the sailor. 'Why, who that isn't running from the gauger or the gallows would risk crossing on such a night as this?'

'I,' replied Oakley, 'who am running from neither, would—*will*, if a seaman is to be found in Yarmouth who is not afraid of venturing a couple of miles in a capful of wind.'

'A capful!' rejoined the man. 'Let me look at you?' and he suddenly held the lantern up to his questioner's features. 'Ay!' he exclaimed, after a curious gaze, 'I have not lived so long on the coast without having at times seen such a face as that; though never, thank God, in the shaving-glass! You must go, I see; that's plain enough. Well, I'll take you across.'

'Immediately?'

'Of course.'

'I will be here in five minutes.'

'Stop, stop! The fare: what do you think of paying for the risk of four men's lives—saying nothing of your own. It will require four hands to manage the boat in this wild sea.'

'Name your own terms.'

'Ten guineas: that is, ten one-pound notes and ten shillings, which, the law says, are equal to ten guineas; though they're not by a long chalk.'

'Agreed: I will not keep you waiting long.'

One chance of safety still remained to the self-righteous, pride-blinded Pharisee, who had glibly boasted of his power to stand, undizzied and secure, on the edge of precipices so often fatal to better men than he: his wife, the good genius that had so often saved him from moral wreck, he must see her before setting out on his hasty journey; and if she were to divine his errand, he might yet be saved—or baffled, as in his present mood he would have deemed it. He paused at the threshold of his lodgings, in doubt of what excuse for his precipitate departure would be least likely to awaken her solicitude—to arouse her fears. He did not remain long undecided: meanness, falsehood, duplicity, proffered their ready services; and he knocked sharply at the door. It was instantly opened, for he was waited for, and had been for some time anxiously expected. He ran briskly up stairs.

'Caroline, child, where is your mother?'

'In bed, papa; she has been poorly all the afternoon, and has just lain down.'

The husband felt a strong emotion of pleasure at this announcement; not, certainly, at hearing that his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was ill—suffering, perhaps; but that, in the comparatively obscure atmosphere of her chamber, that mild but searching glance, which he had often felt penetrate to the very depths of his being, could not so well read his countenance as in the glare of the sitting-room. He immediately went to her, and after a few affectionate inquiries, said, 'What letters have arrived?'

'Several,' was the reply; 'they are on the dressing-table.'

Mr Oakley took up one, hastily broke the seal, and with his back towards the bed, feigned to peruse it. Presently he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and turned quickly round.

'From Danby, love, requiring my instant return. Riley of Belfast is likely to stop payment; and Danby urges that either he or I should go over by the packet, which leaves Bristol at eleven o'clock to-morrow forenoon.'

'How unfortunate! Is the debt large?'

'Between six and seven hundred pounds.'

'Dear me! But you cannot possibly reach home in time.'

'Not unless I start at once by way of Lymington, in which case I could easily reach Salisbury in time for the mail from Southampton to Bristol.'

'But it seems to be blowing a hurricane. Surely there would be danger in venturing across to Lymington on such a night?'

'Nonsense, Mary; with the wind in the present quarter, the sea between the two shores is quite smooth.'

Finally, it was determined that he should set out at once; Mrs Oakley and her daughter to follow, on the day after the morrow, at their leisure. His preparations did not occupy more than a couple of minutes, and hastily embracing his wife and child, he hurried out of the house, and soon reached the quay. The boat was ready, and he was instantly embarked. The passage was a frightful one; twice the men seemed disposed to give up the attempt, and would have done so but for the almost frenzied supplications and promises of their passenger, who appeared insensible not only to fear, but to the benumbing effects of the drenching rain and sea that almost drowned them where they sat. At last the boat shot into the small harbour of Lymington; the men were liberally rewarded; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, a postchaise and four started from the Angel Inn, and dashed at a rattling pace through the New Forest towards Salisbury. Mr Oakley, occupied with eager calculations upon the extent of his probable gains, and the best, least suspicious mode of securing the prize almost within his reach, heeded not the passing of time; and at the end of about three hours' smart ride, was startled by the sudden pulling up of the chaise, and the announcement that he had reached the entrance of the city of New Sarum. He at once alighted, dismissed the carriage, and walked quietly, for he found he had a full quarter of an hour to spare, to the Red Lion at the further end of the town, craftily anxious that the guard and coachman, who knew him well, should not become aware that he had made any extraordinary effort to overtake the mail. When the coach arrived, there was fortunately one inside place vacant; he secured it, and early on the following morning safely reached Bristol.

Never had the attire of Mr Robert Oakley appeared more elaborately neat, more scrupulously spotless, nor his air and manner more placidly courteous and obliging, than when he walked gravely forth on the forenoon of his arrival to the place where merchants most do congregate. Salutations in the marketplace, congratulations upon his return to home and business, were abundant, almost overpowering. Mr Robert Oakley, nevertheless, bore his honours meekly, and passed quietly on to the merchants' newsroom, where, at that time of the day, he knew he should be tolerably sure of meeting with one of the firm of Cummings, Brothers. He was not disappointed. The eldest partner was there, looking as gloomy as Mr Oakley could wish. No tidings of the *Three Sisters* had yet, it was quite clear, reached Bristol. They exchanged a matter-of-course greeting, and Oakley passed on. About ten minutes afterwards Cummings, senior, having finished the perusal of the journals, rose to depart; and Mr Oakley, suddenly remembering that he had an order from an Irish correspondent for some sugars, accosted him, and they proceeded together to the great firm's place of business. There the conversation, after a sufficient interval devoted to other topics, was adroitly turned by Robert Oakley upon the missing ship, and the enormous rates of insurance offered by the owners, and refused by all the underwriters. The firm of Cummings, Brothers, were often, generally indeed, except under peculiar circumstances, their own insurers—that is to say, they having an immense number of shipments, instead of certainly sacrificing the large sums they must have paid to effect so many insurances, preferred to set them apart to meet and cover any

particular loss. This system they had generally found answer. They were now, however, and had been for a considerable time of course, anxious to effect an insurance on the *Three Sisters* at almost any premium. This state of affairs was thoroughly known and understood by Mr Oakley, and the ultimate result was, after much fencing and coquetting on his part, that he suffered himself to be persuaded into a transaction by which, for the present payment of £10,000, he purchased the entire cargo of the missing ship, should she not have been lost or captured. A cheque for £6000—all the present cash he had at his banker's—and a promissory-note at sixty days for the balance, were given with admirably-feigned reluctance to Cummings, Brothers. The bills of lading and other documents were handed to Mr Robert Oakley, and the bargain was complete—Cummings, Brothers, glad to have saved so much out of what they had deemed a total loss, and Oakley secretly exultant with the rapturous conviction that the ambition of his life had by one fortunate stroke been accomplished, or, to speak more soberly, that the means were now within his grasp by which, prudently brought into play—and he resolved to be very prudent—the colossal fortune of which he had so long dreamt might be swiftly and safely built up. Happy, fortunate Robert Oakley!

'Happy, fortunate Robert Oakley!' echoed all Bristol, except, indeed, the astounded firm of Cummings, Brothers, when, on the fourth day after this transaction, the *Three Sisters* was signalled to have safely anchored in the roads! The incense which the world freely burns before whatever idol fortune chooses to set up—noisy felicitations of envious hearts, mouth-honour, breath—was lavished abundantly upon the lucky speculator, and, best of all, no one appeared in the slightest degree to suspect that an enormous fraud had been committed—a gigantic swindle—whatever the letter of the law might call it—been perpetrated! Fortunate Robert Oakley!

Yes; one! He could not look steadily in his wife's countenance as he communicated to her the wonderful hit he had made, but in that momentary glance he had read—instead of joy, exultation, rapture—anxious bewilderment, vague, undefined alarm. He hastily changed the subject, after confusedly endeavouring to underrate greatly the magnitude of his enormous gains. He then left the apartment, and a long time elapsed before the subject was again mentioned between them.

Vexatious that any cloud, however slight and transient, should obscure the brightness of such a joyous day! The momentary irritation was, however, soon forgotten by the merchant when seated a few minutes afterwards in his private room, every faculty absorbed in elaborate calculations of the value of the cargo of the *Three Sisters*—the cost of freight, and other important items. A respectful tap at the door disturbed him.

'What is it, Danby?' he asked in an impatient, querulous tone.

'Thomas Hardy desires to see you, sir, immediately, on, he says, important business.'

'Thomas Hardy! Have I not repeatedly given orders that the fellow should not be allowed to enter my premises?'

'True, sir; but he will this time take no denial. He bade me say he has an especial message for you from a person at whose house you drank tea last Thursday evening in the Isle of Wight.'

'Isle of Wight!' stammered Oakley: the indignant expression of his countenance changed instantly to that of pale alarm. 'Isle of Wight!'

'That, sir, is his message.'

'Bid him—bid him come in,' said Mr Oakley as he dropped back into the chair from which he had risen to admit the clerk. 'I—I will see him.'

Danby, in his turn greatly surprised, withdrew, and presently returned ushering in a tall, spare, shabbily-dressed man of about thirty years of age. He was not positively ill-looking: his features, separately considered, were well enough; but there was a sinister sneer about his thin, colourless lips, a fawning malignancy playing in his deep-set eyes, that rendered his sallow visage excessively repulsive.

'You may retire, Mr Danby,' said Oakley. The clerk obeyed, and the merchant and his unwelcome visitor were alone together. The interview lasted about a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the door opened, and both passed into the clerk's counting-house.

'Mr Hardy will resume his situation to-morrow morning,' said the merchant hurriedly. Danby, perfectly startled, looked hastily up. His employer's face he saw was deadly pale, and he appeared much agitated; he, however, repeated the order in reply to Danby's mute expression of surprise, and immediately turned back towards his private apartment, Hardy at the same moment passing out of the front door into the street.

The next morning the re-engaged clerk was early at the office—well-dressed too—and rose quickly in the apparent good graces of his employer, of whose rapidly-extending business, and always more or less successful speculations, he very speedily became the chief and only confidential agent and adviser. All appeared to be sunshine and prosperity with the lucky merchant; and, as if to stamp the sudden fortunes of the Oakley family with unquestionable solidity and permanence, a distant relative, who had scarcely noticed him when a comparatively obscure person, now that he, according to the world's report, bade fair to become one of the millionaires of the country, bequeathed him, by a will dated but a few days before death, the sum of £30,000, in trust for his daughter Caroline, into whose absolute possession it was to pass, with accumulated interest, on the day she attained her majority. Never was there, everybody said, a more fortunate man. A seat in parliament—a baronetcy—higher splendours even than that, but not to be named till clutched—already glittered in the distance.

One, as yet distant, prophetic death-note alone mingled and jarred with these gay joy-bells. The sympathising partner of his earlier and better life—his gentle, true-hearted wife always—was visibly descending with swift steps towards the tomb. She had been long in delicate health; but from about the period of her husband's sudden accession of wealth it had rapidly given way; and now, when it was already March, he was told by the physician, in the quaint phrase of the country, 'that his wife would never get up May-Hill.' He was deeply shocked, and yet—so strangely was he already changed—the announcement was not wholly painful. She had never felt, never expressed any, the slightest, satisfaction at the brilliant turn his fortunes had taken; and, worse still, had constantly refused, anxious as he had been to surround her with luxuries of all kinds, to sanction the slightest addition to their modest establishment—was, in fact, far

more rigidly economical than before; appearing to shrink from any contact with his new wealth as from pollution—while he dared not press her closely for her reasons. One only of the late events seemed to have afforded her pleasure, and that was the legacy to her daughter Caroline. For that bequest, though certainly the very reverse of mercenary, she had expressed unbounded thankfulness. Would not, then, her removal be a relief—almost, he felt, though he hardly dared whisper it to his own heart, a blessing?

Whatever it might prove, it was not long delayed. Each succeeding day found her paler, thinner, weaker: the frail covering of mortality seemed to fall visibly off, and reveal in hourly-increasing excellence and beauty the stainless and gentle spirit panting to be freed from its decaying prison-house. The patiently-awaited and all undreaded hour, the calm evening, illumined and made glorious by the radiant purity of her well-spent day of life, at length arrived. The last and unmistakable summons was a sudden one, and to all but herself startling and unexpected. Her husband was out. A messenger was despatched for him; and as he entered the apartment, the weeping daughter, who, in kneeling reverence, had been listening to her parting injunctions, rose at a sign from her dying parent, and left the room.

'Robert,' she said, softly addressing her husband, who displayed, and doubtless for the moment felt, much vehemence of grief; and her mild but solemn eyes rested with inexpressible tenderness and sorrow upon the chosen of her youth, the father of her child—'Robert, forbear this bootless grief, and listen as patiently as you can to the last few words I shall ever utter upon earth. I dare not hope they may be immediately successful in inducing you to retrace the sinful and ultimately—be assured—fatal path on which you have so blindly, so recklessly entered; but the day, I trust, will come when they may bear fruit. It matters not to relate *how* I have become acquainted with the mode whereby you acquired your ill-gotten wealth—nay, I beseech you, Robert, interrupt me not; I speak not in anger, but in love. Reproaches cannot, I know, cause one of the bitter hours of the past to be rendered back to you—what is done is done—and too often, I know, the lost and vain regrets that gather behind man in his ephemeral road serve only to throw a dreary light over the past, and afford no help or guidance for the future, for the unborn day which, oh my husband, God *owes* not to you, but which He will, I trust, in mercy grant, to enable you to put away the accursed thing—to restore'——

'You mistake, Mary!' groaned Oakley, without uplifting his face from the pillow on which it was bowed and concealed—'you mistake, Mary; I have done no wrong—none.'

'Do not attempt to deceive me; do not, I implore you, Robert, strive to deceive yourself by such poor sophistry as may be pleaded in defence of such a crime.' She paused, fainting, and apparently exhausted, but presently resumed. 'Caroline—whose betrothment to her cousin, as we call him, to Harry Neville, has, you will remember, my especial sanction—Caroline has promised that the legacy bequeathed to her shall be devoted to the wiping away of this offence, so that happily the curse remain not on you—on her. She will, I know, keep her word.'

'What madness is this?' exclaimed Oakley, starting to his feet.

'You must be'—— He paused, rebuked into silence by the solemn, almost stern glance of the dying woman, over whose countenance a startling change at the instant passed.

'And do you not know, Robert—have you not perceived,' she said in a faint, tremulous, but deep whisper—'are you now for the first time conscious *that it has killed me?*'

A lamentable cry burst from the heart-stricken man: he clasped his expiring wife passionately in his arms: a promise to comply with her wishes at any sacrifice was on his tongue—would have been uttered, but at the instant the death-sob struggled in her throat, the last gleam of light vanished from her eyes, a faint sigh stirred her pale lips—he knew that she was gone, and the rash vow remained unspoken!

As he left the apartment he met his daughter, embraced her, looked inquiringly in her face, and in that fair tablet read pity, regret, compassion, it may be love for him, vividly traced as before; but esteem, reverence, filial awe, he saw, had vanished for ever. She, too, then knew all! Well, it must be borne.

These sad impressions were soon effaced from the elastic mind of the busy merchant and money-dealer, or at most served but to hasten his contemplated departure to the wider and more lucrative field of London, where familiar objects, inseparably associated with the past, would no longer incessantly call up memories which he felt were best forgotten. Thomas Hardy, too, whose wishes went for much, was anxious to exchange Bristol for the metropolis; and the result was the transfer of the establishment to the city of London, where Mr Robert Oakley, counselled, stimulated by his constant shadow, Hardy, plunged eagerly into the distracting whirlpool of the Stock-Exchange, rode in apparent triumph amidst its capricious currents and swift eddies, and gathered, it was said, fresh wealth from every ebb and flow of the turbid and dangerous tide.

One afternoon about six months after his removal to London, his old acquaintance, Sir Martin Biddulph, called on him. The greeting of the baronet was jovial and hearty as himself; the response of the money-broker cautious and reserved, as became a rich and prudent man in the presence of a possible borrower.

'Well, Master Oakley, the world goes swimmingly with you, it appears. You are likely, I am told, to die worth a million?'

Robert Oakley only replied to this equivocal felicitation by a cold, fidgetty smile and shrug; and his visitor proceeded.

'But, zounds man! what a deucedly harassing life this money-making must be! Why, you are as thin as a weasel, and look as withered as a last year's apple! There seems scarcely any of you left! You and I must be about the same age—and only just look at me!' The comparison, certainly a striking one, provoked the unbounded mirth of the fox-hunter, but failed to excite any corresponding emotion on the part of his auditor. On the contrary, he seemed considerably annoyed.

'Now, Master Oakley,' said the baronet as soon as he had wiped his eyes, overflowing with exuberant mirth, and composed himself to seriousness—'now, Master Oakley, to business: I want your assistance with respect to some money matters.'

'I am sorry to say,' observed Oakley with cold civility, 'that just now'——

'Cash is scarce—not to be had in fact,' interrupted Sir Martin with a renewed guffaw. 'Of course it is. I never, for my part, knew it to be otherwise. But my business with you, man alive, is to invest—not borrow!'

'To invest!'

'Positively. As soon as you have recovered breath, listen. Are you ready? Good! Well, then, you know as well as I do, you old usurer—you were a young one, though, when I first knew you—you know that I went the pace for years charmingly; was in fact galloping to the devil as fast as a splendid stud of first-rate racers could carry me; but it appears you do not know that I have pulled up in time, and that a venerable aunt of mine—excellent old soul!—altered her will a few hours before her death; and instead of bequeathing her large wealth to half-a-dozen hospitals, bestowed it all on my unworthy self, placing me once more all right with the world, with a splendid balance over. Having had a nearer view than was pleasant of ultimate insolvency and ruin, I determined thenceforth to *keep* myself all right.'

'A wise resolve.'

'Unquestionably. But as I have no very great confidence in good intentions when pitted against bad habits, I mean to take myself for a year or two out of the way of temptation. Aunt Martha's Jamaica property has been wretchedly mismanaged, so I intend rusticating amongst the sugar-canes, and thus kill two birds with one barrel.'

'I shall be happy to render you my best assistance in any way you can point out,' said Oakley with much deference.

'Well, I know you, Oakley, to be a close, and I believe you to be a *safe* man, and that is a great deal to say in these "suspension-of-cash-payment" times. I wish you first to invest some twenty thousand pounds I have to spare just now in the most profitable securities you know of, and to do the same with such other sums as I may from time to time remit.'

Mr Oakley bowed grateful acquiescence: he would promote Sir Martin's interest to the best of his humble ability.

'I shall shut up Oatlands, and have the principal plate and some boxes of family papers—my will amongst them, by the by—brought here for security, if you have no objection.'

Mr Oakley could have no possible objection to such an arrangement: none in the world.

'My nephew, Francis Severn—you have seen him, I think? I called with him on you a few years since in Wine Street.'

'It was his cousin, was it not?—James Conway—an older person I have understood?'

'Ah, yes; very likely. A sweet youth that, but I hope he will some day mend his manners.'

'Wild, I suppose?'

'Yes; besides being ambitious as Lucifer, and as careless too in my belief about the means of advancement. I shall provide sufficiently for him. But as I was about to remark, Frank, who will be my heir—that is, if he does not mortally offend me, which is not very likely; indeed I doubt that

he could do so if he tried for very long together—Frank, I say, being about, since the continent is shut, to make a tour of the United Kingdom, there will be nobody to keep house at Oatlands till I return, so that I am in some sort *obliged* to shut it partially up. And now as to the nature of the securities you would recommend?'

A long business conversation, unnecessary to relate, ensued, at the close of which the baronet, perfectly satisfied with the arrangements suggested by Mr Oakley, rose to depart.

'By the by, Oakley, I told you—did I not, long ago?—that your brother holds a farm of mine not far from Oatlands?'

'Not that I remember, Sir Martin; but I know it nevertheless: the families correspond.'

'Well, he's a fine gentlemanly fellow let me tell you, and his daughter Alice is a very charming person; very much so indeed. You have seen her, I suppose?'

'No, I have not; my daughter Caroline did a month or two ago.'

'Your brother is prospering. I became acquainted with him in consequence of his calling in Berkeley Square many years since with a bill you had cashed for me. You remember, I suppose? Good-day.'

'Bad news that for Mr James Conway,' said Thomas Hardy, drawing aside a green calico curtain which had concealed his desk and himself from the view of the baronet.

'You know him, then?' said Oakley.

'Yes; I see him most evenings. We sold stock to the amount of about a thousand pounds for him about four months ago.'

'I remember the circumstance, now you mention it.'

Hardy re-drew the concealing curtain, and Mr Oakley resumed his interesting studies on the rise and fall of stocks and consols.

The opinion pronounced by Sir Martin Biddulph upon the character and position of Mr Richard Oakley was in no respect an exaggerated one. The teachings of adversity, instead of being thrown away upon him, as they are upon so many thousands of the world, had proved most salutary, both to him and his somewhat volatile, but high-spirited, warm-hearted wife. It had taught them the difference between shadow and substance. They had looked upon the *reverse* side of the glittering shows of pretentious society, and noted not alone the coarse material of which it is essentially composed, but the ignoble motives, shifts, and expedients by which the brilliant figures are animated and held together; and they determined that their future life should, however humble, be a reality, not a seeming—a positive condition of being, depending for estimation and respectability upon its true nature and quality, neither distorted nor set off by the false lights of vain and ambitious pretence: precepts of wisdom hard to learn, still harder to practise, but of infinite concernment to all who would pass through life unexposed to the contempts, the heartburnings, the painful vicissitudes, which are sure to environ and accompany a false position. Richard Oakley had passed several of the best years of his youth on a farm, and he had a turn, as it is called, for agricultural pursuits. Sir Martin Biddulph happened to have a farm—a small one, of about a hundred acres only—of first-rate land, and he became his tenant. Industry, perseverance, and a wise economy, succeeded with him, as they usually do with everybody; and Mr

Richard Oakley was now in very easy, pleasant circumstances, surrounded by all the material comforts, and of most of the modest luxuries, of life, in a home illumined by the smiles of the cheerfullest of wives, and crowned with a triple halo of gentleness, grace, and beauty, in the person of their daughter Alice. His wife's son, Harry Neville, had chosen a sea-life; and, thanks to Sir Martin Biddulph's interest, had obtained an excellent footing in the maritime service of the East India Company. Richard Oakley knew of the great prosperity of his proud, cold-hearted brother, for both he and his wife corresponded with Mrs Robert Oakley till within a few days of her decease; and they knew also by the tone of her letters that abundant riches had not added to *her* happiness. More they were not informed of, nor had a right to inquire. Thus with them gently swept along the stream of life—calm, tranquil, and lit up by bright visions of the brilliant destiny awaiting their elegant and beautiful child, as pictured by parental admiration upon the dream-land of the future. Ambitious promptings! but not, so rumour hinted, wholly without colour of excuse; for it was said Sir Martin Biddulph had been influenced by other than the ostensible motives he had assigned in breaking up his establishment at Oatlands, and the peremptory condemnation of his favourite nephew and heir to an exploring expedition through the fastnesses and wilds of Great Britain and Ireland.

However this may be, Sir Martin, albeit a little flustered by the startling manner in which Mr Twynham, the family surgeon and apothecary—for, like most country practitioners, he prepared the medicaments he prescribed—spoke of the climate of Jamaica, and its generally fatal effect upon gentlemen of full habit of body, he persisted in his resolution of ascertaining the condition of his West India property with his own eyes. Mr Twynham, a man of education and considerable ability in his profession, whom an early, imprudent marriage, with its usual accompaniments of numerous children in bibs and pinafores, imperatively forbade to venture on a higher and more speculative range of practice than the neighbourhood of Oatlands afforded, was of course anxious not to lose so important a client as the baronet; and this, Sir Martin comforted himself with reflecting, gave a twist to his opinions upon yellow fever, that deprived them of much of the consideration they would otherwise have been entitled to.

Two years passed away—years of war, of apparently interminable strife and bloodshed, and, as regarded Great Britain, of alternate exultation and dismay; while the nations of the continent, stunned and writhing beneath the drums, tramplings, victories of the great conqueror of the age, as yet saw no hand sufficiently powerful stretched forth to rescue them from the iron bondage by which they were enthralled: years, necessarily—as indeed the wrinkled brow, restless eye, and thin gray locks of Robert Oakley amply testified—of fearful agitation, or rather convulsion on the British Stock Exchange; hot, stifling years, which appeared to have withered up all of healthful life which God had breathed into his nostrils. Still, the infatuated man, though surrounded by the ruins which cumbered that burning, heaving soil, toiled on as eagerly as ever at his house of sand—hoping, insensate dreamer! that the unrespecting hurricane would, whoever else suffered wreck, spare him!

Sir Martin Biddulph found that the profitable duty he had undertaken required, for its thorough and lasting completion, a much longer sojourn in Jamaica than he had anticipated; and although his last letters intimated fears that his health was beginning to give way beneath the deleterious effects of the climate, no definite time as yet seemed fixed upon for his return. His nephew and presumptive heir, Mr Francis Severn, had, however, contrived to finish *his* appointed task in considerably less time than his uncle had calculated or imagined, and was now returned from his enforced pilgrimage to Oatlands; wonderfully improved, in the opinion of the country-side, not in health only, but in manly comeliness of personal appearance. His old taste for field-sports had, it seemed, been rather sharpened than dulled by his long absence from his uncle's well-stocked covers; for he was up and off with his dogs and gun long before daybreak on the morning after his arrival; or was it, perchance, the sylvan splendour of the scene which awaited him as he merged from Hopeburn Coppice that had attracted his steps so early abroad? Possibly; for rarely, indeed, is the sombre veil of night uplifted from a view more enchanting in its varied beauty than that which the calm new-risen sun was, as he gazed, tinging with golden light. The solitary house on the brow of the hill, which, beneath the spiritual radiance of the stars, appeared an indistinct mass of pale light and chequered shade, became rapidly defined in outline and in colour: valley, hedgerow, hillside, sent up their winged choristers to heaven; peasants issued from the nestling cottages, of which the smoke was seen curling above the surrounding belt of forest-trees; girls, whose fresh cheeks the accustomed morning sun kissed with rude health, drove forth kine to pastures sparkling with dew; and life awoke in valley, hill, and river!

'I doubt,' said an active, middle-aged person, who had approached Mr Severn unperceived—'I doubt, sir, that you have seen anything more truly beautiful in all your two years' wanderings?'

'*More* beautiful!' exclaimed the young man mechanically, or rather impulsively—'*more* beautiful'—— He checked himself, and wresting his gaze from the house on the hill, turned half round, and said, colouring slightly as he spoke, 'You are early abroad this morning, Mr Twynham.'

'It is many years, Mr Severn, since I had the choice of my own time of rising: I have been out these two hours, and am now returning home. I was remarking on the singular beauty of the landscape.'

'True—true; very charming indeed: trees, cows, milkmaids, and so forth. Pray, Mr Twynham,' he added hesitatingly, and with a heightened colour, 'have you seen our friends of Beech Lodge lately?'

'Which of them?'

'Mr and Mrs Oakley of course; and—and'——

'Harry Neville? He is second officer on board the *Calcutta*, and will not be home for some months.'

'Truly, but'——

'Or is it, perchance, Deborah the housemaid you are anxious about? because'——

'Pooh! You are in one of your satirical moods this morning, Mr Twynham; and as I am not in the vein for banter, I must bid you good-by.'

'I was never more disposed to be serious—sad, I was about to say, my young friend,' said Mr Twynham, laying his hand upon Mr Severn's shoulder, and gently detaining him; 'for I have been watching with painful interest the absorbed, abstracted gaze you have for some time directed towards Beech Lodge. Absence has not, I fear, sufficed to check, much less subdue, your passion for the beautiful Alice?'

'You fear! You, who know Miss Oakley, *fear* that I have not grown indifferent—cold!'——

'You must permit me to speak on this subject with my old freedom, Mr Severn,' replied the surgeon. 'It is a singular, and it may be a fortunate chance (since you, I know, believe that Sir Martin's objections are not insuperable, and so do I) for this young girl—beautiful, amiable, well-educated, as everybody must admit her to be—to have so deeply charmed the heir to so many fertile acres.'

'Nothing, one would suppose, should appear more natural,' replied Mr Severn; 'unless, indeed, you hold heirship to fertile acres to be necessarily incompatible with correct taste and perfect eyesight.'

'And yet I know not,' continued Mr Twynham in a musing tone: 'this fortune, gold, power, the idol—by whatever name it may be called—before which the great, as well as little world, bows down so abjectly, is too frequently, I fear, a false-promising god. These unequal marriages, especially,' he added with graver emphasis, 'seldom bring lasting happiness to either party. A brief season of bewildering enthusiasm; and then the divine statue which, in the warm light and dawn of love, gave forth entrancing melody, remaining dumb, or yielding but harsh dissonance when swept over by the cold breath of chilled and sated passion, the disenchanted Memnon-idol is too late discovered to be mere ordinary potter's clay, and utterly unworthy the sacrifice made for its possession.'

'Upon my word, Mr Twynham,' rejoined Mr Severn with some heat, 'you are extremely classical and eloquent to-day; but as I am in too cheerful a mood this glorious morning to listen to grave homilies, however prettily composed, perhaps you will have the goodness to reserve the remainder of your discourse for a sadder and more appropriate hour. *En attendant*, I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good-day.'

He hastened off at a pace which speedily brought him within a few yards of the residence of the Oakleys, where he paused, disappointed and out of breath. Half-way up the hill he had doffed his hat, in delighted recognition of the beautiful Alice, whose silken tresses, waving with golden light, gleamed, unless his eyes deceived him, from amidst the green foliage which enframed the windows of the sitting-room. His eyes *had* deceived him; the golden tresses were but sun-rays reflected from the polished glass and glittering leaves. Alice must be aware, he thought, of his return, and might have known he would be early past her dwelling. Was it forgetfulness, caprice, change, that withheld her from appearing? He walked many times round the house, and at length, his patience thoroughly exhausted, and, moreover, considerably ruffled in temper, whistled his dogs together, and was turning to depart, when his quick ear caught the lifting of a sash, and a low, sweet voice exclaimed in the prettiest accent of surprise imaginable, 'So early abroad, Mr Severn!' He was in an instant beneath the casement; but the lady being summoned from within, the

colloquy was necessarily a brief one; yet eloquent withal, if one might judge by the bright blush which lit up the fair girl's charming countenance, and which was *not* caused by the bouquet of fresh roses held fan-wise in her hand; for it retained its crimson radiance long after the flowers—too loosely held, it seemed—had fallen from her hand, and been caught and placed with graceful gallantry in Mr Severn's bosom. He slowly withdrew, and lingeringly pursued his path in search of sport, or what at least should have been sport; but which this morning, at all events, seemed to prove anything but pleasant pastime. He missed every shot, to the great surprise and scandal of his dogs, which made no allowance for the disturbing influences of a heightened pulse and preoccupied brain. So unsuccessful, and so uninteresting was the pursuit, that Mr Severn had just decided on returning to Oatlands, calling in of course at Beech Lodge as he passed—perhaps breakfasting there, as he used formerly sometimes to do—when his sportsman propensities were stimulated into momentary activity by the sight of a splendid covey flying past, far out of reach of shot, and settling down in an adjoining field. Hastily, carelessly, he broke through the intervening hedge, dragging his gun by the end of the barrel after him, when some obstruction, a twig probably, caught one of the triggers, and the charge of a barrel was lodged in his shoulder, inflicting a frightful wound. He was conveyed to Oatlands by some labourers who had witnessed the accident; and fever supervening after the operation of extracting the shot, he lay for many days in great danger, though unconscious of it, as well as of that which, known, would have done much to assuage the pain and grief of the wound—so inconsistent is the selfishness of love—the distraction and agony of mind evinced by Alice Oakley when she heard of the, to her represented, *fatal* accident that had befallen him; revealing a state of mind which maidenly reserve had hitherto concealed, or at least left him in some doubt of. It was, however, reported to him, though imperfectly, on his partial recovery; and had the effect of bringing about an immediate *éclaircissement* with Alice and her parents; the issue of which was, that Mr Severn was accepted as the future husband of Alice, subject to the approval of Sir Martin Biddulph; to whom his nephew immediately wrote, depicting in glowing colours the fervour and invincibility of his passion, and the innumerable perfections of the object of it; and imploring the baronet's consent to a union on which, the young gentleman declared, not only his peace, but his very life depended. This done, the lovers awaited in apprehensive hope, and with the best patience they could exercise, a reply involving, according to their opinion and feelings, such tremendous issues.

With the same mail went out a letter to the baronet from Mr Twynham the surgeon. This gentleman, either really apprehensive of a fatal result in Mr Severn's weak state, should an adverse reply be returned, or, which seems most likely, influenced by a desire to serve his old friends the Oakleys, quite as much as by regard for the heir of Oatlands, impressed upon Sir Martin the necessity of according a favourable response to his nephew's prayer; otherwise, Mr Twynham seriously declared, he anticipated the worst results. The anxiety felt by Mr Severn certainly materially retarded his recovery, for the four months which intervened between the despatch of his letter and the baronet's reply had failed of restoring

him to his former health and vigour. 'Hey-day!' exclaimed Mr Twynham as he called at Oatlands one afternoon on his customary visit, and found Mr Severn earnestly engaged in the perusal of freshly-arrived letters and papers—'Hey-day, Mr Severn—the medicines that have lighted up those but yesterday pale cheeks and doubting eyes with health and hope never came from my laboratory, I'll be sworn. You have news, I am sure, from Sir Martin?'

'My dear Twynham,' exclaimed Mr Severn, gaily jumping up from his chair, and heartily shaking the surgeon's hand, 'you are the best fellow in the world. Here is a letter from my dear excellent uncle, fully consenting to my union with Alice, chiefly moved thereto, he says with his usual amiable jocularity, by the same motive that induced Beatrice to wed Benedict—"upon great compulsion, and partly to save my life, as he had heard —and from better authority than my own—that I was likely to die of a consumption."' The congratulatory mirth of the two gentlemen upon the success of their conspiracy was unbounded, especially as Sir Martin gave *carte blanche* as to the *time* the nuptials must take place, hinting that he should not be displeased if an early mail brought him news of the marriage. Somewhat private and unostentatious it should be, Sir Martin added, as the festivities could be adjourned till his arrival, which he hoped would not be long delayed.

'One would not needlessly sadden the joy of the young people by the expression of sinister forebodings!' mentally exclaimed the surgeon as he left Oatlands on his return home; 'but I am greatly mistaken if the kind, generous-hearted baronet does not feel a strong misgiving that his days are numbered, and is therefore anxious that the wedding should take place before intelligence of his death arrived to forbid its celebration for a long time to come. A better, more gentler-minded man than Sir Martin never, I think, breathed.'

Bowed, haggard, panic-stricken, utterly unable longer to conceal—practised as he had become in dissimulation—the frightful emotion which convulsed him, Mr Robert Oakley hastened about noon, on a bright day of sunshine in the ensuing spring, from the distracting Babel of the Stock Exchange to the silence and concealment of his counting-house. 'Ruin—ruin!' he frantically muttered as he strode wildly up and down the room; 'blank, utter, irretrievable ruin! Fortune, character—all—all gone! Fool —idiot that I have been, to spend my strength for that which is not bread! to have schemed, toiled, fretted an anxious life away only to reap in premature old age dust and bitter ashes—scorn, contempt, contumely, destitution. Well!' he almost screamed, pausing in his disordered walk as the door opened and admitted the person of Thomas Hardy, whose bloated countenance wore a half-dismayed, half-insolent look—'well! Is there any hope that this dreadful panic will abate? Speak, will you? What do men say now?'

'That consols will be at least two per cent. lower by settling-day, from which only forty-eight hours now divide us. You and I know what that means in the present very delightful state of the affairs of this house.'

'It means destruction—ruin—shame! My daughter's fortune, besides large sums belonging to Sir Martin Biddulph, all gone—lost—swallowed

up in the infernal vortex! Devil!' he shouted, turning with sudden fierceness upon his associate—'devil! to what an accursed pass have your plans and machinations brought me!'

'*My* plans and machinations!' replied Hardy with brutal, defying insolence. 'Did you suppose for a moment that *all* speculations would prove as *certainly* profitable as that of the *Three Sisters*?'

'Taunting villain!' exclaimed Oakley, literally foaming with impotent rage, 'is this a time to insult—to trample on me?'

'Well, perhaps not. But come, old fellow, it's of no use snivelling. Something must be *done*, and quickly too, or the ship will be on the breakers; and as I'm a passenger, I'd rather not.'

'What can be done that has not already been attempted? What expedient, what device, can you suggest that has not been tried and failed—miserably failed?'

'Much can still be done, I tell you, if you are the same man you were on the day you met the pilot in the Isle of Wight.'

'Would I were—would I were! It was then I lost myself: then began the swift descent at the end of which lies ruin. But regrets will not recall the past: as she said, those fatal hours cannot be rendered back to us.'

'True enough—but the present at least is our own; and on it, if you have not become a mere drivelling dotard, a splendid future may be built up, for all that's come and gone yet; and luckily here comes a gentleman very heartily disposed, or I am much mistaken, to aid in the good work.'

As he spoke, Mr James Conway entered; and Hardy, who had evidently expected him, instantly rose, and locked the door of the counting-house.

The new-comer was scarcely more than thirty years of age, but long, habitual indulgence in evil courses had already dried up the fresh springs of life, and smitten his still youthful frame with incipient weakness and decay. A mournful wreck he seemed, with just sufficient traces left of what he had been to enable men to measure the depth and extent of his fall and degradation. He appeared to be greatly excited, and both voice and manner indicated extreme and painful emotion.

'Well, Hardy,' he said, as soon as he had taken a seat, 'have you spoken to Mr Oakley of our proposition?'

'No. I thought it would come with more effect from you.'

'What have you to say, young man?' demanded Oakley. 'What is your business here?'

'To serve you, because only by doing so I can effectually serve myself. You perceive I am candour itself.'

'It appears so. Go on.'

'You will not be surprised to hear that through my intimacy with Hardy I am thoroughly acquainted with the present disastrous state of your affairs—that I know you are, in fact, on the brink of utter ruin.'

'Plunged in—overwhelmed, no hope, no friendly plank to grasp at!' moaned his unfortunate auditor, wringing his withered hands; 'blank, total, irredeemable ruin!'

'That your daughter Caroline's fortune,' continued Conway, as if exulting in the anguish of the wound which he was probing to the quick, 'has been spent without her knowledge; and that, should the present down-

ward tendency of the funds continue till settling-day, now only forty-eight hours distant, the differences on your enormous time-bargains will sweep away every shilling you possess, leaving you a defaulter to Sir Martin Biddulph to the tune of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds—a clear breach of trust, to say nothing of other but less pressing obligations.'

'True—true! Would I were in my grave!'

'So would not I, at least for the present; but now to real business. I can save you!'

'You?'

'I. In the first place, I have to inform you that my uncle, Sir Martin Biddulph, is dead. The news has just arrived.'

'Dead! Are you positive?'

'Quite. The fever carried him off at Port Royal a few days before his intended embarkation; and, moreover, my amiable cousin, his heir, according to the will left in your custody, has arrived in Berkeley Square with his recently-wedded bride.'

'You astound me. I had not heard that he was about to marry. Who is the lady?'

'I do not know: a mere nobody, I believe, but a very charming person notwithstanding. I had heard nothing about the marriage which he intimated, but I doubt whether it had my uncle's full approbation—till this morning, when he sent for me to acquaint me with Sir Martin's decease. The lucky heir is a sharp hand you will find. I happened to mention that I was coming here, and he bade me say that he should call upon you to-morrow—of course to arrange and settle his "little account."'

'It needed but this!' groaned Oakley, pallid with fear, and shaking with uncontrollable terror—'it needed but this!'

'Now to the point: I am, as you must be aware, according to the English law of succession, Sir Martin's heir; but my rightful claim is barred, superseded, by the will in your possession'——

'Ha!'

'Hardy and I have talked this matter quietly over; and here, in a word, are my terms. They are, I think, liberal, considering that the transaction involves, as you will see, no possible risk. Burn that will in my presence, and I not only forgive the debt to the estate, but will assure you a sum sufficient to enable you to surmount all your difficulties!'

Oakley started to his feet, as if bitten by a serpent, and glared with breathless excitement at the tempter. 'How—how,' he at length gasped —'how dare you propose robbery—felony—to—to me?'——

'Stuff, man! Is it a greater robbery to restore his inheritance to a rightful heir, than to make such charming bargains as gentlemen who stand much better upon 'Change than you will do in a day or two, frequently effect by the aid of carrier-pigeons and other ingenious devices? —more of a felony than that of the *Three Sisters?* Come, come; this is indeed the devil turned precisian!'

Robert Oakley sat down without speaking, and leaning his face, covered with his hands, on a desk, effectually concealed the workings of his countenance.

'Miss Caroline Oakley's future husband,' continued Conway; 'Mr Neville—some sort of relative of yours, is he not?'

'Yes,' said Hardy, answering for his principal; 'a kind of nephew-in-law.'

'Well, he has arrived in England: I met him in Berkeley Square. It is probable his ship touched at Jamaica, and that he brought some intelligence concerning Sir Martin. I overheard him say, in reply to an invitation to dinner, that he was going to Hampstead this evening. He, too, as your daughter is just of age, will doubtless be for contracting marriage at once, and will thus acquire a right to put awkward questions concerning a certain vanished legacy. Really you will have your hands full unless you at once close with me.'

'The will,' said Oakley, partially looking up, and speaking in a low, shaking voice—'the will is at Hampstead with my private papers. I took it there to—to look at it.'

'Ha! then this charming scheme of mine, or one something like it, is not altogether unfamiliar to that plotting brain?'

'No—no; you mistake: curiosity merely—nothing else. You had better be there—you and Hardy—about eight o'clock. Neville will be gone; or if not, it will be of no great consequence.'

'Bravo! this is something like! We will be punctual, depend upon it. Come, Hardy, a bottle or two of wine to the success of the rightful heir will not be amiss just now. Good-day, Mr Oakley. "Facilis descensus Averni,"' he muttered with a triumphant sneer as he gained the street; 'or, as our fighting neighbours better express it, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." I thought his facile virtue would not prove obstinately squeamish.'

The excitement produced by the day's events, and especially by the foregoing conversation, and the villanous conclusion to which it pointed, had such an effect on the appearance of Mr Oakley, that on his arrival at his suburban domicile at Hampstead, his daughter, who seemed unusually light of heart, apprehended that he was seriously ill, and suggested that medical advice should be immediately summoned.

'No, Cary, no: a little excited by the panic in the money-market, which will not, however, much affect me; so you need not look so alarmed—that's all. I shall soon be better. Neville, I hear, has arrived. Have you seen him?'

'No, papa; but I have just received a note from him stating that he will be detained in London rather late, and will not, consequently, be here quite so early as he expected. He adds,' continued the graceful and amiable girl with a brilliant blush, 'that he has not only an important favour to ask, but great and pleasing news to communicate.'

The father sighed; and observing that he had dined in the city, ordered wine and some dessert to be taken into his private room, and a fire to be lighted. He soon afterwards retired there.

At the hour appointed, Mr James Conway, accompanied by Hardy, arrived. They found Mr Oakley literally surrounded by papers, which he appeared to have commenced sorting. Conway glanced sharply round, but no parchment or paper resembling a will met his view.

Mr Oakley, as it was growing dark, ordered candles to be brought in; and this done, and his visitors helped to a glass of wine, of which it was quite evident he had himself been drinking freely, for the purpose, doubt-

less, of sustaining his fainting courage, conversation in a subdued tone forthwith commenced.

'I find,' said Oakley, 'that the exact sum in which I am indebted to Sir Martin Biddulph's estate is twenty-four thousand seven hundred pounds. Should a further decline of but one per cent. take place in consols before settling-day, and you know it is anticipated that the fall will be even greater than that, the differences I shall be called upon to pay will amount to about the same sum, a little more perhaps. These immediately pressing demands provided for, I may, I think, recover.'

'A thumping sum, upon my word!' observed Conway.

'A mere trifle when weighed against estates said to be worth upwards of fifteen thousand a year, besides immense personals in family plate, furniture, jewels, and funded cash.'

'Well, well; I am not disposed to be churlish. Anything else?'

'There is Caroline's fortune, which I shall require some assistance to repay: the understanding of course is, that you are to help me completely through my difficulties: partial, insufficient help would merely defer the evil day.'

'I promised to do so certainly; though the price to be paid for such an easy, safe piece of service appears an enormous one. However, my word is my bond; and now, where is the will?'

'Here,' replied Oakley, taking it out of the table-drawer nearest him. Conway's eyes flashed triumphantly, and he made a motion as if to snatch the precious document out of Oakley's trembling hands.

'Stay — stay!' cried the stockbroker, starting back: 'I must have security first that you will perform your engagement.'

'Security!' echoed Conway, gazing with bewildered surprise first at Oakley and then at Hardy. 'What does he mean?'

'That you must put our agreement in writing,' said Oakley with a cunning maudlin leer.

'Oh, is that all? Hand me a pen, and I will do it instantly.'

He scribbled out an undertaking to the effect agreed upon, and handed it to Oakley.

'That will do then?'

'Yes; and yet I am still really trusting to your honour: this agreement could not be legally enforced, could not even be produced.'

'Perhaps not: still, it would give you the means of exposing me, and you do not suppose I should be idiot enough to provoke you to do that?'

'True, you would not certainly. Here it is then.'

Conway seized the will with eager triumph, glanced rapidly over it, to make sure that he was not duped, thrust it with furious glee into the fire, and pressed his boot upon it, as if crushing some living, detested enemy, till it was thoroughly consumed. 'Hurra!' he shouted, carried away by excitement. 'Now, Cousin Francis, I have you on the hip!'

'Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, or the servants will hear you,' exclaimed Oakley, who had looked on at the consummation of the crime in pallid terror.

After arranging with Oakley for the next day's course of action, Conway and his associate took their leave, and the trembling conspirator was alone with his pale fears. He gazed, after a while, with a kind of simpering

satisfaction at the document Conway had drawn up and signed, and was folding it up, when the voice of an itinerant vender of news loudly announcing a second edition of the 'Courier' 'with full and authentic particulars of a great victory obtained by the most noble the Marquis of Wellington over the French armies in Spain,' struck his ear. He sprang up in wild surprise to purchase the journal containing intelligence so certain to send up the funds, the only effect in regard to which the national triumphs had for years appeared joyful or glorious to him; and in so doing, he heedlessly overturned one of the candles amongst his papers, and, without noticing what he had done, rushed out of the apartment, closing the door behind him. He speedily procured the newspaper, and turned to regain his room, when the fresh air taking effect upon the large and altogether unusual quantity of wine he had taken, caused him to turn giddy, sick, and he would have fallen had he not leaned against the wall of the passage for support. Partially recovering for a moment, and conscious that bed, under such circumstances, was the best place for him, he groped his way up stairs, reached his chamber, and the instant he entered it, fell prostrate on the floor in a state of insensibility.

About a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Caroline Oakley, who was sitting alone in the little front drawing-room, awaiting with some impatience the delayed arrival of her affianced husband, was suddenly startled by a cry of 'fire! fire!' from the servants below, who, the kitchen being at the back of the house, had not, it afterwards appeared, become aware of the conflagration till all chance of arresting its progress was out of the question. 'Fire! fire!' Miss Oakley sprang up, ran to the door, and to her infinite terror found that the lower rooms were in a blaze of flame, which already threw its forky tongues across the staircase leading to the landing where she stood. The papers strewed on the table and about the floor of Mr Oakley's private room had been ignited by the candle she had heedlessly overturned, and as the apartment was full of other easily-combustible material, and the oak panelling which separated it from the passage was as dry as tinder, the fire had spread with almost inconceivable rapidity. Miss Oakley had on a light muslin frock, and to attempt to pass, or even approach the flames in such a dress, would be, she felt, instant destruction. She hastened in wild terror up stairs to her bedroom, and with fingers that almost refused their office, attempted to substitute a thick cloth pelisse for the light clothing she unfortunately had on. Time seemed to fly with bewildering rapidity; while the shouts and cries outside the house, and the crackling and glare of the flames within, increased in violence and intensity with every passing moment: presently a thick, stifling smoke rapidly filled the chamber, impeding still more her trembling efforts; and when at last she had accomplished the change of dress, and groped her way to the door, she found it locked! Distraction! It flashed across her that on entering she had closed and locked the door, as if to exclude some pursuing, living enemy—but the key, where could she have placed *that?* She eagerly groped on the bed, the dressing-table, the drawers—nowhere could she find it. She felt that her senses were rapidly leaving her, when a well-known voice calling wildly upon her name caught her ear. She uttered a piercing scream, and again attempted to reach the door. To burst in the frail lock, to seize her in his arms, wrap

her securely in the thick counterpane he tore off the bed, and bear her swiftly down the flaming stairs, was, for the athletic young seaman who had so opportunely arrived, scarcely more than the work of a minute.

Once in the open air, her fainting spirits rallied; and after one glance of infinite gratitude and tenderness towards her deliverer, she looked eagerly round, and exclaimed, 'My father—where is he?' No one had seen him. The servants, who had got out of the house by the back way uninjured, said that as they knew he had been in the room where the fire broke out, they thought he must have escaped the first. 'No—no—no!' exclaimed Miss Oakley; 'I heard him ascend the stairs more than a quarter of an hour since, and go into his bedroom. Oh, Harry!' she continued with passionate intreaty, 'save him! save my father from so dreadful — so horrible a death!' A warm pressure of the hand answered her, and Neville was starting forward to fulfil her behest, when a fireman grasped his arm and held him back.

''Twould be madness, young man. The old-fashioned, panelled-built house is burning like a match. In another minute the lower stairs will fall in, and the roof soon afterwards. Do not needlessly throw away your life.'

Neville paused: the building was thoroughly enveloped in flames, which were bursting through every window, both front and back. At the instant a wild, despairing cry, a shriek of intense and desperate agony, arose from out the blazing house. The intrepid seaman needed no further urging. He shook off the fireman's friendly grasp, drew his hat down to protect his eyes as much as possible, and the next instant disappeared within the flaming pile amidst the shouts of the admiring spectators. Fighting desperately with the fire, scorched, bruised, blackened, he at length gained the upper landingplace, and, guided by the cries of the terrified man, soon had him in his arms—his attenuated frame was scarcely so heavy as Caroline's —and was again descending the stairs. In vain! The vehement flame beat him back. A moment, and the lower stair fell in, and he could scarcely save himself by springing back and catching at the upper banisters. What was to be done? There was still a chance for himself, by dropping down whilst the sudden falling of the stair momently stifled the flames; but the poor moaning wretch in his arms!—could he abandon him? He remembered there was a window looking out on the sloping roof. He swiftly gained it, and a loud shout from the people below greeted his appearance at the aperture. 'A ladder!' he exclaimed; 'there is a chance yet if you only bear a hand.' Twenty persons started off in quest of ladders, and Neville drew himself and his burthen as quickly as possible through the narrow casement. The tiled roof was so sharply sloped, that it was impossible to stand or walk upon it, and he stretched himself down on his back, with his feet reaching to the eaves, still holding the terrified and helpless man in his arms. The heat of the tiles singed his clothes, and he felt that his chance of life was rapidly becoming desperate. At length a ladder was brought, and raised against the house.

'Just under the edge of the roof,' cried the young man; 'I must slide through that flame.'

'Ay, ay,' was the prompt response.

Neville felt for the ends of the ladder with his feet. 'All right! Now, hold firm at the foot. Cling close to me, Mr Oakley,' he added,

'and bury your face as much as possible in my waistcoat. I must have both my arms at liberty. Now then!' With a powerful effort he pushed himself, as it were, over the edge of the roof, slid, as only sailors can, swiftly down the ladder, and safely reached the ground. The hurras of the spectators mingled with the crash of the falling roof. The delay of another minute must have been inevitably fatal.

Mr Robert Oakley awoke late the next day with a strange sensation of pain and weakness, confusion of mind as well as illness of body; whilst mingling with, and dominating all, was a dull, aching sense of having lent himself to the commission of a dreadful offence, upon which, during the age of terror he had passed when environed by what appeared impassable walls of fire, he had thought the All-seeing God had passed and executed immediate judgment. That brave young man too, who had rescued him from the devouring flame at the imminent hazard of his own life—Caroline's future husband—a union sanctioned, blessed by the dying prayers of an angel now in heaven—he also would be robbed—— No, that money, he remembered, was to be devoted to—to——no matter: he was strangely confused this morning; besides, had not Conway promised—— Ah! but would he keep his promise, now that—— The current of his darkening thoughts was checked by the entrance of his daughter. She looked charmingly: unusual gaiety danced in her eyes, and her step appeared to have all at once recovered the elastic buoyancy of her young days before her mother was withdrawn from her. 'A letter for you, papa. It was sent to the city; but as it was marked "immediate," and "very important," Danby thought it better to send it here.' Mr Oakley and his daughter, I should have stated, had obtained temporary lodgings the previous evening in the Hampstead neighbourhood.

'"Immediate" and "very important,"' said Oakley; 'who can it be from, I wonder?'

'Here are your spectacles: read it; and when you have done, I have such joyful tidings for you.'

'Joyful tidings for *me!*' exclaimed the conscience-burdened man with sad emphasis.

'For you—for me—for all of us! You have often heard me speak of my Cousin Alice, beautiful Alice, dear Harry's sister?'

'Yes, very often: but what of her?'

'Only that she is—— But first read your letter.'

'Do you read it for me, Caroline; my eyes seem dim, and I feel confused here.' He touched his forehead with his hand.

'You have not yet recovered from the terror of last night, papa. Harry, who brought me the good news this morning, is not well either: he is a good deal scorched and bruised.'

'Brave, excellent young man! But read, Cary, read.'

'How odd!' she exclaimed the instant she had broken the seal. 'From the very person I was at the moment thinking of. It is dated from Berkeley Square, and states that Mr Severn desires you to call there at four o'clock to-day, and bring Sir Martin Biddulph's will with you, as he has had a strange visit from a Mr Conrad—no; Con—Con—I cannot well make out the name.'

'Conway!' suggested her father with a suppressed groan.

'Yes, Conway, who is to call again at that hour. You will go of course, papa?'

'Yes; it is essential that I should.'

'Then you had better get up at once: I shall go with you.'

'You go with me! What, in Heaven's name, for?'

'You will know, dear papa, when you get there,' replied the joyous girl, kissing his forehead, and tripping lightly away. She stopped with the half-opened door in her hand, and looking back, said with merry archness, 'You know, I daresay, that Mr Severn is married; but you don't know who the Lady of Oatlands is—not yet, but you shall presently, if you are a good boy.' She vanished, and her gay laugh rang jocundly along the passage, as she hurried off to order a coach, and prepare herself for the ride to Berkeley Square.

'Lady of Oatlands!' murmured Oakley, as he got out of bed. 'What can she mean? Some foolish jest, I suppose. Dear me, I seem strangely giddy and bewildered. The fire—the fire, no doubt; and now I think of it, what so natural as that the will should have been burned with other papers and documents then—to be sure; and yet,' he added with a confused look, and mechanically rubbing his forehead, 'that is not, I think, what we agreed to say. Let me see. Lady of Oatlands!' he continued, wandering again. 'She was speaking just before of Neville's sister, my brother Richard's child, Alice: surely she could not mean—— No—no; that—that would be too deep damnation!' He shook like an aspen at the thought that had arisen in his mind, and caught wildly at the bedpost for support. With difficulty he dismissed the idea as improbable and absurd; and hurrying his preparations, by the time Caroline returned, had finished his toilet, and was ready to set out.

'Now then, papa, the coach is at the door. Must we go to the city for the will? It is full late already.'

'No, dear—no; I will explain. There is no occasion to go to the city.'

Both were so entirely absorbed by the quick thoughts which glanced in swift succession through their minds—his, indistinct, gloomy, terrible, as Night and Fear; hers, light and joyous as flowers waving in the fragrant breath of golden summer—that no word was spoken by either till they arrived in Berkeley Square.

'Here we are, papa!' exclaimed Miss Oakley, arousing her father from his dull reverie.

He slowly descended from the coach, dismissed it, and leaning heavily on his daughter's arm, entered the magnificent mansion, and was immediately ushered up stairs into the drawing-room.

The company, which rose at their entrance, were, when the servant announced their names, in a state of great, and it seemed painful excitement. The youthful bride, Mrs Severn, was seated between her husband and mother, who each held one of her hands. Her sweet face was flushed and tearful; and an expression of angry surprise, not unmixed with alarm, was visible not only upon Mr Severn's countenance, but on that of Mrs Richard Oakley, whose husband was engaged in earnest, and, as it seemed, agitating conversation with Mr Neville. At a little distance sat Mr Conway, in an ostentatiously-defiant attitude, and insolent expression of

face; beneath which, nevertheless, a person accustomed to note the exterior signs of human emotion could not have failed to detect hot and cold flushes of undefined apprehension flitting to and fro. Hardy, by whom he was accompanied, stood a little behind him, his sinister features wearing their usual callous, God-and-man-defying aspect.

But all this Caroline Oakley heeded not, neither did her father. She only saw her beautiful Cousin Alice; it was more than two years since they had last met, and she speeded with eager fondness to embrace, to congratulate, to lavish on her the joyous tokens of her affectionate, loving admiration and delight. As for Robert Oakley, he saw at first but a mass of faces, menacing, stern at least, he thought, except, indeed, that of his brother—his brother so coldly thrown off, contemned, abandoned, many years before, but who now stepped forward and shook him warmly by the hand as he guided his tottering steps to a chair. What could it all mean? His agitation, his bewilderment, was pitiable. He rose from his chair, and seemed about to cross over to Mr Conway, then sat down again, got up, reseated himself in the blankest confusion and dismay.

'Calm yourself, Mr Oakley,' said Mr Severn. 'This matter will, I have no doubt, be speedily cleared up. You of course received my note?'

'He did,' replied Caroline Oakley, who, puzzled and dismayed by the strange aspect of the circle of faces round her, except, indeed, that of Neville, had rejoined her father. 'We are here in compliance with the request it contained.'

'That being so,' continued Mr Severn with relaxed sternness, 'this strange misapprehension can be at once terminated. The will, sir, which my uncle, Sir Martin Biddulph, left in your custody, and of which I have long known the purport, you of course have brought with you?'

'The will!' murmured Robert Oakley, gazing with a perplexed and terrified expression at the speaker—'the will!'

'Yes, sir; I speak plainly I think. The will of Sir Martin Biddulph, left, as he informed me, with you.'

'Ah yes, I remember,' rejoined the bewildered man, rubbing his forehead, as if to recall some circumstance to memory, and looking fixedly at Mr Conway, who appeared purposely to avoid his gaze. 'The will—it was burned last night in the dreadful fire!'

'Burned!' cried Mr Severn—'burned! Why, this is a new invention! You said just now, Mr Conway, and the person near you confirmed your words, that Mr Oakley declared no will of Sir Martin's had ever been left with him.'

'Precisely; but his intellect seems deranged.'

'Not left with me,' exclaimed Oakley, as if suddenly recalling what to that moment had escaped his memory. 'True—true—not left with me; true, I remember now, that was it.'

'Father! father!' exclaimed Caroline, throwing herself on her knees before him in an ecstasy of agonized apprehension, 'what dreadful meaning lies concealed in your words?'

'Nothing, my child,' he answered, gently raising her. 'Not left with me—no, no—burned, as I told you: how could I help it?'

Exclamations of surprise, rage, and indignation, burst from the lips of his brother and Mr Severn.

'Stay, stay, do not curse me, sir; do not upbraid me, Richard: I will make all right. That girl, that lady, is she your child?'

'Yes, and the wife of the man you have carelessly or wilfully beggared.'

'And did I not hear some one say, as we came along, that the funds had risen three per cent. this morning?'

'They had at two o'clock at all events,' said Hardy soothingly.

'Good; and that lady is your daughter? So, Mr Conway, I shall not want your assistance, and everything will be right again—quite right.' He laughed faintly, and stood up, gazing with a vacant, elated expression upon his auditors. Their stern and indignant looks appeared to recall his wandering mind to a sense of the reality of the scene before him. His filmy eyes lightened with momentary intelligence; he burst into a paroxysm of tears, and threw himself into the arms of his brother, exclaiming, in the last coherent words he ever uttered, 'Forgive me, brother; oh forgive me. I helped to burn the will last night! He, Conway, paid the price of my soul; and I, miserable villain that I am, who killed my wife, have now ruined you, yours, Caroline—all that ever loved or trusted me.' Violent convulsions seized him, and he was borne out of the apartment, followed by his weeping, horror-stricken daughter.

'You hear?' said Mr Severn, addressing Conway.

'I have heard,' replied that person, quickly recovering his momently-faltering hardihood—'I have heard the ravings of a lunatic. You heard him declare a minute before that no will had been left with him. That, no doubt, is the fact.'

'It is all raving nonsense what he says about burning a will last night,' said Hardy with cool effrontery; 'that I can testify.'

'Scoundrel!' exclaimed Mr Severn, pale with passion.

'Never mind, Hardy,' said Conway with triumphant malice; 'losers, you know, are privileged to call names. But it is time this business should be terminated. Either, my sweet, amiable, *virtuous* coz, produce the will you speak of, or, like a sensible fellow, give possession at once to the undoubted heir-at-law. I still adhere to my promise of allowing you a handsome annuity for life—on condition, of course, that my unquestionable right is at once and frankly admitted.'

'I will accept no gift from you,' replied Mr Severn; 'and I will assuredly surrender nothing till I have consulted Sir Martin's solicitor, whom I momently expect.'

'Quite right, coz,' rejoined Conway; 'and if that astute gentleman—Mr Smart, I believe; firm of Smart and Figes—does not long delay his appearance, I can have no objection to your remaining here till he comes'——

This insolent speech, and the angry retort rising to Mr Severn's lips, were both checked by the footman's announcement of 'Mr Smart.'

A very properly-named gentleman indeed; and, moreover, spruce, neat, spotless, as if he had just stepped—powdered hair, pigtail, polished Hessian boots, bottle-green coat, light-flowered waistcoat, gold snuff-box, and all—out of a show-glass. One, too, of the most polite, the most courteous of gentlemen; bland as summer in speech; in action, it was reported, keen as the north wind: a bachelor withal, although a great admirer of the gentler sex, for whom he invariably manifested unbounded respect and deference. He glided courteously round the circle, tendering his compliments or his

augmented annuity proffered by Mr Severn, and sought employment and distinction in the ranks of the British armies then engaged in the terrific struggle with the French legions in Spain. He found both there; and in the bitter fight before Toulouse, the Gazette said, a glorious death. Hardy was never again heard of. He vanished into one of the sinks of society, and doubtless perished there.

The winding-up of the affairs of Mr Robert Oakley, who, it was soon authoritatively declared, had been smitten with permanent lunacy—he had received a heavy blow on the head, it was ascertained, doubtless at the fire—did not, thanks to the rise in the funds, and to the withdrawal of all claims due to the estate of Sir Martin Biddulph, wind up so disastrously as had been anticipated. After discharging all claims, including that directed by the dying commands of her mother to be paid, the large sum of which the firm of Cummings, Brothers had been legally defrauded, Caroline found herself possessed of about £12,000—not a very splendid fortune, but sufficient, with the profits of her gallant, single-minded husband's profession, not only for her own and his moderate wishes, but for the future advantageous placing out of their rather numerous progeny; and for the present help and support of Caroline's God-stricken parent, who, helpless, dejected, utterly crazed, but harmless, passed his days in roaming about the grounds and garden, ever muttering to himself fantastic schemes of aggrandisement by successful speculations in the stock and money markets. He died at the age of fifty-eight, making no sign except that of his life—surely a vivid and instructive one to all who have the will and faculty to read it aright.

Mr Smart's anticipation respecting the baronetcy was very speedily realised; and Sir Francis and Lady Severn, in the enjoyment of their mutual affection, their brilliant fortune and position, might be reckoned amongst the most favoured of mankind. There was no likelihood, either, that this baronetcy would lapse, by failure of heirs in the male line. A very happy woman, doubtless, was Lady Severn, for she was good and amiable as fortunate; but anything like so *proud* a woman as her mother, Mrs Richard Oakley, she assuredly was not, especially when that excellent lady had her quiver full of grandchildren. But it is time to close this somewhat garrulous narrative of long since passed, and, except to a few persons, almost forgotten events; and I perhaps cannot better do so than in the words of Mr Twynham, who frankly admitted—I think it was on the day after the christening of the fourth, perhaps the fifth child—I am not sure which—that 'gentleness, guilelessness, simplicity, beauty, and grace, may insure happiness even in extremely unequal marriages—a truth exemplified in the domestic lives of Sir Francis and Lady Severn.'

'An example, however, which ought not to be set down as a precedent,' said Mr Smart, who was present; and I agree with him.

CARTHAGE AND THE CARTHAGINIANS.

TO us, as the greatest seafaring, commercial, and colonising nation of modern times, no people of antiquity offers so many points of interest as the Phœnicians. Located on a narrow strip of land, lying between the ocean and the ranges of the Lebanon, and forming part of the Syrian coast, in width nowhere exceeding five geographical miles, and in length not above thirty-five, this people, through the sole agency of commerce and navigation, spread their dominion not only over Cyprus and Crete, and the smaller islands of the Archipelago in their more immediate vicinity, but along the shores of the Mediterranean—in Northern Africa, in the islands of Sardinia and Sicily, and in the southern and western parts of Spain. But beyond even these points the trading vessels of the Phœnicians reached shores and established commercial depôts in countries the names and locality of which were unknown to, and by them carefully concealed from, their cotemporaries—as, for instance, the island of Madeira, the coasts of England and Ireland, and the Baltic coasts of Russia. Around Sidon and Tyre, and many other Phœnician cities and colonies, the Old Testament has shed the glowing tints of Oriental phraseology, familiarising us with their splendour and their greatness; but the name of Carthage, the mightiest of the Phœnician colonies, which for a while held in check even the growing power of Rome, belongs to profane history alone.

According to an ancient inscription in the Phœnician language, which says, 'We have fled from the robber Joshua, the son of Nun,' and which was discovered in Numidia A. D. 540, the first Phœnician colonies in Northern Africa must have been founded as early as the year 1490 B.C.—a circumstance which is by no means improbable when we consider that in the book of Joshua Sidon is already mentioned among the mighty princes, and that the Phœnician colonies of Utica, Hadrumetum, Hippo, Leptis, and others, are known to have existed on the northern coast of Africa centuries before Dido there founded the city whose fame was soon to eclipse that of all the older daughters of Sidon and Tyre. According to tradition, Dido or Elissa, with whose name Virgil has taken such strange liberties, was the daughter of a king of Tyre, who, driven away from that city by the cruelty and avarice of her brother Pygmalion, the murderer of her husband, first landed on the coast of Cyprus, accompanied by numbers of her countrymen, of various ranks, who, like her, were flying

from the power of the tyrant; and having there swelled the band of her followers with a priest from the temple of Zeus, and eighty females, who had been devoted to the service of the goddess Astarte, but who became the mothers of the future colony, proceeded thence to the African shores, and landed in the vicinity of Utica. Here Dido, assisted by the inhabitants of the kindred colony, succeeded in obtaining from the Libyans —the African people who held possession of the land—the grant of a certain extent of territory on the shores of the great gulf formed by the promontories of Mercury and Apollo (now Cape Bon and Cape Zibib), for which she agreed to pay a yearly tribute. And here, about the year 878 B.C., and 125 years before the foundation of Rome, she founded the city of Carthage, which soon gave promise of its future greatness. The annual tribute was at first punctually paid. The people of the neighbouring territories were induced, by the offer of great commercial advantages, and of the rights of citizenship, to join the new-comers, and every means for promoting the prosperity of the new settlement so effectually taken, that even during the lifetime of Dido the city had acquired so much importance in the eyes of the neighbouring nations, that the hand of the princess was sought in marriage by a powerful Numidian prince, who threatened to have recourse to violent measures in case his suit were not accepted. To secure the independence of her new-founded city, and to keep her faith to her deceased husband, Dido, acting in accordance with the received opinions of her country, and the principles of her religion, threw herself into the flames of a funereal pyre, which she had ordered to be lighted for her, and was ever after worshipped as a deity by her people.

On a promontory, connected by a narrow isthmus with the mainland, and about fifteen miles distant from Tunes (now Tunis), arose the city of Carthage. On the isthmus, and forming a barrier between the promontory and the continent, was the fortress or castle called Byrsa, situated on a rock, the summit of which was crowned by the temple of Æsculapius, and surrounded by a triple wall, the outermost range of which joined the walls of the city, which had a circumference of about twenty miles. On the north and east the city was bounded by the ocean; on the south by the great lake on which was situated the city of Tunis; and on the western side, which faced the interior, it was defended by a range of cliffs stretching across the isthmus, and which could only be traversed by narrow passes artificially cut in the rock. On the north west the river Bagradas, the present Merdja, fell into the sea, the sands of which have blocked up its ancient mouths, and somewhat altered the conformation of the coast. On the eastern side of the peninsula was the excellent harbour,* formed by an inner and an outer basin; the former of which, called Cothon, was dedicated exclusively to the ships of war, and zealously guarded against the intrusion of foreign vessels. This basin was separated from the outer harbour by a double wall, with only one entrance for admitting the ships, and with sluices to let the water in and out. In the centre, in front of the entrance from the outer basin, was an elevated island, commanding a full view of the ocean. The outer basin, which was open to foreign vessels, was surrounded by fine

* With regard to the exact position of the harbour of Carthage, the different writers on the subject are not wholly in accordance. We have here followed the views adopted by Böttticher in his 'Karthager der Carthager.'

broad quays, at which they unloaded their cargoes; and the entrance, which was seventy feet in width, was like that of the harbour of Tyre in times of need—closed by an iron chain drawn across it. Around the inner basin were situated the naval storehouses and the docks, the latter capable of containing 240 ships of war; and in front of each dock and each magazine, and on the island in the centre of the basin, were erected columns of the Ionic order, which imparted to the whole an air of grandeur and stateliness. The fortified works of Byrsa were of an equally stupendous and magnificent character. Each of the three walls was 60 feet high and 30 feet deep, and at intervals crowned with castles of equal height. Within their depth, and opening on the inner sides of the walls, were large vaults, which served as stables and fodder-magazines for 300 elephants; and above these vaults, also practised in the walls, was similar accommodation for 4000 horses, and barracks for 4000 cavalry and 20,000 foot soldiers. Three streets, formed by houses six storeys high, led from the foot of the fortified hill to that part of the city which surrounded the harbour and enclosed the magnificent temple of Apollo. In the other quarters of the city situated on the northern side of the peninsula, and called Megara, the houses were not so closely built, but were separated from each other by verdant hedges and beautifully-cultivated gardens, the whole comprising a population of 700,000 souls. Such was Carthage in the height of her glory; but to this she attained gradually and slowly, and not always by fair means.

The first attempt at aggrandisement was directed against the Libyans, who had ceded to Dido the territory which the new-built city occupied. The annual tribute, which was at first regularly paid, was withheld as soon as the Carthaginians felt themselves strong enough to maintain their want of faith by strength of arms; and in the wars which ensued in consequence, they succeeded in extending their dominion not only over the territory of the agricultural Libyans in their immediate neighbourhood, but also along the north-eastern coast, as far as the frontiers of the Greek settlement of Cyrene, a territory entirely inhabited by nomade tribes. With the settling of the limits of the Carthaginian territory and that of Cyrene is connected a tradition which records one of the few acts of self-sacrificing heroism relative to the former republic of which posterity has obtained knowledge. A dispute having arisen between the two republics on the subject of their relative limits, it was agreed that two young men should set out at the same time from each city, and that the point at which they met should decide the boundary-line between the two states. The Carthaginians—two brothers named Philani—having made most speed, and thus insured to their countrymen the greatest extent of territory, their antagonists complained of foul play, and refused to abide by the agreement unless the brothers would attest their honesty by the sacrifice of their life. The Philæni consented, and were buried alive on the spot where the meeting had taken place. The Carthaginians erected two altars above their graves, which, under the name of *Aræ Philænorum*—the Altars of the Philæni—ever after marked the boundaries of Carthage towards the east.

In course of time the Carthaginians pushed their conquests further towards the south, so as to embrace all the lands north of the Triton Sea (supposed to be the Shibkah el Low-deah, or Lake of Marks, in the present

from the power of the tyrant; and having there swelled the band of her followers with a priest from the temple of Zeus, and eighty females, who had been devoted to the service of the goddess Astarte, but who became the mothers of the future colony, proceeded thence to the African shores, and landed in the vicinity of Utica. Here Dido, assisted by the inhabitants of the kindred colony, succeeded in obtaining from the Libyans—the African people who held possession of the land—the grant of a certain extent of territory on the shores of the great gulf formed by the promontories of Mercury and Apollo (now Cape Bon and Cape Zibib), for which she agreed to pay a yearly tribute. And here, about the year 878 B.C., and 125 years before the foundation of Rome, she founded the city of Carthage, which soon gave promise of its future greatness. The annual tribute was at first punctually paid. The people of the neighbouring territories were induced, by the offer of great commercial advantages, and of the rights of citizenship, to join the new-comers, and every means for promoting the prosperity of the new settlement so effectually taken, that even during the lifetime of Dido the city had acquired so much importance in the eyes of the neighbouring nations, that the hand of the princess was sought in marriage by a powerful Numidian prince, who threatened to have recourse to violent measures in case his suit were not accepted. To secure the independence of her new-founded city, and to keep her faith to her deceased husband, Dido, acting in accordance with the received opinions of her country, and the principles of her religion, threw herself into the flames of a funereal pyre, which she had ordered to be lighted for her, and was ever after worshipped as a deity by her people.

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importance to her, because through the territories occupied by them was carried on a great part of her trade with the interior of Africa. Through them passed the caravans which brought to Cyrene the wine that Carthage exchanged with this colony for silphium, laudanum, and nard; and through them also passed the caravans which traded with Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and with the countries bordering on Ethiopia, whence the Carthaginians drew supplies of negro slaves, and whence also they derived those precious stones which became known in the countries of the West under the name of Carchedonians. It is even supposed that the Carthaginians, in pursuance of commercial advantages, pushed as far as the river Niger, and that they furnished the negro tribes of this region with salt, from the great salt pits of the desert, in exchange for the ivory and gold dust of their country. Westwards, the dominion and influence of Carthage were less extended, for the nomade nations who inhabited the territories lying in this direction were a fine warlike race, who bravely resisted the encroachments of the Carthaginians, and were much assisted in their resistance by the natural features of their country, which is mountainous, and irrigated by several rather considerable rivers. This people, divided into different tribes, each governed by its own ruler, though never entirely subjugated by Carthage, often entered into intimate alliances with the republic, and sometimes were forced to pay tribute to it. At other times, however, they joined the enemies of Carthage, and Masinissa, king of the Massyli, the tribe which bordered on the Carthaginian territory, contributed almost as much as Rome to the destruction of the republic.

Before Carthage had subjected to herself all the African territories of which mention has just been made, she began to establish colonies in the western islands of the Mediterranean, with a view to securing to herself the exclusive trade in these seas, or at all events such advantages as should place her beyond the competition of the Greeks, Romans, Etruscans, and Massilians, who were all contending for maritime supremacy. Taught by her own experience and that of many of the older Phœnician cities, she had also learned that continental colonies were liable to be subjugated by neighbouring states, or were likely, in the event of their attaining a certain degree of wealth and power, to desire to render themselves independent of the parent state; she therefore looked upon these island settlements as the strongholds of her commercial power, and also as safe outlets for her increasing population; while, independently of such considerations, the fertility of their soil and the rich variety of their products rendered them most valuable acquisitions. Sicily and Sardinia first attracted the attention of the Carthaginians. The latter island was, at the time of the first settlement of the Carthaginian colonies, inhabited by tribes of Grecian and Corsican extraction, who were soon subjugated, and the whole island, with the exception of the mountainous districts in the interior, was brought under the dominion of Carthage. Though more mountainous, Sardinia was not less fertile than Sicily, and in addition to its agricultural riches, which were greatly increased by the skill and industry of the Carthaginian settlers, possessed valuable copper, iron, and silver mines; as also others from which the Carthaginians are supposed to have derived the precious stones with which they carried on so lucrative a trade, and particularly the species called Sardonyx, which was highly

prized in antiquity. In Sicily, the richest and most fertile of the western islands of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians had at a very early period established commercial settlements. With these the Carthaginians immediately entered into commercial relations; but having subsequently founded colonies of their own in the island, they gradually made themselves masters of the kindred colonies also, and extended their sway over as great a part of the island as they could gain possession of, in defiance of the Greek colonies settled in it before their arrival. With these colonies, and more particularly with Syracuse, Carthage maintained for almost two centuries a sanguinary struggle for supremacy in Sicily, and through them also she was brought for the first time into a collision with that republic which was to humble her pride in the dust.

The Balearic Isles, and the other smaller islands in the west of the Mediterranean, where also the Phœnicians had previously established colonies, were likewise seized upon by the Carthaginians, and supplied them to a certain extent with honey, wax, and manufactured goods, and in a lesser degree with oil, wine, and slaves. Corsica, in particular, furnished a considerable number of slaves; Melita (Malta) was prized for its excellent harbours, and the Carthaginians perfected the manufactures for which the island had been celebrated since the foundation of the first Phœnician colonies; Gaulos (Gozzo) also was distinguished for the excellent anchorage which it afforded, and therefore much esteemed as a maritime station; and in this, as in all the other islands, the increased prosperity which was the consequence of the enterprise, industry, and activity of the Carthaginians, made ample returns to the inhabitants for the advantages which their conquerors derived from their possession.

Although Carthaginian colonies were likewise spread over a great part of the continent of Europe, Spain was the only continental country in which they aspired to be more than commercial entrepôts. In this rich land—whence the Phœnicians had, for centuries before the founding of Carthage, drawn, in return for their manufactures, the bars of silver which they exchanged in Arabia Felix for gold, there ten times less in value, and which, again, they disposed of in the countries where gold was most highly prized*—in this rich land, which, besides its mineral treasures, yielded corn, and oil, and wine, and wax, and fine wool in abundance, the Carthaginians endeavoured not only to found emporia, but to gain new provinces. For this purpose they first entered into friendly relations with the kindred colony of Gades (Cadiz), the most important of the early Phœnician settlements in Spain, and which exercised a kind of supremacy over the confederated Phœnician cities in the south-western part of that country; but they do not seem to have conceived the plan of conquering the whole of Spain until after they had lost Sicily and Sardinia, and found themselves engaged in a second war with Rome. That Carthaginian settlements were made on the western shores of Europe also, we have historical authority for believing; but so jealously did this people guard the secrets of their own enterprise—so fearful were they lest others should participate in the benefits of their discoveries—that the names and exact localities of many of these settlements remain unrevealed to this day. From the easier achievement of

* Agartharchides, as quoted by Bochart and Heeren.

establishing colonies on the coasts of Gaul (France) and Italy, they were debarred by the jealousy of the Greeks, the Etruscans, and the Romans, who, bound by commercial treaties with the Carthaginians to desist from trading with the countries in which the latter had established their influence, retaliated by equally prohibitive measures with regard to those countries in which they had themselves acquired a priority of right. But, situated in the centre of the Mediterranean, Carthage spread her power eastward and westward; and as in course of time she came to be almost sole mistress of the sea, even those countries that resisted her endeavours to establish colonies on their coasts, were made to contribute to her prosperity and her greatness, because her fleets alone could furnish them with many of the articles of which they stood in need.

Concerning the maritime trade of Carthage in general, there are more authentic records than concerning her inland trade with Africa; for the port of the capital being open to foreign traders, and a number of Greek merchants having, in consequence, settled in the city, the secrets of this trade could not so easily be kept, and the knowledge was probably transmitted through them to the Greek writers, to whom we are chiefly indebted for all we know concerning the history of Carthage. The extent of her colonies in some measure affords an insight into the extent of her navigation; but besides these countries, her ships visited the coast of Guinea, and most probably the British Isles and the coasts of Prussia, and a lively maritime trade was likewise carried on with Tyre and other Phœnician cities; as also with Cyrene and Alexandria, and with some cities of Gaul: but with no people was the commercial intercourse of the Carthaginians so animated as with the Romans and Etruscans, and all the other inhabitants of the countries washed by the western waters of the Mediterranean. The staple articles of the carrying trade of the Carthaginians were partly the raw produce of their African and other colonies, as also of the interior of Africa, and of those distant lands which their ships alone visited, and partly their own manufactures and those of their colonies. Libya and Sardinia furnished them with immense quantities of grain, with which they supplied the Romans. To Rome also they disposed of the pomegranates—which among the Romans bore the name of Punic Apples—and of the figs for which the Carthaginian territory was so famous. Wine and oil they carried to the western coasts of Africa, and also to Cyrene; and as their own possessions did not furnish these articles in sufficient quantities, they drew additional supplies from Italy and the Greek settlements in Sicily. The dates and the lotos fruit, from the countries bordering on the two Syrtes, as well as the excellent fruits of the Balearic islands, also formed articles of Carthaginian commerce; and the silphium, the laudanum, the nard, the salt, the ivory, the gold, and the precious stones already mentioned, were not only consumed by themselves, but by them distributed through all the countries with which they traded. To the articles already enumerated must be added alum from the island of Lepara, probably iron from the mines of Athalia (Elba), and tin from the British Isles—the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands of the ancients, being generally understood to have been the same as the Scilly Isles off the coast of Cornwall, whither, an ancient Greek writer relates, the Britons brought great wagon-loads of tin to be shipped on board the Carthagi-

nian vessels. Around their trade with amber, which was also numbered among their articles of commerce, still greater obscurity reigns; and it remains doubtful whether they really resorted to the shores of the Baltic for this precious gum (which, like all fragrant gums and spices which served for burnt-offerings to the gods, was highly prized by the ancients), or whether they obtained it indirectly through the Britons. Among the manufactured goods with which they traded, fictile and iron wares, Egyptian linen, and the beautiful products of the looms of Carthage and her colonies, deserve especial mention. The latter bore so high a character in antiquity, that a Greek named Palemon wrote a book upon the subject; and the dyes of Carthage are also said to have exceeded in beauty even those of Sidon and Tyre. In addition to the many articles which we have here mentioned, the Carthaginians also trafficked in human beings; and the extent to which this lucrative branch of trade was carried on may be judged from the circumstance that Hasdrubal, a Carthaginian general who served in the second war against Rome, bought at one time no less than 5000 slaves, who were employed to man the fleet.

Much of the information, however, now possessed relative to the commerce of the Carthaginians is conjectural, and deduced from circumstances which seem to warrant such deductions, but is not obtained from authoritative records; for such was the mystery under which this people shrouded their commercial undertakings, that their cotemporaries could judge of their enterprise solely by its wonderful results, and could only envy, not emulate, their commercial prosperity. The extraordinary jealousy with which they endeavoured to preclude the possibility of foreign competition, is already strongly evidenced in their first commercial treaty with Rome, concluded in the year 509 B.C., after the Romans had founded the seaport town of Ostia, and had begun to put forward claims to a share in the commerce of the Mediterranean. This treaty, as given by Polybius, stipulates that neither the Romans nor their allies are to navigate beyond a certain point on the African coast, unless they should be forced beyond it by adverse winds or pursuing enemies; that they are to desist from trading with the inhabitants of the coast, and are to refrain from taking anything from them, except such articles as they may require for provisioning their ships, or for performing their sacrifices to the gods; and it forbids their abiding more than five days in the land.

Such was the nature and character of that commerce which raised Carthage to a height of power that excited the envy of the leading nations of antiquity, and the ultimate humiliation of which by the Romans was the first step made by the latter towards that world-dominion which has made their name eclipse that of all their predecessors and rivals in civilisation. We must now throw a glance at the political institutions of the trading republic, and at the relation which existed between her and her colonies. True to their origin, the Carthaginians transplanted to the shores of Africa all the institutions which distinguished the rich trading communities of Phœnicia. In the persons of the priests, the senators, and the members of those classes emphatically termed the people, who accompanied Dido into exile, we see the constituent elements of the new state which she founded; but the relation which the city of Carthage bore to the cities

and colonies subsequently founded by her people was different from that which Tyre and the other Phœnician cities occupied relative to their colonies. The colonies of Carthage did not bear the character of independent republics gathered in a mere confederacy; they were, on the contrary, held in a state of utter subjection, the capital forming the centre of power and activity, and treating all the dependent territories as—what in reality they were—conquered provinces.

During the lifetime of Dido, her royal birth, and her position as founder of the state, gave to this princess a power and an influence equal to that of the kings and rulers of Tyre and other Phœnician cities; but after her death, the supreme dominion seems never in an equal degree to have been centered in any individual, but was jealously divided among several governing bodies. The aristocratical form of government, which has prevailed in almost all the commercial republics of which we have any knowledge, was uninterruptedly maintained in Carthage up to the period of her destruction; for though ambitious individuals endeavoured from time to time to secure to themselves and their families the ruling power in the state, their attempts were always frustrated by the rich, powerful, and numerous body of aristocrats who would have been the greatest losers by their usurpations, and who were supported by the people, who had also a share in the conduct of public affairs, and were equally averse to losing their privileges. The chief executive power was in the hands of two suffetes, whose functions were pretty nearly the same as that of the Roman consuls; and thus in Carthage, as in Rome, the power was equally divided between the chief magistrates, the aristocracy, and the people. The suffetes, who were generally chosen from among the members of the wealthiest and most distinguished families, presided in the senate, which was convoked by them, sat as supreme judges in the judicial courts, and frequently commanded the armies in war. As regards the period for which they held office, no decided record is left; and by their being sometimes compared by writers of antiquity to the kings of Sparta, it has been concluded by some that the dignity was conferred for life; whereas other writers, judging from the general spirit of the Carthaginian institutions, and from the character of the people, think it probable that their period of office was limited by law. Next to the suffetes, the priesthood and the generals commanding the armies stood highest in consideration. The religion of the Carthaginians being a state religion, the gods were consulted on all matters of great public importance; and the priests, therefore, devoted to the service of the principal gods, ranked among the highest public functionaries. By them were offered up the sacrifices by which the state endeavoured to propitiate the favour of the gods before every great undertaking; they accompanied the armies in the character of augurs; and they presided at the foundation of new temples in the new settlements, at the erection of public monuments within the sacred precincts, and at the conclusion of important treaties with foreign powers.

As for the generals, they were at first elected by the senate; but at a later period of the history of Carthage, when the rules of the constitution were frequently violated, they were nominated by the people, and even by the suffetes; wealth, birth, and public influence being taken into consideration in their election as much as in that of the suffetes. In war they were

sometimes invested with unlimited power; but at other times they were attended in the camp by members of the senate, who were present at the councils, and without whose consent the generals could not form alliances or conclude treaties. In some cases the senate sent orders from Carthage to the generals commanding abroad, and in this body was always vested the right of recalling the generals. The senate, which seems to have been a hereditary body, was probably in a great measure composed of the descendants of those senators who followed Dido from Tyre, with additions to their number from among the wealthiest and most influential families of later date. The number is supposed to have been about 300, but the business belonging to its functions was chiefly transacted by a committee of 100 of the oldest members; and from among this Geruntia, or Council of Ancients, ambassadors were chosen in cases when it was thought that simple senators could not with sufficient weight and dignity represent the state. As already mentioned, the suffetes presided in the senate, in which the internal as well as external affairs of the republic were discussed. When senators and suffetes agreed, their resolutions became law; but when they disagreed, the matter in dispute was referred to the people, whose decision was not, however, binding upon the superior authorities, and may therefore have been appealed to more as a matter of form, or a means of intimidation, than with any view to its being carried out. That the people had an authoritative voice in many questions is, however, distinctly affirmed by several writers of antiquity; and it seems proved beyond a doubt that their sanction was required for the election of the suffetes and the generals, as well as for that of the subordinate magistrates. Towards the decline of the Carthaginian republic the power of the people gradually increased, and hastened the downfall of the state; because the love of lucre being the strongest passion of this nation, and prevailing over every honourable and patriotic sentiment, their suffrages were at the disposal of the wealthiest citizens, who were thus enabled to establish a factious oligarchy, which sacrificed the public interests to its own passions.

The judicial power in Carthage was not in the hands of the people or of the senate, but was vested in a tribunal consisting of 100 members, which seems to have been instituted at the period when the family of Mago—a Carthaginian general, who lived about the year 550 B.C., and from whom sprang almost all the able military leaders who extended the sway of Carthage over the various territories we have enumerated—arrogated to itself such undue influence as to render itself formidable in the eyes of those who were attached to the existing form of government. This tribunal was intended to act as a curb on the power of the generals, which in time of war was almost unbounded; and for this purpose the centumviri, like the ephori of Sparta, were entitled, after the conclusion of a war, to call the generals to account—a right which they frequently exercised with the utmost cruelty and injustice. It was not, we are told, an unusual thing for these judges to punish want of success as severely as the grossest misconduct, and to condemn generals, for a battle lost without any fault of theirs, not only to money fines and exile, but even to death by crucifixion. Before long, the centumviri acquired a power which in its turn threatened the liberty of the republic, when the latter became distracted by the factious struggles of a corrupt people; for the members being elected not

by the people or the senate, but by the pentarchy—another governing body, composed of five members, said to have possessed great power, and who were themselves entitled to fill up any vacancies occurring in their own number—only such persons were admitted who would support the views of the latter; and the two bodies thus formed together a phalanx whose might was irresistible. Originally, also, the centumviri were elected for one year only; but subsequently they kept their office during life, and, in addition to all their other functions, usurped the administration of the finances, and thus held the honours, the fortune, and the life of every citizen in their hands.

From what has been said, it will be seen that in Carthage birth and merit only commanded influence when joined to riches, the acquisition of which became, therefore, the chief object of every citizen. Wealth was indeed the essential element in the Carthaginian republic—the corner-stone of the edifice. On the state of the finances depended the very existence of the state; for without a full treasury there was no means of maintaining the allegiance of the colonies, or of the large armies of foreign hirelings which constituted its chief military force. The sources whence the state revenues were derived were, as far as they are known—1*st*, The annual tribute which the African territories, as also all the other subjugated colonies, were bound to pay to the treasury—the country-people in produce, and the town populations in money—and the amount of which may be judged from the fact mentioned by Livy, that Leptis alone daily defrayed one talent (about £225 sterling), and that the rural communities were often obliged to cede more than the half of their crops as tribute. During periods of urgent necessity the amount of tribute seems, indeed, to have been arbitrarily raised to meet the requirements of the moment; for during the first war with Rome, the cities of Libya were forced to pay double the usual amount—a circumstance which contributed greatly to spread a feeling of hostility against Carthage throughout these cities. 2*d*, The mines, and more particularly the Spanish mines, during the latest period of the existence of the republic. And 3*d*, The customs' duties, which were levied not only in the seaport towns, but also in the commercial cities in the interior, though more particularly in the frontier towns.

As regards the military force which enabled Carthage to conquer, and to keep in subjection, her widespread dominions, and to maintain during 600 years the empire of the sea, it consisted of land troops and vessels of war. The ships, according to the evidence of all cotemporaries, in swiftness, lightness, and fitness of construction, greatly surpassed those of the Romans, and even of the Greeks. The rowers were more expert, and the seamen more experienced, than those of the other maritime nations of antiquity, to which was chiefly owing their success in battle; for in valour and military skill the Carthaginian warriors were generally inferior to the Romans; and whenever, by aid of the grappling hook, the combat came to resemble an engagement on *terra firma*, the latter were generally victorious. At first the Carthaginians, like other nations of antiquity, seem to have used triremes only, but subsequently they had quadriremes and quinquiremes; and in the battle which the Roman consul Duilius gained over the Carthaginians in the year 260 B.C., the Carthaginian admiral appeared on board a vessel with seven benches of oars. The complement of a fully-

from the power of the tyrant; and having there swelled the band of her followers with a priest from the temple of Zeus, and eighty females, who had been devoted to the service of the goddess Astarte, but who became the mothers of the future colony, proceeded thence to the African shores, and landed in the vicinity of Utica. Here Dido, assisted by the inhabitants of the kindred colony, succeeded in obtaining from the Libyans—the African people who held possession of the land—the grant of a certain extent of territory on the shores of the great gulf formed by the promontories of Mercury and Apollo (now Cape Bon and Cape Zibib), for which she agreed to pay a yearly tribute. And here, about the year 878 B.C., and 125 years before the foundation of Rome, she founded the city of Carthage, which soon gave promise of its future greatness. The annual tribute was at first punctually paid. The people of the neighbouring territories were induced, by the offer of great commercial advantages, and of the rights of citizenship, to join the new-comers, and every means for promoting the prosperity of the new settlement so effectually taken, that even during the lifetime of Dido the city had acquired so much importance in the eyes of the neighbouring nations, that the hand of the princess was sought in marriage by a powerful Numidian prince, who threatened to have recourse to violent measures in case his suit were not accepted. To secure the independence of her new-founded city, and to keep her faith to her deceased husband, Dido, acting in accordance with the received opinions of her country, and the principles of her religion, threw herself into the flames of a funereal pyre, which she had ordered to be lighted for her, and was ever after worshipped as a deity by her people.

On a promontory, connected by a narrow isthmus with the mainland, and about fifteen miles distant from Tunes (now Tunis), arose the city of Carthage. On the isthmus, and forming a barrier between the promontory and the continent, was the fortress or castle called Byrsa, situated on a rock, the summit of which was crowned by the temple of Æsculapius, and surrounded by a triple wall, the outermost range of which joined the walls of the city, which had a circumference of about twenty miles. On the north and east the city was bounded by the ocean; on the south by the great lake on which was situated the city of Tunis; and on the western side, which faced the interior, it was defended by a range of cliffs stretching across the isthmus, and which could only be traversed by narrow passes artificially cut in the rock. On the north-west the river Bagradas, the present Merdja, fell into the sea, the sands of which have blocked up its ancient mouths, and somewhat altered the conformation of the coast. On the eastern side of the peninsula was the excellent harbour,* formed by an inner and an outer basin; the former of which, called Cothon, was dedicated exclusively to the ships of war, and jealously guarded against the intrusion of foreign vessels. This basin was separated from the outer harbour by a double wall, with only one entrance for admitting the ships, and with sluices to let the water in and out; and in the centre, in front of the entrance from the outer basin, was an elevated island, commanding a full view of the ocean. The outer basin, which was open to foreign vessels, was surrounded by fine

* With regard to the exact locality of the harbour of Carthage, the different writers on the subject are somewhat at variance. We have here followed the views adopted by Böttticher in his 'Geschichte der Carthager.'

broad quays, at which they unloaded their cargoes; and the entrance, which was seventy feet in width, was like that of the harbour of Tyre in times of need—closed by an iron chain drawn across it. Around the inner basin were situated the naval storehouses and the docks, the latter capable of containing 240 ships of war; and in front of each dock and each magazine, and on the island in the centre of the basin, were erected columns of the Ionic order, which imparted to the whole an air of grandeur and stateliness. The fortified works of Byrsa were of an equally stupendous and magnificent character. Each of the three walls was 60 feet high and 30 feet deep, and at intervals crowned with castles of equal height. Within their depth, and opening on the inner sides of the walls, were large vaults, which served as stables and fodder-magazines for 300 elephants; and above these vaults, also practised in the walls, was similar accommodation for 4000 horses, and barracks for 4000 cavalry and 20,000 foot soldiers. Three streets, formed by houses six storeys high, led from the foot of the fortified hill to that part of the city which surrounded the harbour and enclosed the magnificent temple of Apollo. In the other quarters of the city situated on the northern side of the peninsula, and called Megara, the houses were not so closely built, but were separated from each other by verdant hedges and beautifully-cultivated gardens, the whole comprising a population of 700,000 souls. Such was Carthage in the height of her glory; but to this she attained gradually and slowly, and not always by fair means.

The first attempt at aggrandisement was directed against the Libyans, who had ceded to Dido the territory which the new-built city occupied. The annual tribute, which was at first regularly paid, was withheld as soon as the Carthaginians felt themselves strong enough to maintain their want of faith by strength of arms; and in the wars which ensued in consequence, they succeeded in extending their dominion not only over the territory of the agricultural Libyans in their immediate neighbourhood, but also along the north-eastern coast, as far as the frontiers of the Greek settlement of Cyrene, a territory entirely inhabited by nomade tribes. With the settling of the limits of the Carthaginian territory and that of Cyrene is connected a tradition which records one of the few acts of self-sacrificing heroism relative to the former republic of which posterity has obtained knowledge. A dispute having arisen between the two republics on the subject of their relative limits, it was agreed that two young men should set out at the same time from each city, and that the point at which they met should decide the boundary-line between the two states. The Carthaginians—two brothers named Philani—having made most speed, and thus insured to their countrymen the greatest extent of territory, their antagonists complained of foul play, and refused to abide by the agreement unless the brothers would attest their honesty by the sacrifice of their life. The Philæni consented, and were buried alive on the spot where the meeting had taken place. The Carthaginians erected two altars above their graves, which, under the name of *Aræ Philænorum*—the Altars of the Philæni—ever after marked the boundaries of Carthage towards the east.

In course of time the Carthaginians pushed their conquests further towards the south, so as to embrace all the lands north of the Triton Sea (supposed to be the Shibkah el Low-deah, or Lake of Marks, in the present

regency of Tunis). On the northern coast their dominion stretched westward as far as Hippo Regius (on the boundary-line of the subsequent regencies of Tunis and Algiers), the residence of the kings of Numidia, who sometimes were the allies of Carthage, and sometimes were reduced to a kind of semi-dependence of that state; but beyond this point Carthaginian settlements were made along the whole northern coast, as far west as the Straits of Gades (now the Straits of Gibraltar), and even on the west coast of Africa. The extent of territory entirely subjugated by Carthage is computed at about 1600 geographical miles, and seems to have been very nearly co-extensive with the present regency of Tunis, with the exception of tracts of land along the north-eastern coast occupied by the old Phœnician colonies—such as Hippo Zarytis, Utica, Hadrumetum, Leptis, and others; and also by Greek colonies—such as Cyrene. The Libyans, who occupied the territory stretching from the Triton Lake and the Lesser Syrtis (the Gulf of Cabes) to the confines of Numidia (the territories subsequently embraced within the regency of Algiers), were gradually subjugated, and in some measure denationalised, by the establishment of Carthaginian colonies throughout their country. They ultimately acquired the name of Libyphœnicians, and adopted the language of Carthage, though they never submitted willingly to the yoke of their conquerors. Their country was the great corn-magazine of the Carthaginians, whence the latter drew the immense supplies necessary for their commercial purposes, and for the maintenance of the numerous armies which their system of extensive conquest and colonisation obliged them to keep on foot; and the natural fertility of the country was considerably increased by the agricultural improvements introduced by the Carthaginians, who were as distinguished for their knowledge of husbandry as for their achievements in commerce and navigation. The forests and mountainous districts within this territory were inhabited by lions, panthers, elephants, and other wild beasts, which, however, diminished in number as cultivation advanced; the meadows and lowlands were covered with herds of horned cattle, with troops of horses, and large flocks of goats and sheep; while the carefully-cultivated fields presented to the eye rich harvests of corn, and wine, and olives; and the gardens, surrounding the houses in the numberless cities and villages which covered the land, abounded in figs and pomegranates, and other luscious fruits. The territory here described was divided into two provinces—Zengitania to the north, and Byzazene to the south; the latter of which was also denominated Emporia, on account of the numerous open commercial cities established there as entrepôts for the commerce of Carthage with the interior of Africa.

The old Phœnician cities, situated along the coast, being strongly fortified, and forming originally a kind of confederacy—though never under the dominion of one compact central government—at once entered into friendly relations with Carthage, resisting, however, any projects of encroachment on her side; but ultimately they acknowledged her supremacy, though they always appeared more in the character of allies than of subjects. To the south of the Triton Lake, along the Greater Syrtis (Gulph of Sidra), and further inland, dwelt nomade tribes of warlike habits, chiefly subsisting by sheep-breeding, and leading a wild and irre life. These were also in a certain measure brought under the influence o , and were of much

importance to her, because through the territories occupied by them was carried on a great part of her trade with the interior of Africa. Through them passed the caravans which brought to Cyrene the wine that Carthage exchanged with this colony for silphium, laudanum, and nard; and through them also passed the caravans which traded with Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and with the countries bordering on Ethiopia, whence the Carthaginians drew supplies of negro slaves, and whence also they derived those precious stones which became known in the countries of the West under the name of Carchedonians. It is even supposed that the Carthaginians, in pursuance of commercial advantages, pushed as far as the river Niger, and that they furnished the negro tribes of this region with salt, from the great salt pits of the desert, in exchange for the ivory and gold dust of their country. Westwards, the dominion and influence of Carthage were less extended, for the nomade nations who inhabited the territories lying in this direction were a fine warlike race, who bravely resisted the encroachments of the Carthaginians, and were much assisted in their resistance by the natural features of their country, which is mountainous, and irrigated by several rather considerable rivers. This people, divided into different tribes, each governed by its own ruler, though never entirely subjugated by Carthage, often entered into intimate alliances with the republic, and sometimes were forced to pay tribute to it. At other times, however, they joined the enemies of Carthage, and Masinissa, king of the Massyli, the tribe which bordered on the Carthaginian territory, contributed almost as much as Rome to the destruction of the republic.

Before Carthage had subjected to herself all the African territories of which mention has just been made, she began to establish colonies in the western islands of the Mediterranean, with a view to securing to herself the exclusive trade in these seas, or at all events such advantages as should place her beyond the competition of the Greeks, Romans, Etruscans, and Massilians, who were all contending for maritime supremacy. Taught by her own experience and that of many of the older Phœnician cities, she had also learned that continental colonies were liable to be subjugated by neighbouring states, or were likely, in the event of their attaining a certain degree of wealth and power, to desire to render themselves independent of the parent state; she therefore looked upon these island settlements as the strongholds of her commercial power, and also as safe outlets for her increasing population; while, independently of such considerations, the fertility of their soil and the rich variety of their products rendered them most valuable acquisitions. Sicily and Sardinia first attracted the attention of the Carthaginians. The latter island was, at the time of the first settlement of the Carthaginian colonies, inhabited by tribes of Grecian and Corsican extraction, who were soon subjugated, and the whole island, with the exception of the mountainous districts in the interior, was brought under the dominion of Carthage. Though more mountainous, Sardinia was not less fertile than Sicily, and in addition to its agricultural riches, which were greatly increased by the skill and industry of the Carthaginian settlers, possessed valuable copper, iron, and silver mines; as also others from which the Carthaginians are supposed to have derived the precious stones with which they carried on so lucrative a trade, and particularly the species called Sardonyx, which was highly

not forget that this picture was drawn by enemies; yet there is reason to believe that, though it may be somewhat overcharged, it was not devoid of truth. It is very likely that the excessive love of gain, which in a great measure inspired the enterprise of the Carthaginians, and thus led to their greatness, being counteracted by no higher influences, may have given birth to vices such as those described.

That material civilisation among the Carthaginians must have been considerably advanced, may be judged from their origin as well as from all that has already been said concerning their cities, their fleets, their armies, their manufactures, their mining operations, and the advanced state of agriculture among them. The fact of their being the descendants of a people who, at the period of their separation from the parent stock, were already acquainted with the art of writing, who excelled in the arts of weaving and of dyeing wools and linen, of smelting metals, and of coining money—who were the discoverers of the manufacture of glass—who were familiar with the sciences of arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, and distinguished as ship-builders and architects—proves that the Carthaginians must have started from an advanced point of civilisation; and we cannot doubt that all these arts must have been further perfected by a people so industrious and so enterprising, and who constantly came into contact with the Greeks and the Etruscans, the most civilised nations of Europe at the period. Of the cultivation of the fine arts among them but little is known, for the architectural embellishments of their cities may have been the work of foreign, and particularly of Greek artists, as the Grecian style seems to have prevailed; but the existence of these embellishments, as well as the fact, that the sculptured works obtained as booty in the wars with the Greeks of Sicily were highly prized by them, proves at least that a taste for the beautiful must have been developed among them. To none of the arts of peace, however, do they seem to have been so devoted as to the cultivation of the soil. Agricultural pursuits seem at all times to have been the delight and the pride of the most distinguished men of Carthage; for although commerce was the chief passion of the people, and it was considered neither derogatory nor wrong for senators, magistrates, and generals to participate in its profits, the higher ranks seem always to have preferred drawing their incomes from landed properties which they farmed themselves. To this love of the Carthaginians for agriculture was owing the blooming state of their African territories, described by the Greek historian Diodorus. When Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, he tells us, who removed the seat of war from Sicily to Africa, traversed the Carthaginian territories with his armies, he passed through a constant succession of estates, the magnificent mansions on which bore witness to the riches of the proprietors; while the fields, irrigated by artificial means, the olive plantations, the vineyards, and the orchards, all cultivated with the greatest care, as well as the excellent condition of the cattle grazing in the pasture-lands, testified to their love and knowledge of rural occupations. There are still extant fragments of a work on farming, written by Mago, a Carthaginian suffete and general, to whom we have before alluded, which gives further evidence of the importance which the Carthaginians attached to this branch of science, and the diligence with which they studied it. In this work, which was greatly esteemed in antiquity, Mago treats of the fodder and the

breeding of cattle, of the cultivation of the vine, the olive, and the pomegranate, as also of the walnut, the almond, and the poplar-tree, and further, gives directions as to the proper treatment of cereals and pulse.

Though the fragment just mentioned is the only literary production of the Carthaginians that has been transmitted to us, there is reason to believe that, with regard to science and literature also, this people maintained an honourable position among the nations of antiquity. Their taste for literature was probably chiefly derived from their intercourse with the Greeks; but though the names of a few Carthaginian philosophers have survived in the works of Roman writers, rural economy, geography, and history seem, in preference to philosophical speculations, to have been the subjects treated of by Carthaginian authors.

The language of the Carthaginians was the same as that of the Phœnicians, such as it had been developed in the land of Canaan, and bore a close affinity to the Hebrew, the Chaldean, and the Syriac; but of course it underwent some slight modifications from the influence of the surrounding nations. As late as the fifth century after Christ, the country-people round Hippo, one of the Phœnician colonies in Africa, still called themselves Canaanites. All that is at present known of the language and written character of Carthage is derived from the play of Plautus above alluded to, and the interpretation of such names as occur in Carthaginian history; it having been the custom of the people, as it was that of the Hebrews, to give their children names conveying a certain meaning. Thus Dido is said to have signified 'amiable' or 'well-beloved;' Sophonisba, 'one who keeps her husband's secrets faithfully;' Hanno, 'gracious' or 'beautiful;' Hannibal, 'Baal (that is, the Lord) has been gracious to me;' Asdrubal, 'the Lord will be our succour,' &c.

If, after all that has been said above of Carthage and the Carthaginians, it be still felt that no distinct notion has been obtained of the growth and gradual development of the state, or of the modes of life of the people, their domestic manners, and those more amiable and estimable qualities of which they cannot have been wholly devoid, or the state could not have subsisted so long, the cause must be sought in the total absence of all native sources whence such knowledge could be derived, and in the jealousy with which the Carthaginians themselves avoided the scrutinising eyes of the other nations of antiquity, through the means of whose languages and literatures it might have been transmitted to us. Not only was the language of the Carthaginians unknown to the Greeks and Romans in general, and their religion, their manners, and their customs, utterly different from those of the European nations of antiquity, but the secrecy and selfishness which were the prevailing characteristics of their policy, and the fanatical prejudice with which they were opposed to everything foreign, prevented cotemporary Greek and Roman writers from obtaining correct and satisfactory information respecting their internal affairs, and engendered in these nations so great a hatred of them, that they came to be looked upon by their cotemporaries as a dishonour to mankind. Thus all their vices were carefully treasured up, while their virtues were forgotten or ignored. Carthage had indeed a literature and public monuments, which, like those of other ancient and defunct nations, might have survived to tell her history; but the foes who planned the downfall of the republic, when

this was consummated, carefully eradicated all traces of its former greatness; and a few inscriptions and coins, together with a Greek translation of the narrative of a colonising and exploring expedition to the west coast of Africa, undertaken by a Carthaginian of the name of Hanno—and similar translations of the treaties with Rome and Macedon, before alluded to—as also the fragments of Mago's work on agriculture—are all the vestiges extant of the glory, greatness, and civilisation of Tyrian Carthage. Of its history during the period of the peaceful development of the republic, or rather during the period when it came into collision with barbarous nations only, we do not know more than can be gleaned from the incidental mention of it in the works of foreign writers; and it is not, therefore, until we come to the period of the wars of the Carthaginians with the Greek colonies in Sicily, and with the Romans, that we can be said to possess anything like a connected history of the proceedings of the republic, or of the achievements of its citizens. That this history is not always an impartial one may be easily supposed; and besides, of all the Greek and Roman authors who treat of this subject, not one lived during the flourishing period of the republic. However, the Greek historian Polybius—who visited Carthage during its last struggle for independence, and had free access to such documents as were contained in the Roman archives—is considered above every imputation of partiality, and his work is therefore looked upon as the best and most fertile source of Carthaginian history.

The wars in Sicily commenced about the year 480 B.C. Up to that period the development of the Carthaginian dominion had received no check; for though recourse to arms was had to subject the Libyan territories, and to support colonies planted on foreign shores, these wars invariably turned to the advantage of Carthage, and the republic had attained a degree of power and importance which placed it on a level with the foremost among the states of antiquity. The struggle in Sicily was of a different nature: it was a struggle for sovereignty over one of the richest and most fertile islands of Europe, with a people the equal of the Carthaginians in civilisation, as well as in all the arts and requirements of war; and therefore it necessitated the straining of every nerve, and frequently reduced the republic to great straits. The first hostile collision between the Carthaginians and the Greeks in Sicily is by some writers attributed to the former people having entered into an alliance with Xerxes, king of Persia, who was then making war against Greece, and having undertaken, in consequence, to attack the kindred colonies in Sicily; while others say that the Greeks in that island being at variance with each other, Teryllus, king, or, as these Greek rulers were called, tyrant of Himera, who was expelled from that city, applied to the Carthaginians for aid. However this may be, a considerable Carthaginian fleet, and an army of 300,000 mercenary troops, under the command of Hamilcar, a distinguished general, left the shores of Africa at the very time that Xerxes invaded Greece, and landed on the coast of Sicily, attacked the city of Himera, and won so decided a victory, that Thero, Prince of Agrigentum, who had undertaken to defend the city, was obliged to solicit assistance from Syracuse, the most powerful of the Greek colonies in the island. Gelo, tyrant of Syracuse, who had assembled an army to assist the Greeks of Hellas against the king of

Persia, at once responded to the call; and in two successive engagements entirely routed the Carthaginian army, and set fire to the fleet. Hamilcar and 150,000 men remained on the field of battle; a great number were made prisoners; others perished while seeking safety on board the few vessels that had escaped the conflagration; and a very small number only survived to bring to Carthage the melancholy intelligence of the utter annihilation of her fleet and army. The greatest consternation reigned in the capital; ambassadors were immediately despatched to Gelo to sue for peace; and in the meanwhile the citizens passed the nights under arms, in expectation of a Greek invasion. But this time such humiliation was spared them. Gelo received the ambassadors with the greatest humanity, and declared himself willing to conclude peace, on condition of the Carthaginians paying 2000 talents towards the expenses of the war, and erecting two temples, in which the treaties of peace should be deposited.

However flourishing the state of Carthage, a blow such as that inflicted by the battle of Himera could not but be sensibly felt; and for seventy years after that event, the republic seems to have abstained from all interference with the Greeks of Sicily, and to have limited its military operations to expeditions against the African tribes. During this period also took place those dissensions with Cyrene which were settled by the sacrifice of the Philæni. In the year 410 B.C., the Carthaginians were again called upon by one of the Greek cities in Sicily to assist it in its conflict with a neighbouring kindred colony; and the opportunity thus offered for extending their power was too tempting to be resisted. The wars which ensued in consequence of this interference, and in which Carthage and Syracuse became the principal actors, extended (with intervals of a few years each) over a period of nearly a century and a-half; and were carried on with varying success, and with all that ferocity and passion which a strong national hatred engenders. No doubt the advantages were great which Carthage derived from those dominions which she won in Sicily, and for a long time was able to maintain; but immense losses, severe suffering, and great humiliations, were nevertheless entailed upon the republic by these wars. Its territory was twice invaded, and hundreds of thousands of men slain on the field of battle; large fleets were destroyed and plundered; famine and pestilence in the capital and in the colonies were among the worst results. But the never-failing courage with which they were borne—the renewed energy with which, after every check, the struggle was recommenced—the unalterable self-confidence and unswerving perseverance with which the object in view was pursued—attest the strength and stability of the Carthaginian constitution, and the elasticity and fertility of the resources of the republic. The Greek states, on the contrary, evinced during this protracted struggle the same unsteadiness of purpose, the same want of perseverance, the same internal dissensions, which always characterised that people, and never put forth any great power of action, except when leaders of eminent talent—such as Dionysius, Timoleon, and Agathocles—succeeded for a time in inspiring these unstable elements with their own strength and unity of purpose. Thus at the moment when Rome was preparing to enter the arena, in which, until then, Carthage and Syracuse had been the chief combatants, the latter was in a state of exhaustion, caused as much by internal factions as by external foes; while

the former was prepared to meet the coming storm with the calmness and firmness of self-conscious power. Yet the Sicilian wars revealed and developed in Carthage the germs of destruction which ultimately effected its ruin. With a view to a strictly commercial republic, the Carthaginians had laid the foundations of their institutions; and they had regulated in the same way their relations with their colonies, which, being held in a state of utter dependence of the parent city, and without the slightest vestige of local power or control over their own resources, or any real interest in the affairs of the capital, could, in the hour of need, afford it no important support. In times of war, however, these provinces—upon whom the conquests and the military glory which extended the dominion, and gratified the ambition, of the capital, entailed only misery—were drained of men and provisions, to supply armies which were contending for objects in which they had no interest. The consequence was a growing discontent, particularly in the African colonies; and which became evident during the invasion of the Carthaginian territory by Agathocles, when a great number of the Libyan cities joined the invader, and assisted by the Numidians, who also seized this opportunity to break off their forced alliance with Carthage, added greatly to the dangers of the critical position in which the republic was placed.

Within the walls of the capital, moreover, other passions, fraught with still greater dangers to the republic, were developing themselves. About the year 340 B.C., after the Carthaginian army had suffered a severe defeat in Sicily, and the capital was in a state of the utmost confusion from fear of the invasion of the victorious Timoleon, Hanno, a suffete, whose private revenues are said to have exceeded in amount those of the state, and who had long been nourishing ambitious projects, availed himself of the prevailing confusion to put these into execution. He laid a plan for murdering all the members of the senate, and of raising himself to supreme and unlimited power in the state. His daughter's wedding-day was chosen for the perpetration of the deed, which was to be accomplished by mixing poison in the wine of the assembled guests in his palace; it being his intention to invite the senate to a splendid collation in his princely mansion, while he gained the good-will of the people by an equally profuse entertainment in the places of public assembly. This plot was betrayed; but Hanno, nothing daunted, then endeavoured to gain his ends by causing a revolt of the slaves in the city. This project being again revealed before he had time for action, he shut himself up with 20,000 slaves in one of the fortified quarters of the city, and thence endeavoured to draw the Libyans and the Numidians into an alliance with him. But the senate and the people, acting in concert, soon reduced the rebel force; and Hanno, having first been publicly whipped, was put to death under the most fearful tortures. During the invasion of Agathocles, the state was threatened by similar dangers from within, while its position with reference to its foreign foes was still more precarious. Bomilcar, a Carthaginian of high estate, who had long been discontented with the arbitrary manner in which the centumviri treated the generals, to whose number he belonged, determined to revolutionise the state, to found a monarchy, and to place himself on the throne. Having rid himself of the surveillance of a great number of the citizens whose opposition he feared most, by send-

ing them on a military expedition against the faithless Numidians, he allowed himself to be proclaimed king by his own party; and placing himself at the head of 500 citizens devoted to his cause, and of 4000 hired troops, he traversed the streets of the city, determined to put to death all those who opposed him. This insignificant force was, however, soon overwhelmed by the majority who had remained faithful to the constitution; and Bomilcar, like Hanno, expiated his crimes on the cross.

But Carthage had next to encounter the power of the Romans, a people not divided, like the Greeks, into innumerable small states, which as often turned their weapons against each other as they assisted each other in resistance to a foreign foe, but living under a strongly-centralised government, possessing full control over every element of strength in the state, and animated by one strong feeling—the wish to extend the power and glory of that empire in whose bosom the desire for world-dominion had already begun to germinate. Up to the year 264 B.C., the relations between Rome and Carthage had never been of a decidedly hostile character, each state having limited itself to checking the ambition of the other by means of commercial treaties, and both having submitted to the conditions mutually imposed. But when, in the year 272 B.C., after the subjection of Tarentum, Rome found herself in possession of the whole of southern Italy, and her dominions separated only by a narrow strait from an island whose unbounded fertility had rendered it an acquisition of immense importance to the Carthaginians, and whose easy subjection by the very Greeks who had in Italy been obliged to bend to the dominion of the Romans was still in vivid recollection, that people began to think that in their hands this richly-gifted land might become the starting-point of greater undertakings than the world had ever yet witnessed. An opportunity which soon offered for interference in the affairs of the island afforded Rome, as similar occasions had before afforded Carthage, a *point d'appui* for her ambitious plans, at the very moment when the Carthaginians were preparing to consolidate their hard-won power in Sicily.

A band of Campanian mercenaries, calling themselves Mamertini, having been employed by Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, in the wars against Carthage, and having been dismissed when their services proved no longer desirable, instead of leaving the island, as they were requested to do, seized upon the city of Messene, and maintained themselves there for some time in defiance of the Carthaginians as well as of the Syracusans, who were equally displeased at the presence of these intruders forming a third power in the island for the sovereignty of which they had been contending. At length the Mamertines, being hardly pushed by Hiero of Syracuse, found it necessary to seek foreign aid; and one party among them applied to Carthage, while another addressed itself to Rome. The Carthaginian general had already entered the citadel of Messene, in compliance with the wishes of one party, when accounts were received that the Romans, equally prompt in responding to the appeal made to them, were approaching under the command of Appius Claudius. On receipt of this news, those among the Mamertines who were opposed to the Carthaginian alliance drove Hanno and his troops out of the castle, and prepared to receive the Romans, who succeeded, during the night, in crossing the narrow straits which separate Italy from Sicily, and in throwing themselves into Messene in spite of the

Carthaginian fleet and the Syracusan army, which were in conjunction investing the place. But having achieved this, Appius Claudius became aware of the difficulty of his position, and endeavoured to arrange matters amicably: the proposals of his ambassadors were, however, rejected, and nothing remained for him but to venture a battle. In consequence, he first attacked the Syracusans, and routed them, and the next day he was equally successful in dispersing the Carthaginian army. Encouraged by so prosperous a commencement, the Romans next made inroads on the territories of the Syracusans and the Carthaginians, who, from having been enemies, had become allies, and even threatened to lay siege to Syracuse. On learning the success of Appius, the Roman senate, determined to follow up the advantages already gained in Sicily, sent fresh troops to his assistance; and Hiero of Syracuse, thinking that he had less to fear from the Romans than from the Carthaginians, who already possessed such great power in the island, abandoned the newly-formed alliance with the latter, and made peace with the former. Thus the war, which originated in a private quarrel of the Mamertines, gradually assumed the character of a deadly conflict between Carthage and Rome.

As long as the Romans had no fleet to oppose to the Carthaginians, their successes on land led to no important results; for though they gained possession of many of the cities in the interior of the island, the seaport-towns, being protected by the Carthaginian fleets, which also frequently devastated the Italian coasts, eluded their grasp. But the Romans were determined to carry their point; and seeing, probably as their love of conquest increased, that without a naval force their power of action would always be limited, they fitted out a fleet in sixty days (260 B.C.), and in two consecutive battles defeated the Carthaginians at sea also. These victories, won by a people who had very little experience in naval tactics over the first maritime power in the world, were, however, merely accidental, and were not followed up with success; for though the creation of a fleet had at once placed the Romans on a level with the Carthaginians, and though the struggle for maritime supremacy was carried on by the former with great obstinacy, the latter for a long while maintained their superiority on the element which had during centuries been subjected to their sway. In the year 242 B.C., however, the Romans again won a decisive victory at sea; and the finances of both republics being by this time exhausted, both parties inclined to peace. The Carthaginian general, Hamilcar, surnamed Barcas, had at this juncture obtained several advantages over the Romans in Sicily, but Rome had not been so great a sufferer as Carthage during the struggle; and it was in consequence of a victory won by them that peace was concluded, and therefore the Roman generals imposed the conditions. The Carthaginians were, in consequence, obliged to pledge themselves to evacuate Sicily, and to refrain in future from all hostilities against Hiero of Syracuse and his allies; to deliver up all Roman prisoners without ransom; and to pay the sum of 2200 Euboic talents within a term of twenty years. But the right of revising the treaty having, by the generals who concluded it, been reserved for the Roman people, the latter, on becoming acquainted with the conditions, thought them not sufficiently humiliating, and further enacted that the Carthaginians should immediately pay down the sum of 1000 talents, besides

defraying the before-mentioned sum of 2200 talents in ten, instead of twenty years; that they should evacuate all the small islands situated between Sicily and Italy; that they should desist from enlisting troops in Italy or any of the countries allied to Rome; and further, that no Carthaginian ship of war should ever approach the coasts of these countries. Thus ended a war which had been carried, on without intermission, during four-and-twenty years, and had cost the Romans 700, and the Carthaginians more than 500 large ships of war, besides rivers of blood and immense sums of money. In the case of Rome, the result of these sacrifices was increased power at home and abroad, and a degree of proud self-reliance which in future added considerably to the strength of her arms. On Carthage the struggle entailed the humiliations just mentioned; and, in addition to these, a most disastrous civil war, which lasted upwards of four years, and brought the state to the brink of ruin.

As soon as peace was concluded with Rome, the mercenary troops who had formed the Carthaginian army were shipped over in detachments from Sicily to the capital, there to receive the arrears of pay which had been allowed to accumulate. The authorities at Carthage, less wise than the generals—who had foreseen the dangers of admitting the whole force of discontented and desperate adventurers at once into the territories of the republic—neglected, either for want of means, or in the hope of being able to drive a better bargain when all were assembled, to pay off and disband each detachment as it arrived. Soon the capital was filled with these rapacious soldiers, who, finding themselves disappointed in their expectations of receiving at once not only their full pay, but additional rewards, by the promise of which Hamilcar, the commanding general, had sought to insure their fidelity during a critical period of the war, became very mutinous in their conduct, and daily disturbed the peace of the citizens. Wishing, above all things, to secure the tranquillity of the capital, and overlooking, in their anxiety to do this, the greater dangers to which they were exposing themselves, the Carthaginians proposed to the leaders of the mercenaries to withdraw with their troops to the small neighbouring town of Sicca, offering at the same time to pay to each man one gold piece as an instalment on the pay due to them. To this proposal the leaders acceded; and the whole army of mercenaries—Gauls, Spaniards, Greeks, Ligurians, natives of the Baleares, and Libyans—was in consequence translated to Sicca. Here the troops gave themselves up to the most extravagant expectations as to the rewards which the republic would bestow upon them; and their indignation was therefore boundless when Hanno, a Carthaginian general, who had just returned from a successful expedition against a rebellious Libyan city, appeared before them, and represented to them the folly of nourishing such expectations at a period when the republic had just been deprived of a great number of its foreign dependencies. He further tried to impress upon them the necessity of submitting to a reduction in their pay, in order to secure some portion of it; and the irritation which such a proposal was calculated to produce among a mass of men whose sole object in war was pay and booty, was further increased by the dishonesty of the interpreters through whom it was made known to the different nations, and by the fact, that the general sent to treat with them was not one under whom they had served, but a perfect stranger, from whom they could expect no sympathy.

The flame that had long been smouldering burst forth. The whole army of 20,000 men rose in open rebellion against Carthage. The senate, perceiving its mistake when it was too late to retrieve it, now endeavoured to conciliate, and sent supplies of provisions and negotiators to the camp formed by the rebels near Tunis. But their abject concessions proved fruitless; the mutineers had already sent ambassadors to all the cities of Libya to invite the inhabitants to join them; and the Libyans, who had suffered dreadfully during the war, joyfully responded to the call.

Thus stood the proud republic, by its own misdeeds and errors reduced to a state of utter desolation; shorn of its colonies abroad, and of its subjugated territories at home; without money, without allies, and without troops, the very fields and gardens whence its citizens were to draw the means of daily subsistence being in the hands of a hostile power. Yet the courage and energy of the people were still unbroken. With an army of 10,000 men, formed of the flower of the Carthaginian youth, and a few hireling troops who had remained faithful, Hanno was sent against the rebels, who had by this time been joined by 70,000 Libyans. Hanno was defeated, and proved his incapacity to command in a war against enemies such as he had now to deal with. But when he was superseded by Hamilcar—the former commander of the rebel troops, and whose very name inspired them with terror—matters took a more favourable turn for Carthage. The war, however, was protracted during three years and four months, and its final conclusion in favour of Carthage was as much owing to the unexpected aid which the republic received from its former enemies, Syracuse and Rome, as to the skill and bravery of Hamilcar. The aid of the Syracusans was proffered with a view to securing an ally in case Roman ambition, not satisfied with the spoils of Carthage in Sicily, should covet their dominions also; and it proved most opportune for Carthage, as Syracuse furnished the capital with provisions at a moment when all other sources were closed. The Romans, in offering their assistance, seem to have been actuated by a sense of justice only, which was, however, soon superseded by feelings of a less generous nature when a new occasion offered for the extension of their own dominion; for when Carthage had come victorious out of the struggle in Africa, and had reconquered the whole of her dominions there, she found the Romans in possession of Sardinia, into which island they had thrown an army, in consequence of an invitation from the inhabitants, who solicited their aid in quelling a revolt which had broken out among the mercenaries stationed there. In defiance of every feeling of honesty and justice, the Romans refused to give up the island, and not only forced the Carthaginians to make a formal cession of it to them, but even exacted a tribute of 1200 talents from the republic, which, humbled and exhausted as it then was, could offer no resistance.

But Carthage, however humbled, still possessed citizens inspired with that energy of action, that bold enterprising spirit, that statesman-like foresight, which had led to the rapid growth of the republic, and its long-continued prosperity; and in the mind of one of these citizens a plan was maturing which, when put into execution, again placed the state in possession of almost boundless wealth, and enabled it again for a time not only to meet the Romans on a footing of equality, but to begin a war against this formidable enemy, to maintain Carthaginian armies for several years

in their territories, and even to threaten their proud capital. Hamilcar, who, at the conclusion of peace with the Romans in 241 B. C., was at the head of an unvanquished army in Sicily, burned with indignation when the unsuccessful issue of a naval engagement forced him to leave the field on which he had gained so many advantages for the Carthaginians; and though the rebellion of the mercenaries, and a subsequent war against the Numidians, for a time retarded the prosecution of his plan, to take revenge upon Rome had from that moment become the object of his life, and the extension of the Carthaginian dominion in Spain was looked upon by him as the sole means for gaining this end. In the capital, Hamilcar's plan was warmly adopted by the people, whose favourite he was, in consequence of his well-known hatred to the Romans; but it was opposed by the aristocrats, headed by Hanno, who feared his influence with the people. Having in a still greater degree gained the affections of the latter, by giving his daughter in marriage to Hasdrubal, one of their most famous leaders, Hamilcar at length determined to brave all opposition; and immediately after the conclusion of the Numidian war, and without consulting the will of the senate, he crossed the Straits of Gades with the army, which was wholly devoted to him, and began in Spain to lay the foundations of a new empire. Joining to invincible courage and consummate prudence a very engaging address and winning eloquence, he succeeded in a short time—partly by force of arms, and partly by wise policy—in subduing a great part of Spain; and was able to found new cities, to develop the commerce of the country, to enrich his soldiers, and to send large sums of money to Carthage, part of which was employed in procuring for himself new partisans, and in confirming the fidelity of the old ones. In the meanwhile the Romans were engaged in subduing revolts which had broken out in Sardinia and Corsica, in fermenting which Carthaginian intrigues had perhaps some share, and in making war against the Ligurians and the Illyrians; and at the end of nine years, Hamilcar, feeling himself sufficiently strong, was on the point of attacking them, when he was surprised by death in the year 228 B. C. The Carthaginians having by this time learned to appreciate the wisdom of Hamilcar's plan, after his death nominated his son-in-law Hasdrubal as his successor, and sent fresh troops to Spain to carry out what he had commenced. Hasdrubal, seconded by his young brother-in-law Hannibal, whose fame was soon to eclipse that of every other Carthaginian, proved himself worthy of his great predecessor: he extended the Carthaginian dominion in Spain to the river Iberus (Ebro), and founded in the neighbourhood of the rich silver mines, which were now Carthaginian property, a city that in commercial enterprise, opulence, and magnificence, soon rivalled the first cities in the world, and was honoured with the name of New Carthage (now Carthagena).

After the death of Hasdrubal, who was assassinated by a Gaulish slave, the supreme command devolved upon Hannibal; and he, when a child, having sworn to his dying father eternal hatred to the Romans, now prepared to effect, without delay, the humiliation of that people. Having, by further conquests in Spain, made himself master of almost the whole country, and having applied himself particularly to securing the goodwill of the citizens of the conquered and of the allied cities, as well as of his troops, by allowing them a great share in the plunder taken from the

enemy, and by paying up all arrears, he began his operations by laying siege to Saguntum, in defiance of a treaty with the Romans. Saguntum appealed to Rome, and the Romans having in vain remonstrated with Hannibal, sent ambassadors to Carthage with complaints. The Barcinian faction had, however, at that moment the ascendancy in the capital, and notwithstanding the efforts of Hanno, the leader of the opposite faction, they met with no better reception there. Hannibal continued to carry on the siege, and not until the unhappy city had fallen before the assaults of the Carthaginians, did the Romans take any active steps in defence of their allies. When they had somewhat recovered from the effects of the shame and grief which they experienced at the destruction of a city that had placed itself under their protection, the eyes of the people were fully opened to the dangerous projects of Hannibal, and the necessity of war with Carthage was unanimously declared. Again, when the Roman ambassadors appeared at Carthage, to give the republic the choice between war and the disavowal of the acts of its general, Hanno and his party made a desperate effort to thwart the designs of Hannibal; but the latter had cunningly employed the greater part of the immense booty made at Saguntum in conciliating enemies at home; and the majority in the capital being, in consequence, on his side, war with Rome was accepted. Polybius, in discussing the causes which led to the second Punic war, justly remarks that the attack upon Saguntum was, under the existing circumstances, utterly unjustifiable; but that had the Carthaginians, without having recourse to tortuous and frivolous pretexts, plainly demanded satisfaction of Rome for having deprived them of Sardinia, and without any right imposed a tribute upon them, they might, on the Romans refusing to redress these two grievances, with full right have declared war against that people. But the humiliation of Rome and personal glory were the great objects of Hannibal; and delighted at the prospect of commencing hostilities against his hereditary foes, whatever the pretext, he marched with an army of 90,000 foot and 12,000 horse towards Italy, resolved to carry the war to the very gates of Rome. During a campaign which is still looked upon as one of the most brilliant military achievements on record, but into the details of which our space will not allow us to enter, he crossed the Rhone, the Alps, and the Apennines, defeated the Roman armies sent to impede his progress, gained numerous allies by means of his victories, and at one time made Rome tremble for her existence. But at the very moment when Hannibal was at the height of power, when he held almost within his grasp the proud capital, to humiliate which had for years been the cherished hope of his family, his progress was arrested by the machinations of the adverse party in Carthage, who prevented his obtaining the necessary supply of troops and provisions for which he had applied. From this period affairs in Italy took a different turn, partly, it is maintained by some authors, because of Hannibal's troops having been demoralised and rendered effeminate by the soft climate and luxurious manners of Capua, the Italian city in which they took up their winter quarters, and which was famed in antiquity for the beauty of its climate and the wealth and lasciviousness of its inhabitants. Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal, who was, on his invitation, hastening to his assistance with large reinforcements from Spain, was intercepted, and totally defeated; and though Hannibal continued to reduce

cities and make conquests in Italy, which he could not, however, maintain, and though, notwithstanding his ill success, his superior talents as a general continued in many cases to be manifest, he was now no longer invincible; and even when his army encamped before the very gates of Rome, the capital, knowing that its forces were gaining great advantages over the Carthaginians in other quarters, no longer trembled at the presence of the man who had sworn its destruction, and he was forced to retreat with little honour. Already, in the year 218 B. C., the Romans had sent an army and a fleet to Spain, which were at first successful, but subsequently suffered much in encounters with the Carthaginian forces which had remained in that country to defend their territories. But the Romans soon retrieved their losses, and wrested one city after another from the Carthaginians; and Scipio the Younger, who succeeded his father and his uncle in the command of the Roman forces in Spain, not only made himself master of the whole of the Carthaginian empire in that country, with the exception of the city of Gades, but even prepared, in the year 206, to carry the war from Spain to Africa, calculating that, by presenting himself at the gates of Carthage, he would remove Hannibal from the gates of Rome. The plan was successfully executed in the year 204; and as Scipio's conquests in Africa were as rapid as they had been in Spain, the Carthaginians, trembling for the safety of the capital, gave up all ambitious projects abroad, and recalled Hannibal from Italy. With great reluctance the general obeyed the orders, and he quitted, with tears in his eyes, the country of his dearest hopes, where, during sixteen years, he had maintained his reputation as the greatest captain of the age. On his arrival in Africa he collected a numerous army, and met his exulting enemy in the plains of Zama. The battle was bloody and obstinate, but the star of Rome was in the ascendant; the Carthaginians were completely defeated, and obliged to sue for peace, which their haughty conquerors would grant only on the severest conditions. They were as follows:—1. That the Carthaginians should deliver up all deserters, slaves, and prisoners, as also all their ships, with the exception of ten triremes, and all their elephants, and promise in future not to train any of these animals for war; 2. That they should not make war abroad, nor even in Africa, without the leave of the Romans; 3. That they should restore everything of which they had dispossessed Masinissa, king of the Numidian tribe of the Massyli, whose territories bordered on those of Carthage, and who had at first been allied to this republic, but had subsequently joined the Romans, and thenceforward proved himself to them a most devoted friend, and to the Carthaginians a never-tiring enemy; 4. That they should pay 10,000 Eubonic talents (£1,750,000) in fifty annual payments, and give 100 hostages, who should be chosen by Scipio himself.

It will readily be conceived that Carthage, which, even before this unhappy war was commenced, had hardly had time to recover from the wounds inflicted by the first war against the Romans, and the subsequent rebellion of the mercenaries, was but ill prepared to bear the suffering and exhaustion following a protracted struggle of seventeen years, during which she had a second time been deprived of all those colonies and dependencies which were the chief props of the state. Yet the republic might, even under these circumstances, have retrieved its position, had not the factious spirit of its citizens, which had been lulled, but not eradicated, by the war,

and which was gnawing like a canker at the life-root of the state, precipitated that destruction which no outward enemy alone could have achieved. The power of the House of Barcas, though fallen with the reverses of Hannibal from the great height to which his successes had raised it, was still considerable; and this extraordinary man having been nominated suffete after the conclusion of the war, proved himself as great a statesman as a general. But the people, whose power he and his family had raised, while by their bribes they helped to corrupt them, were now so utterly demoralised, so rebellious, and so unprincipled, that their support was always given to the highest bidder; and no sooner, therefore, was one factious broil appeased, than another arose. Though Hannibal by his wise measures deprived the centumviri of the power which they had usurped and grossly abused—though he introduced reforms in the finances, which had by them been most shamefully and dishonestly administered—though he succeeded not only in covering all the ordinary expenses of the republic, but also in providing means for defraying the tribute to the Romans—and though, at the end of ten years, he was able to pay down at once the whole remaining sum, which, according to the conditions of the treaty, might have been paid in forty instalments—yet all these services were not appreciated by his countrymen, and he at last succumbed to the unworthy intrigues of his antagonists. The aristocrats, who had so long enriched themselves at the expense of the state, and to whose other reasons for hating Hannibal was now added that of his having put a stop to their dishonest gains, seeing that they could not, by their own power alone, precipitate him from his high position, endeavoured to gain their object by foreign aid. For this purpose they denounced him to the Romans as being in league with Antiochus, king of Syria, who was then preparing to make war against Rome; and Hannibal, who had indeed been conspiring for his country, and against Rome, fled from Carthage, and died a few years afterwards in exile (190 B.C.)

From the period of Hannibal's flight, Carthage every day more humbly bent her neck under the yoke of Rome; but notwithstanding her abject efforts to conciliate her mighty foe, the Romans would rest satisfied with nothing less than the utter annihilation of a republic which, even in its fallen state, was formidable in their eyes. At this period also Carthage was assailed by another foe nearer home, whose hostility and encroachments contributed, as much as the intrigues and arms of the Romans, to her final destruction. In the treaty of peace concluded with Rome after the second war, the articles treating of the indemnification to be made to Masinissa were couched in language so obscure, that dissensions soon arose between the two parties concerning their relative frontiers; and Masinissa repeatedly made very serious encroachments on the Carthaginian territories. Under these circumstances, the agreement not to commence war without the sanction of the Romans became every day more burthensome to the Carthaginians; particularly as Masinissa, who had converted his nomade tribes into a settled agricultural people, had laid the foundations of a powerful empire, and was, year after year, consolidating his power in the same degree as the strength of Carthage was declining; and when the latter appealed to Rome for permission to chastise, by force of arms, the depredator who was despoiling the republic of its fairest

cities and its most fertile provinces, the Romans not only upheld Masinissa, but even forced the Carthaginians to concede to him by treaty more than he had been able to wrest from them by violence. In addition to the annoyances and humiliations arising from these causes, the republic was further weakened by the dissensions of the three factions into which the citizens were divided: one being in favour of Rome, and another having adopted the cause of Masinissa, while the popular party alone was inspired with the love of liberty and independence, but spoiled everything by its want of moderation and wisdom. The impetuosity of the last-mentioned party, and the baseness of the second, precipitated the ruin which had so long been impending. The encroachments of Masinissa, and the tardiness of Rome in attending to the just complaints of the Carthaginians, became quite unbearable; the Carthaginian people determined at length to fly to arms to see themselves righted, and availed themselves of the hostility existing between Masinissa and the Massisyli, another Numidian tribe, to plan an attack upon him in conjunction with the forces of the latter. When intelligence of this plan was brought to Rome, Cato, who headed the party in the Roman senate which was most intent upon the destruction of Carthage, urged the necessity of the immediate assumption of extreme measures; but Scipio Nasica (the adopted grandson of the Scipio who had reduced Carthage in the year 201, and had, in consequence, been honoured with the surname of Africanus), who had for years resisted every attempt at open hostilities against that republic, though he had not put a stop to those intrigues which were undermining its strength, still prevailed; and Roman ambassadors were first despatched to Carthage to remonstrate with the senate relative to this breach of the existing treaties (151 B.C.) The ambassadors were received with great honour, and had even succeeded in persuading the senate to give up all thoughts of war, on condition that Masinissa should restore the conquered territories, when one of the popular leaders, addressing the people in passionate language, urging them to put an end to the humiliating dependence in which they were held by Rome, was so successful in stirring up their passions, that the lives of the Roman ambassadors were with difficulty saved from their fury. This outrage upon their ambassadors enraged even that party in the Roman senate which had until then supported the views of Scipio; and when, shortly afterwards, the people of Carthage drove out of the city those among the citizens who were devoted to Masinissa, swearing that they should never again be admitted, and the traitors, in consequence, stirred up Masinissa to commence a war against their native city, the destruction of Carthage was at last unanimously determined upon. The war with the Numidians, which at first turned somewhat to the advantage of the Carthaginians, terminated in their total defeat; and the people, terrified at the consequences, sent ambassadors to Rome to implore forgiveness, and sentenced to death the generals who had commanded in the war, in order to make it appear that they had commenced hostilities on their own responsibility (150 B.C.) But their servility and cruelty proved fruitless; war with Carthage had been determined upon in Rome; and the two consuls of the year 149 set out for Africa with a large fleet and a numerous army, and with secret instructions that whatever might be the vicissitudes of the war, they were to persist in their endeavours until Carthage was destroyed. In the mean-

while Carthaginian ambassadors had again been despatched to Rome, with orders to consent to any conditions which might be imposed, in order to maintain peace between the two republics. Having expressed themselves accordingly, they were informed that Carthage would be allowed to retain her independence and her territories, provided the republic would pledge itself, within thirty days, to place 300 youths of the most distinguished families in the hands of the Romans as hostages, and would promise in everything to obey the commands of the consuls. Though the Carthaginians placed but little confidence in the fair promises of the Romans, they endeavoured, by the prompt fulfilment of their engagements, to conciliate the goodwill of their proud oppressors; and the 300 youths were at once delivered up to the Roman consul commanding in Sicily. The fate of Carthage, however, remained undecided until the arrival of the consuls in Utica, which republic had voluntarily subjected itself to Rome a short time before the conclusion of the last war between Masinissa and the Carthaginians. As soon, therefore, as it was known that the consuls had arrived, deputies were sent from Carthage to the Roman camp to sue for mercy, and to declare the readiness of the republic to submit to the wishes of the Romans. To these humble intreaties and declarations the consuls, who were surrounded by all the pomp and dignity of their office, replied, that they were pleased with the ready submission shown, and the prompt delivery of the hostages, but added, that as Carthage was in future to live in peace with all her neighbours, they commanded the citizens to deliver up their fleet and all the arms in their possession. Even to this the Carthaginians, knowing that resistance was impossible, consented, contenting themselves merely with representing to how sad a state this would reduce them, particularly as one of their own generals was at that moment threatening them with an army of 20,000 men. The answer returned was, that the consuls would look to that, and Roman officers were at once despatched to Carthage to receive the military stores which were to be delivered up. Two hundred thousand suits of armour, two thousand catapults, and a numberless multitude of spears and darts, were brought to the Roman camp, accompanied by the chief members of the senate, and the priests of the principal gods, who went in fear and trembling to learn the final decision of the consuls, and to try and move the Romans to compassion. The republic lay defenceless at the feet of its unrelenting foe; but Carthage had not yet drained the dregs of the bitter cup of humiliation. 'Your obedience is praiseworthy,' replied the consul Censorinus to their renewed professions of submission; 'but listen now with calmness and self-possession to the last demand of the senate of Rome. Depart from your native city, and settle wherever you like, provided it be at a distance of eighty stadia from the sea. Carthage is doomed to destruction!' On hearing these words, a cry of despair broke from the Carthaginians; their distress is described as being so affecting in its expression as even to draw tears from the eyes of their stern judges; but the sentence was passed, and must be obeyed. When, however, they returned to Carthage to announce the fatal doom to their fellow-citizens, who were awaiting their return with terror and impatience, it became evident that the spirit of free men was not yet entirely extinct in the breasts of the Carthaginians. When the first moment of despair was over, they deter-

mined, all deprived of their means of defence as they were, to make a desperate effort to resist the unjust usurpation of the Romans. The latter, thinking they had nothing to fear from a city which they had already totally disarmed, were in no great haste to march against Carthage, and the citizens availed themselves of the delay to prepare for defence. Hasdrubal, the general who had commanded in the war against Masinissa, and had fled from Carthage when his life was threatened in consequence, and had taken up arms against his country, now, in the hour of its utmost danger, relented, and placed the 20,000 men which he commanded at the disposal of the city. To him were intrusted the operations to be carried on in the open field, while the citizens within the walls were placed under the command of another general of the same name, and busily employed themselves in the fabrication and practice of arms. The temples, the palaces, the open markets and squares, were converted into so many workshops, and so great was the zeal and enthusiasm shown by all classes and both sexes, that the women cut off their hair to supply the want of materials for making ropes. But though the unanimity which now animated the Carthaginian people enabled them to protract their doom for two years more, it came too late to save the republic. The progress of the Romans was retarded not only by the bravery of the Carthaginians, but also by the blunders of the consuls, and the dissensions which had arisen between them and their ally Masinissa, as also by the demoralisation of their troops, who had entirely broken the bonds of discipline; but when young Scipio, who had been serving with the army in a subordinate capacity, was elected consul for the year 147, and was intrusted with the command in Africa, discipline and the good understanding with the Numidians were restored, no more blunders were committed, and all further resistance proved fruitless. But the last deeds of the Carthaginians were so entirely in harmony with the reputation for faithlessness and cruelty which they had gained for themselves, that pity for the deplorable fall of a republic which had for centuries maintained so prominent a position among nations, is almost forgotten in disgust at a people who sullied the last moments of their existence with acts of treachery and wanton barbarity. The treachery was the act of Himilco, one of the Carthaginian generals, who, towards the close of the war, when he had given up all hopes of serving his country, went over to the Romans with several thousand men; the cruelty was committed by Hasdrubal, who, at the last moment, when Scipio had already gained possession of the part of the city called Megara, threw himself into the castle, and from its walls presented to the horrified Romans a spectacle which even in the annals of Carthage had hardly been equalled. From motives of revenge, as well as with a view to depriving his fellow-citizens of all hope of accommodation with the enemy, he ordered all the Roman prisoners to be brought up upon the walls of the citadel, where, after being horribly mutilated, they were hurled from the battlements to perish miserably on the ground below.

Notwithstanding the advantages already obtained by Scipio, the citadel and the quarter of the city surrounding the inner harbour were still able to hold out against the enemy, and the siege was protracted for several months. At length, however, the vigour of Scipio's measures overcame the bold resistance of the besieged. A storm attempted in the spring of the year 146 could no longer be repelled by the citizens of Carthage, who

were by this time exhausted by famine and fatigue; but they still continued to defend themselves with the fury of despair in the houses which lined the streets leading from Cothon to Byrsa. But Scipio's soldiers next set fire to the houses, which, when they fell, buried under their ruins those who had sought refuge within their walls, and the citadel was reached, though its towering battlements and impenetrable walls still frowned defiance on the assailants. On the seventh day, however, deputies from the garrison were sent to demand free egress for those who desired to leave the fortress, which Hasdrubal, who was revelling in plenty, while his fellow-citizens were perishing from hunger, still refused to surrender. Scipio acceded to the demand of the deputies, and 50,000 Carthaginians issued from the gates of Byrsa; while Hasdrubal, with the last remnant of his adherents, fled to the temple of Æsculapius, situated on the summit of the fortified hill, and there defended himself some short time longer. When, however, every hope of escape proved vain, this man, betraying his last faithful followers, secretly left the temple, and throwing himself at the feet of Scipio, abjectly implored mercy for himself. The noble Roman, in reply, pointed to the little band whom he had deserted, and who, in their despair, had set fire to the temple; while Hasdrubal's wife, appearing at that instant on the roof of the temple, called down the vengeance of the gods and the contempt of mankind on her faithless husband; and having with her own hands put her two sons to death, threw herself into the flames, determined not to survive the disgrace of her family and the fall of her country. The funeral pyre of a woman signalised to the world the foundation of a mighty republic, and that of another woman lighted the republic to its grave. With the fall of Byrsa Carthage ceased to exist: whatever the flames had spared, was abandoned to the cupidity of the soldiers, with the exception of the sacred furniture of the temples, which was sent to Rome, and the works of art conquered in Sicily, which were restored to that province. The joy of Rome at the fall of Carthage was indescribable. Ten senators were immediately despatched to Africa to arrange, in conjunction with Scipio, the administration of the newly-won province, which, during many centuries, proved one of the firmest supports of the Roman empire. The walls of Carthage were levelled to the ground, the citizens transplanted elsewhere, and a solemn curse was pronounced upon the spot where once rose the city of Dido.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

THE science of astronomy, which treats of the heavenly bodies, and of the earth considered as one of their number, is in some respects the most advanced of all the sciences that give information respecting the actual universe. Its laws are so few and simple, that every movement can be subjected to exact calculations; and hence the positions of the various bodies, and the periods of their remarkable configurations, can be accurately predicted long before the event. But this grand consummation, which is the crowning testimony of the perfection of any branch of knowledge, has been to a very great degree accelerated by the machinery and devices that have been brought to bear upon the phenomena themselves.

Another circumstance eminently favourable to the advance of astronomy, is the great encouragement and assistance rendered by almost every civilised government to its cultivation. It is not so exclusively dependent on the chance enthusiasm of private individuals as the generality of the sciences. Public observatories are erected, and endowed, for the express object of pushing forward the work of discovery. Nor are private inquirers wanting, in addition, to spend their strength and resources in the same field. The telescopes of Lord Rosse have poured out their gratuitous revelations upon the astonished world, at the same time that the national observatories have been affording a rich return to the public which supports them. The great practical good of contributing to the safety of navigation in the remotest seas has not been the only civilising result of astronomical discovery; and it cannot be doubted that a similar amount of encouragement given to other equally important sciences—to physics, chemistry, physiology, political and social economy—would, to an equal degree, accelerate their improvement, and yield innumerable contributions to the happiness and elevation of mankind.

The discoveries of recent years, in connection with the heavens, have resulted partly from the mere continuance of the systematic observations that have been going on for ages, and partly from the introduction of new and improved instruments, and methods of observation and calculation. Time alone is a great element of discovery in a class of appearances and movements that do not complete their courses until very long intervals have elapsed. Moreover, to note accurately, with a view to their future identification, a host of objects that have been always quoted as the very type of the innumerable—to number the stars, and to give to each its

name—this is not the work of a day; but without a perfect census of this great population, it is impossible ever to ascertain whether or not they change their condition from age to age. It is said that the sudden appearance of a new star led the Greek astronomer Hipparchus to make his catalogue of the stars, that it might be known to future ages whether the face of the heavens continued the same. The perfection of the star-catalogues of the present day has been instrumental to some of the most signal discoveries that have recently come to light.

Before alluding to the position lately assumed by astronomical science in consequence of the additional insight obtained into the celestial world, it may be proper to advert to the bearing of some parts of our present terrestrial knowledge upon the bodies that occupy the starry firmament. The mystery of the sun, whose gravity, light, heat, and other influences, govern and vivify the globe of our habitation, has been rendered more and more impenetrable by our arriving at the knowledge, that of all influences and modes of action we are acquainted with, not one has the power of absolutely creating heat. Our terrestrial sources of warmth (combustion, &c.) are manifestly nothing more than evolutions of an energy laid up or invested in the structure of material bodies; these bodies being incapable of yielding it except at the cost of some great change in their constitution, which cannot be repeated until a fresh supply from some primeval source has placed them where they were before. When charcoal is burned, it has combined with a portion of the substance of the atmosphere, and the two combining ingredients have formed a new substance, of a character different from either, which can no longer be used to supply heat, and which must receive back all that was given out in the combustion, if we desired the separate existence of the ingredients again. The heat-giving substances of the globe must therefore be considered merely as capable of yielding up a certain limited amount once for all, by suffering some degradation or alteration of their own structure; and in order to furnish a second supply, they must be reimbued with power from on high to the full extent of what they have given out. Whence it happens that instead of an analogy between the solar fires and the terrestrial, there is the very strongest contrast that we can conceive. The one can supply warmth and illumination without ceasing, and without apparent decay; the other merely give out, under certain circumstances, certain portions of what has been communicated to themselves, being most thoroughly exhausted by the effort. And it could easily be shown that the more abstruse modes of producing heat from friction, electricity, or animal life, are in their nature as far from being inexhaustible in creating it as the case of common combustion. So that the conclusion is forced upon us, that we really know nothing of the nature of the great luminary which keeps up the animation of our planetary system; that we are not in a position to conceive or imagine the character of the huge luminous waves that tumble in unceasing effervescence on his vast surface. Of matter perpetually luminous and heat-giving there does not appear to be in all the realms of earth one shred or specimen. Whether such matter is confined to the sun, and to bodies of like nature, or whether portions of it may not be carried through space in the shape of comets and nebulous fragments, it is hard to conjecture.

Thus, notwithstanding all our experience of planetary existence, we seem

debarred from penetrating the great mystery of solar existence; and this exclusion is one of the many obstacles in the way of our comprehension of the starry firmament, which can be nothing else than an innumerable multitude of suns, made known to us by the far-reaching power of light. If we knew with tolerable precision the character and mechanism of one of those great sources of heat and light, we should be able to conceive something of all the rest, and to guess the reasons for the differences that prevail among them. But as it is, we are doomed to know nothing beyond the fact of their existence, coupled with some appreciation of their distances from us, and of certain motions that they are observed to keep up.

In giving a brief account of some of the most remarkable of the recent astronomical discoveries, and of the position they place us in as regards our knowledge of the heavens, we shall allude first to the Solar System, and next to the Sidereal System, or the firmament of the stars.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Within the solar system the principal additions to our knowledge have been first in reference to the planets; secondly, on the subject of the comets; and lastly, in reference to meteors and shooting-stars.

The Planets.

About the beginning of the present century a group of no less than four small planets were successively discovered, revolving in a circle beyond the orbit of Mars, and within the orbit of Jupiter. These planets are singular from the fact, that they have all nearly the same distance from the sun, whereas the rest of the planets observe a regular gradation of distance, their orbits encircling one another at very great intervals. Being, in comparison with the old planets, mere fragments in point of size, it was supposed that there might possibly be others of a like nature, perhaps within the very same sphere, midway between Mars and Jupiter. An interval of eight-and-thirty years, however, elapsed before any more were discovered; but on the 8th of December 1845 a fifth member of the group was recognised by the astronomer Hencke; and in 1847 the same astronomer discovered a sixth; while two more were added by Hind, an English observer. In the following year Graham made one more addition to the number, making now nine in all; the new members of the group having the very same characters as the old. Instead of a gradation of orbits, they have all nearly the same mean distance from the sun; their orbits are much inclined to one another, and to the ecliptic plane where the earth moves around the sun, and from which the other planets deviate very little. The ellipses they describe are elongated, whereas the paths of the others are almost circular. The entire set are now recognised by the following names:—the newly-discovered ones being marked in italics—*Flora*, Vesta, *Iris*, *Hebe*, *Astræa*, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, *Diana*.

The circumstance chiefly contributing to the recent detection of these bodies (which are so very small, that at their distance they are wholly invisible to the naked eye, and are lost amid the countless host of small stars that lie along with them in the field of view of the telescope) is the

progress that has been made in mapping and recording all the stars lying in the zodiac belt, or in that zone of the heavens where the planets are usually found. In proportion as an accurate record is made of the permanent members of any part of the sphere, the facility in catching strangers is increased; and for the purposes of planetary discovery, the exploration of the zodiac belt is the great requisite. The accurate mapping of the other portions of the sky has been the instrument of a different class of revelations to be afterwards alluded to.

But in thus connecting the determination of the new members of the fragmentary group, we have passed over what happened soon after the discovery of the first of these—namely, the addition to the system of a planet of the order of concentric orbits, like Venus, Jupiter, or Saturn, and moving beyond the sphere of the most distant of the members already known, thus enlarging the boundaries of the solar system itself. Far beyond the track where Uranus (discovered by Herschel in 1781) accomplishes his immense circuit about the sun in a period of upwards of fourscore years, there has been found suspended a planet moving by attraction to our common central luminary, and accomplishing a single revolution in 164 years; one course of his seasons being equal to two of the longest lives of the human denizens of our earth.

But more memorable than the discovery itself is the manner in which it was brought about. Had it happened in the way that Uranus and the family group between Mars and Jupiter were ascertained, it would still have been a great result of astronomical observation—a new example of human perseverance, and of the power of tracing individual units among confused multitudes. Such, however, was not the course in this instance.

The working out of the great law of universal and mutual gravitation has enabled mathematicians to calculate beforehand the motions and places of the planets, moons, and comets of the solar system, by computing both what we may call their natural rate of going (the course of each planet with the sun all to itself), and the alterations in that rate made by disturbing bodies. Each individual planet is a disturber of all the rest, and more particularly of its nearest neighbours, in consequence of their nearness, gravitation being stronger according to the proximity of the bodies. For example, the outermost planet of the old series, Uranus, is disturbed to a conspicuous extent by the action of Saturn, who is next within, and by Jupiter, the next to Saturn. Sometimes it may be observed that Uranus lags behind his proper place, and at other times is too fast, according to the position of his disturbers, as being either behind him, so to speak, dragging him back, or before him, dragging him forward. But knowing the mass or weight (which is the same as the gravitating attractiveness) of Saturn and Jupiter, and their distances and changes of distance from Uranus, it is possible, by calculation, to find out exactly how far the last-named body should advance or retreat by the effect of the united disturbing energies of the other two. Accordingly, the calculation has been made over and over again; but somehow it has never agreed with the fact. The calculated place of Uranus for any one day has not usually been found to be the real place where he was to be seen by actual observation.

Either the calculations have been incorrect, or there is some other cause

of disturbance at work different from any that had been taken into account. Could this be a planet moving in an orbit beyond, and enclosing the track of, Uranus, but not yet discovered—an unseen power making itself thus felt upon one of the bodies within our ken? The supposition is not unreasonable. Uranus is far off, indeed, from the sun; but is he the farthest, the last tributary to the great centre of our system?

If not, there may be an additional planet stealing with undiscovered steps among that multitude of stars where already the members of the solar family have been laboriously picked out. But the search for such a body in the densely-peopled zodiacal belt, though not altogether hopeless, is indeed a Herculean task. In the course of years or generations, the wanderer is pretty sure to be caught; but in the meantime it keeps up its tantalising disturbance, baffling our best calculations, and, like a thief in the night, leaving no doubt of its existence, though continually evading our watch.

Human ingenuity has, however, suggested one resource. Looking at the character of the disturbance, it may be possible to find the direction of it, or the place where the disturber lies at some given moment. When the disturbed planet, for instance, is found lagging more than he ought, it seems plain that the influence is to be sought behind him, as it were, or in some direction nearly the reverse of the course of Uranus at the time. This fixes the unknown body to certain limits. Then, again, when Uranus is too far forward, an influence ahead must be recognised, and the place of the disturbing cause is again limited. Even from such vague indications as these, the search might be safely restricted to some small portion of the zodiacal belt.

The actual facts of the case, in reference to the deviations of the calculated from the observed places of Uranus, are these:—From about the year 1795 to 1822, the observed place was steadily in advance of the computed place; from this last epoch a sort of retreat took place, till 'in 1830–31 the tabular and observed longitudes agreed. But, far from remaining in accordance, the planet, still losing ground, fell, and continued to fall behind its calculated place; and that with such rapidity, as to make it evident that the existing tables (or calculations) could no longer be received as representing with any tolerable precision the true laws of its motion.'

It occurred about the same time to two mathematicians, Mr Adams in England, and M. Leverrier in France, to set out from the observed deviations, and to employ them as data for calculating the distance and situation of the unknown body. This was an attempt wholly new in astronomical calculation. The usual problem is: given a disturbing cause, its amount and direction, to find the effect on the body disturbed. But the proposed one is the inverse of this—namely, *given the disturbances, to find the disturbing planet*, or to determine its orbit, and its place in that orbit, so that a telescope might on any given day be applied to the exact spot where it is to be found. As a general rule, inverse problems are more difficult than direct ones; division is in advance of multiplication, and the extraction of the cube root a vastly more perplexing business than raising a number to the cube. Thus it was with the interesting attempt of Adams and Leverrier: it contained a depth of difficulty and perplexity much beyond the ordinary questions of perturbation, although these are

understood to be the most arduous mathematical exercises that can well engage the most skilled calculators.

Having for data, or for known quantities, the amount and character of the disturbance, the explorers of the new planet made certain probable assumptions, without which the question would have surpassed their utmost skill. Besides taking for granted that the planet revolved in the same plane and in the same direction as Uranus (following the analogy of the other planets), they assumed that a remarkable relation subsisting among the existing members of the system—namely, that each is at double the distance from the sun of the one next within it—extended likewise to the exterior unknown member; on which supposition it would revolve at double the distance of Uranus, or about thirty-eight times the earth's distance from the sun. This latter assumption, supported as it was by strict analogy within the old system, turned out to be a mistake.

The question having been wrought out by each of the two parties, and brought to a result much about the same time by both, M. Leverrier pointed out to Dr Galle, one of the astronomers of the Royal Observatory of Berlin, where he considered the planet ought to be on the 23d of September 1846. On that day, accordingly, the place assigned was explored; and a body was actually found which had no place in the zodiacal chart. The probability therefore was, that this must be the planet. Nothing was wanted to settle the point but a little time, for the purpose of showing whether it moved or not. The next night was sufficient to bring this to the test, and the probability became a certainty. Within less than two breadths of the moon from the position assigned by M. Leverrier, the real disturber was detected, and a new planet added to our system, henceforth recognised under the name of NEPTUNE.

Although M. Leverrier had the glory of bringing about the first verification and public announcement of the planet, Mr Adams of Cambridge had some weeks before intimated the result of his calculations to Professor Challis of that university, who saw the body on the 4th and on the 12th of August preceding, and 'noted its place on those two days (among those of other stars) for reobservation. He, however, postponed the *comparison* of the places observed, and not possessing Dr Bremiker's chart (which would have indicated at once the presence of an unmapped star), remained in ignorance of the planet's existence as a visible object till its announcement as such by Dr Galle.' It was therefore from no fault of Mr Adams that he was not the first discoverer of the planet; and accordingly the honours of the achievement have been assigned equally to him and Leverrier.

From the observations made on the planet since its discovery, it appears that its distance from the sun is considerably less than double the distance of Uranus, being thirty radii of the orbit of the earth, or nearly three thousand millions of miles. The time of one revolution in such a remote track is 60,127 days, or 164 years; about double the year of Uranus. Its mass is somewhat greater than Uranus, as well as its magnitude; the diameter across being 41,500 miles, or less than half the diameter of Jupiter. The density would be about the same as Saturn, which is considerably lighter than cork. It thus appears that Neptune ranks with the three other remote planets in respect of magnitude, and is immensely superior to the four nearest the sun.

Nothing can yet be stated with any degree of certainty as to the physical appearance of the planet. A strong suspicion has been entertained of its being surrounded with a ring like Saturn's. It would appear also to be attended by two satellites; the existence of one being considered certain, and that of a second very probable.

This great discovery spreads out the area of the solar system far beyond our previous conceptions, and makes us cognisant of eight first-class planets, with orbits enclosing one another at vast intervals. To these we have to add the asteroid family between Mars and Jupiter, now extended to nine members; thus making in all seventeen distinct planetary bodies, or nearly three times the number known to the ancients, or discernible by the unassisted vision. Our earth may be said to fraternise with sixteen distinct orbs of her own species.

The Comets.

The knowledge of these bodies has of late years been much extended by the continuous application of the system of careful scrutiny that has been extended to all the phenomena in the heavens. The greatest step ever made in the comprehension of their nature was when Newton showed their dependence on the sun, and their revolution in orbits around him as a centre, in the manner of the planets, but with tracks much more eccentric or elongated than theirs. Since then, their motions have been made a matter of exact calculation, and the return of many of them predicted, so that a certain number are now included among the recognised and familiar members of the solar system, and are duly expected at the proper season when they make their near approach to the sun, and thereby become visible.

The actual number of comets attached to the solar system must be at least many thousands. Those actually observed by astronomers, or recorded in history, amount to several hundreds; and from the long periods of revolution of some of them, they must in their track go far beyond the outermost planetary sphere, or beyond the sweep of Neptune. Indeed, from the character of the motions of a few of them that have their projecting force very great in comparison with the sun's attraction, it would seem that after one visit to the sun, they go off into space almost in a straight line, never to return to their supposed mother sphere. This intense projectile power which carries them so far from the centre of the system, and causes one contrast between them and the well-balanced forces of the planets, is, however, only of a piece with the violent commotions and intense repulsive energies manifested in the interior of their bodies, and rendered apparent by the development of their tails, or by the extraordinary shooting out of their masses into streams, sometimes of such length as to be capable of spanning the entire orbit of a planet's revolution.

The material of the comets is as mysterious as the composition of the sun himself. Either it is self-luminous, like the sun's atmospheric constituents, or its excessive rarity enables it to be pierced through and through with the sun's own rays, like a cloud in a summer day. Yet 'the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest region of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light, and to glow throughout their whole depth, as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must

be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet.' Their tails, or rather the expansion of their mass, is very much dependent on their approach to the sun; in fact it is only in their perihelion passage that they acquire all their splendour.

The recorded comets of history, which have so often terrified the nations, have of late years been compared with one another and with the comets appearing since the time of Newton, and have been subjected to calculation according to the laws of gravity. The first identification of a number of successive appearances was made on the well-known comet of Halley, whose last appearance was in 1835, at the very time appointed for it by calculation. On this occasion it was made the subject of very minute observation and study by several astronomers, who published careful drawings of its successive aspects, to enable the world to form some definite conclusions as to the character of the forces that are at work upon this class of bodies. Sir John Herschel, in his 'Outlines of Astronomy,' gives the following conclusions as deducible in his opinion from the observations thus made:—

'1*st*, That the matter of the nucleus of a comet is powerfully excited and dilated into a vaporous state by the action of the sun's rays, escaping in streams and jets at those points of its surface which oppose the least resistance, and in all probability throwing that surface or the nucleus itself into irregular motions by its reaction in the act of so escaping, and thus altering its direction.

'2*dly*, That this process chiefly takes place in that portion of the nucleus which is turned towards the sun, the vapour escaping chiefly in that direction.

'3*dly*, That when so emitted, it is prevented from proceeding in the direction originally impressed upon it, by some force directed *from* the sun, drifting it back, and carrying it out to vast distances behind the nucleus, forming the tail, or so much of the tail as can be considered as consisting of material substance.

'4*thly*, That this force, whatever its nature, acts unequally on the materials of the comet, the greater portion remaining unvaporised, and a considerable part of the vapour actually produced remaining in its neighbourhood, forming the head and coma (or tail).

'5*thly*, That the force thus acting on the materials of the tail cannot possibly be identical with the ordinary gravitation of matter, being centrifugal or repulsive, as respects the sun, and of an energy very far exceeding the gravitating force towards that luminary. This will be evident if we consider the enormous velocity with which the matter of the tail is carried backwards in opposition both to the motion which it had as part of the nucleus, and to that which it acquired in the act of its emission, both which motions have to be destroyed, in the first instance, before any movement in the contrary direction can be impressed.

'6*thly*, That unless the matter of the tail, thus repelled from the sun, be retained by a peculiar and highly-energetic attraction to the nucleus, differing from, and exceptional to, the ordinary power of gravitation, it must leave the nucleus altogether, being in effect carried far beyond the coercive power of so feeble a gravitating force as would correspond to the minute mass of the nucleus; and it is therefore very conceivable that a comet may

lose, at every approach to the sun, a portion of that peculiar matter, whatever it may be, on which the production of its tail depends; the remainder being of course less excitable by the solar action, and more impassive to his rays, and therefore, *pro tanto*, more nearly approximating to the nature of the planetary bodies.'

We are thus led to imagine that the comets possess, if they are not wholly made up of, ingredients totally unlike any substance to be found on the earth. Even this assumed process of vaporising a portion of the formerly condensed material of the nucleus by the power of the sun's rays, is very different from terrestrial evaporation, which converts the body into an invisible gas. We may, however, suppose it not unlikely that matter of this kind may exist in the comets too, for it is sometimes observed that the head and expanded body or tail of a full-blown comet are separated by a transparent interval, which cannot be conceived as a total vacuity, but may consist of matter of a kind that freely transmits light. In this matter the cloudy and visible substance may float, as the fire-clouds of the solar surface are supposed to float in his transparent atmosphere. But it is extremely unsafe to carry out analogies between things so totally different as terrestrial substances and the composition of comets. In these last bodies we have, so to speak, *an enormous predominance of force over matter;* in other words, an exceedingly light mass is actuated by energies that give it a most gigantic expansion and an immense appearance. The tail of a great comet, says Sir John Herschel, may consist, for aught we can tell, of only a very few pounds or even ounces of matter. Yet this handful of substance is capable of expanding into a luminous band of millions of miles in length, and of retaining its cohesion over all that interval, so as to collapse again in whole or in part after the expansive agency of the sun is diminished by distance. In comparison of this effect our globe is a dull, dead, inert mass, animated with no forces but such as are of the feeblest description. The contemplation of the great cometic manifestations is thus very valuable in expanding our views of the capabilities and varied character of the material universe, and in correcting our natural disposition to set up what we find about ourselves as the type and pattern of creation at large.

The great comet of 1680 is estimated to have a period of about 575 years, and is supposed to coincide with a magnificent one observed in Constantinople and in Palestine in the year 1105, and with that of A.D. 575, which was seen at noonday close to the sun. Farther back still, it is conceived to agree with the comet of 43 B.C., which appeared after the death of Cæsar; and it is even identified with the remote ages in the case of 'two other comets, mention of which occurs in the "Sibylline Oracles," and in a passage in Homer, and which are referred, as well as the obscurity of chronology and the indications themselves will allow, to the years 618 and 1194 B.C.' Seeing that the commencement of the historical period of Greek history is fixed by Mr Grote, the highest authority on the subject, at 776 B.C., an astronomical fact of a decisive kind that could connect itself with any human occurrence four centuries earlier would be intensely interesting. A solar eclipse, for example, that could be shown to have been actually observed at that time would fix a period in early chronology where none exists at present. But the appearance of a great comet is not of itself sufficient for this purpose, there being, in fact, many such comets,

rendering it difficult to say, in the absence of confirmatory circumstances, whether even an actual observation is really recorded.

Great interest has recently been attached to certain comets of short period, which admit of being observed with such frequency, as to render the knowledge of their motions very precise and accurate. The first noticed of this class is the comet of Encke, whose revolution occupies only 1211 days, or about three years and four months. The most remarkable fact connected with its reappearances—a considerable number of these having now been observed—is the gradual contraction or diminution of its orbit, as if it were unable, from some cause or other, to maintain its distance from the sun. There being nothing in the nature of planetary or cometary motions to cause this dwindling of their track, the only supposition that can account for it is the existence of a thin medium in the planetary spaces, with the power of resisting in some degree the motion of all bodies, and making itself known conspicuously on such as are of a very light texture. The question of a resisting medium, as against the total vacuity of celestial space, has often been agitated in connection with various hypotheses, such as the doctrine of the transmission of light by the undulations of an ethereal substance or medium; but it seems reserved for the observations on the comets to establish the existence of any such medium. Now the decay or collapse of the orbit of the comet of Encke is the most decisive testimony yet afforded on the point. But even if it could be proved that such a fluid was present, with power to obstruct motions through it, there would still remain the question of its connection with the other great natural agencies that penetrate space and pass through its bosom.

Meteors and Shooting-Stars.

A class of bodies, distinct from both planets and comets, seems now to be distinctly recognised as belonging to the solar system. The meteors and shooting-stars, which are of so frequent occurrence, cannot with the least probability be traced to any other cause than the existence of a host of wandering bodies too small to be ordinarily visible, and now and then passing the earth so close as to enter the atmosphere. Sometimes they actually descend to the ground, and present themselves to our examination, when they are seen to be masses of stone or metal, similar to what may be found in the earth's crust. Others of them would appear not to be solid masses, but thin gaseous patches, which undergo changes of form, and not unfrequently break up before our eyes into sparks like a rocket. But whether solid or not, the only likely explanation that can be offered is to conceive them as individuals of a countless host of shreds and fragments flying through the planetary spaces in obedience to the same laws as the planets themselves; perhaps performing with due punctuality their elliptic revolutions about the common centre of the system.

On some occasions the shooting-stars have occurred in great numbers, 'so as to convey the idea of a shower of rockets, or of snow-flakes, falling, and brilliantly illuminating the whole heavens for hours together, and that not in one locality, but over whole continents and oceans, and even (in one instance) in both hemispheres.' Such occurrences have uniformly taken place in the month of November, and in the night either of the 12th and

13th or of the 13th and 14th of the month. A less brilliant display than the other (which last has come to be designated the November meteors) has sometimes happened on the 10th of August.

Sir John Herschel has pointed out in a very convincing way the supposition involved in these coincidences of meteoric phenomena with particular days of the year. On the 13th of November the earth is always at the same place in its annual revolution, and if it regularly encounters a stream of bodies at that spot, the reason must be that a vast procession of them exists in the solar system, which in its path crosses the place of earth at that time. If an unbroken circle of them existed, extending all the way round the sun, then the earth would be sure to be immersed in them every year, and they would regularly blaze out on all sides on the occasion of this passage; but as years sometimes pass over without their appearing, it follows that there cannot be a complete ring, which would be something very gigantic indeed. We must suppose that there are merely fractions of a ring, or streams of great length, which go round in a regular planetary course, and occasionally come upon that particular part of their track which crosses the earth's place on the 13th of November, at the very time when the earth itself is there also.

Such phenomena, so conceived, tend still farther to enlarge our ideas of the extent and riches of our solar system. The meagre notion of ancient times, which could see only a sun, moon, and six planets, is now exchanged for a mass of positive information, including not merely an enlargement of the number of members of the recognised classes, but also two new classes of a still more extraordinary character, and numbering a countless host of individuals. The *aerolites*, as the meteoric bodies are called, must be more in number than the sand on the sea-shore, although, from the vast widths of space allowed them to wander in, collisions between them and the planets may be very rare.

THE SIDEREAL SYSTEM.

We now pass from the account of what has recently been discovered within the system that includes our earth and ourselves, to what has been made out in the far-off systems and galaxies which make up the expanse of the starry firmament. Notwithstanding the immense distance of our outermost planet Neptune, and of the orbs of the comets of long period, the stride from the farthest point of these to the very nearest of the starry host is of itself like the passage from earth to heaven: if the journey from the sun to Neptune were counted in *days*, tens, hundreds, or thousands of *years* would elapse before the intervals between the sun and one of his brother suns could be traversed. To our natural vision, the planets of our system lie strewn among the starry fields, as if equally remote with them; but we have now learned, by the application of our reasoning powers, to make the widest possible distinction between what is within and what is beyond the system where our sun is the central and governing power. A vast gulf, an immeasurable abyss, lies between the broad spaces enclosed by our planetary tracks and the nearest body that can be descried beyond them. The universe, with all its store of material orbs, is still more prodigal of inter-

vening spaces. The largest mass that is suspended in the sky is a mite in comparison of the interval between it and its next neighbour; there is never any lack of room for the most wide-ranging motions.

Keeping in view the grand distinction there is between the solar system and the sidereal system, between the family of one luminary and the aggregate of luminaries that make up the whole visible universe, we shall now attempt to describe a few of the results of recent inquiries into the constitution of this aggregate. Universal space, with all that it contains, the immense whole of created things, whose face and physiognomy is the starry sky, the unity that comprehends all worlds—this, if not the most interesting, is at least the largest subject that can occupy the intellect of man. If our frame were suited to endure without fatigue the vastness and the tension of such a pursuit, it would without doubt be a most acceptable sphere of speculative enterprise. We have a natural longing to behold the glory of the great all-comprehending universe; but, like the ancient lawgiver, we are very soon taught that our strength is not equal to our desires.

It is nevertheless an extremely important discipline to accustom ourselves betimes to conceive the outspread galaxies of heaven with all their hosts, and signs, and wonders. The prevailing foible and weakness of humanity is to grovel on the earth, and to dwell exclusively in the little, the near, and the transitory. The interests of one's own small personality, and of a few others equally small, make the staple of a commonplace existence; and, as a consequence, the vicissitudes of life shock and surprise us with extreme violence. A counteractive, as well as a source of elevation of thought, might be obtained through those expansive studies that comprehend the successive orders of creation, up to that largest of all possible conceptions—the congregated host of worlds that fill the starry canopy.

The Stars.

The first prominent feature that strikes our observation in glancing over the midnight sky is the unequal brightness of the different luminaries. Beginning at a few which have extreme brilliancy, we gradually descend to classes fainter and fainter, till we come to such as we can just discern, and no more; and we can readily entertain the presumption that if our eyes were a little better, we might see many others that are too faint for our feeble sight. This presumption is actually verified by that great enlarger of vision, the telescope. On applying one of these instruments to any spot of the heavens, numbers of new stars come into view, of various orders of brightness, the same gradation prevailing among them as among those within the ken of the naked eye.

A regular classification of the different orders of the stars, in respect of brightness, has been made: they have been divided into stars of the first, second, third, &c. magnitudes; and up to the limits of telescopic vision, as many as sixteen magnitudes have been fixed. The twenty-three or twenty-four brightest stars in both hemispheres have been reckoned of the first magnitude, although considerable differences exist among these, there being one of them, Sirius, the Dog-Star, apparent to the eye as beyond question the brightest star in the heavens. About fifty or sixty inferior to those constitute the second magnitude. The third includes 'about 200 yet smaller; and so on; the numbers increasing very rapidly as we descend in

the scale of brightness, the whole number of stars already registered, down to the seventh magnitude inclusive, amounting to from 12,000 to 15,000.' The stars of the fifth order are about the lowest that are easily visible to the naked eye. It is, however, possible in a clear sky to discern the individuals of the sixth magnitude. The brightest objects of the heavens, of a starry aspect, are the two planets Venus and Jupiter; even the Dog-Star is very considerably inferior in brightness to these.

The next peculiarity that strikes the most casual observer is the very unequal distribution of the stars in different parts of the heavens. At a first glance they would seem as if strewn at random, but on a closer inspection there appears a decided intention, as it were, to crowd some regions to a very great density, while in others they are very sparingly distributed.

Nobody has ever looked at the heavens attentively without being arrested by the zone or stream of the Milky Way, so called from its milk-white lustre, which presents a marked contrast to the deep blue of the ordinary surface of the sky. The observer cannot fail to see that, whatever may be the cause of the milky aspect, a vast crowding of visible stars of all magnitudes takes place over the whole of that region. But by bringing the telescope in aid of the sight, it is made manifest that the lustre is owing to nothing else but stars; the naked eye being baffled in its attempt to discern the individuals, while by their vast numbers and close packing they conspire to affect the vision as with a nebulous haze.

The Milky Way may be traced as a starry zone extending all round the heavens, although with unequal breadth and some irregularities. Sir John Herschel, in his 'Outlines of Astronomy,' p. 527, has minutely described the course it takes among the constellations, and its form, branches, and interruptions throughout; assigning as a reason, rendering such a minute description necessary, that it is laid down very loosely and incorrectly in all the celestial maps and globes.

It is not enough to remark the condensation of stars along this milky zone; we are called upon likewise to note a gradual density in the packing as we approach its sides from a distance. In fact it may be affirmed that all the way from the edges of the conspicuous belt there is a gradual diminution in the number of stars till we come to the spaces farthest removed from it on both sides, and in these there is the least denseness of crowding. There is thus a principle of regularity and system introduced into the apparently random distribution of the celestial multitudes. A vast zone encircles the whole sphere of the heavens, not very regular, it is true, (the greatest irregularity being its division into two branches, which continue separate for some time, and then come together again), but, on the whole, very nearly circular in its course, crowded apparently to the last degree of condensation with star-dust, forming the great metropolitan area of the starry population, and from it on each side a gradual diminution of closeness being apparent towards the spaces at its two poles, which exhibit, as it were, the minimum density of stellar existence.

The elder Herschel was the first to infer from this peculiar array the probable arrangement and constitution of the galaxy of the visible firmament. He conceived that the crowding of the milky zone, as contrasted with the sparseness of the spaces furthest removed from it on both sides,

might arise from the circumstance, that the whole galaxy makes up a flat ring or millstone-shaped mass, not perfectly even or straight, but, on the whole, little removed from this shape, so that the length and breadth of the mass very much exceed the thickness. It is certain that if our system were situated in the interior of an aggregate of this description, the appearances would be similar to what actually exists. Looking through the mass in the directions of its greatest depth, or through the edges, a dense multitude of stars would intercept the view; while, on the other hand, in looking out through the sides, the intervening stars would be so much fewer, that they would have a comparatively rarefied and scattered aspect. A view out at the side, but more slanting, would discover an increase in the numbers, which would become greater as we turned the glance towards the edges, the place of greatest depth and crowding.

Assuming that this starry plane or stratum is made up of stars of a nearly uniform degree of scattering, the comparative apparent density would depend on the situation of our own system within the mass. Were we exactly in a central position, or midway between the two sides, and equally distant from all parts of the rim or border, our view would show a uniform density of the milky zone all round, and a uniform density and rate of decrease on each side. But suppose we were to inhabit the rim or circumference of the galaxy; in that case, looking on one side, there are no stars beyond us, and unless other galaxies existed in the far distance to people the firmament in that direction, there would be nothing but an outstretched canopy of darkness and vacuity. The aspect would be very different on the other side—that is, looking through the interior of our galaxy, and across its whole length—consisting of stars beyond stars in its opposite circumference, and all crowded together in one narrow field of view. The line or direction of greatest density would be diametrically through the mass; and in all sides of this line there would be a decrease, but not at a uniform rate, being most rapid as the glance moved sideways from the plane, and least rapid as it moved towards its edges. The appearance, on the whole, would be a hemisphere of stars, condensed in the centre, and becoming gradually rarer on all sides towards the edges; but presenting also an arch or a milky way, though not of uniform density, there being a regular decrease from the centre to the extremities in the edge of the hemisphere.

That such a position in the circumference of the galaxy is not the one we occupy, is proved by the actual appearance, for the milky zone extends round the whole sphere of the heavens, and on every side stars are descried. It is evident, therefore, that our position is somewhere in the interior of the mass; but according to the reasoning of Sir John Herschel, founded on the character of the Milky Way in the southern hemisphere, the mass is not an evenly-distributed stratum, but rather an immense ring with a considerable central vacuity, where we are situated eccentrically, or nearer the southern than the northern part of its circuit. It is not meant that the solar star is a solitary inhabitant in the great hollow of the galaxy, but that comparatively few bodies are situated there, and our system is one of the few. Again, from the rate of diminution of density on each side of the zone, it appears that we are not equally distant from the two sides, but nearer one than the other.

Notwithstanding the evidence that goes to confirm the view of Herschel as to our being attached to one of the members of a distinct galaxy, or aggregate of stars, far removed from every other aggregate, and having the character of a connected system, very great irregularities prevail in its appearance, and show that its form and arrangement is not according to any simple or uniform type. Not only is there the remarkable bifurcation of the Milky Way already noticed, which would give the idea of a cleft or a double edge in one part of the galaxy; but there are places in the zone 'exhibiting a rapid succession of closely-clustering rich patches separated by comparatively poor intervals, and indeed in some instances by spaces absolutely dark, and *completely devoid of any star*, even of the smallest telescopic magnitude.' Thus although the galaxy itself is to be considered as a compact and detached assemblage of luminaries, this assemblage is itself resolvable into clustering forms and distinguishable groups, which it is difficult to include under any known principle of arrangement or any regular figure. Indeed our means of viewing the whole are so inadequate, that we are not entitled to make the attempt.

The notion of our existing in a separable galaxy of stars, not comprehending the entire starry universe, but constituting only a single individual of its innumerable galaxies, depends upon our being able distinctly to make out the fact, that the visible firmament is for the most part a mass clearly bounded and limited to the vision, and separated by an unfathomable abyss from the other firmaments which it is possible for us to trace in their supposed inconceivable remoteness. We must show that we have a clear view of the very furthest edge of our stratum, and that there is nothing beyond it until we come to the nebulous masses that are the indication of those independent galaxies that cannot be confounded with ours. Now the appearances laid open to the telescope seem to furnish a complete proof of this somewhat perilous doctrine. For if a continuous mass of stars extending unbroken to the infinite depths of space were to exist, their aspect would inevitably be that of visible stars scattered over a nebulous haze, which every new addition of telescopic power would resolve more and more, but never come to the end of. A pure black starless sky would in that case be an impossibility. But the fact is, that after applying a certain magnifying power, most of the stars become distinctly visible, and are seen to be situated in a starless gloom; and no addition to the range of telescopic penetration can gather an additional vestige out of the darkness. In short, there is a manifest transition from the starry to the starless heaven, from the interior crowding of the galaxy to the vast untrodden vacuities of the extra-galactic spaces, where no existence can be tracked until after crossing the immeasurable void that intervenes between our mother-firmament and some neighbour far away.

Sometimes the exception is said to prove the rule, and in the present case something like this happens; for although the limit of the galaxy of the Milky Way is in general distinctly descried, there are places where this cannot be said, as 'in that interesting region near its point of bifurcation in Scorpio, where through the hollows and deep recesses of its complicated structure we behold what has all the appearance of a wide and indefinitely-prolonged area, strewed over with discontinuous masses and clouds of stars which the telescope at length refuses to analyse. Whatever other conclu-

sions we may draw, this must anyhow be regarded as the direction of the greatest linear extension of the ground-plan of our galaxy.' *

The separation of the entire whole of the created universe into detached galaxies, each containing its countless myriads of stars, cannot be fully comprehended without taking a view of the observations and discoveries that bear upon the *nebulæ;* but before touching upon these, it will be well to allude to some important results contributing to elucidate the actual dimensions of the starry expanses, and also to other peculiarities suggested by the scrutiny of individual stars.

In the first place, then—What is *the distance of the stars?* The distances of the sun, moon, and planets have been known for some time through the application of a process of trigonometrical measurement, similar to what is used for the determination of the distance of inaccessible objects on the earth. It was natural to attempt a similar process on the stars; but for a long time nothing could be ascertained except the fact of the enormous amount of their distance, this being the only reason of the failure of the process to give the exact estimate. So far removed are these bodies, that by shifting our position two hundred millions of miles, no displacement could for a long time be discovered by means of the most delicate instruments. The diameter of the earth's orbit is the largest base line that could be adopted in the triangulation; and as no measurable angle at a star's distance could be ascertained to subtend this line, although it is possible to measure an angle of one second (that is, 3600th part of a degree, each degree being the 360th of a circle), it could only be inferred that the stars experimented on were not less than *twenty millions of millions of miles* away from us, or nearly seven hundred times farther removed from our sun than his outermost known attendant—the planet Neptune! A ray of light, the most rapid of all known movements, would take nearly three years and a-quarter to traverse this interval, and after going so long, would not, on this supposition, reach the nearest of the fixed stars!

But the difficulties attending this interesting problem have at length been overcome, and the distances of a number of stars actually measured. The first of these was the star marked by astronomers α Centauri, a bright, and, on many accounts, remarkable star in the southern hemisphere. 'From a series of observations of this star, made at the Royal Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope in the years 1832 and 1833 by Professor Henderson, with the mural circle of that establishment, a parallax to the amount of an entire second was concluded on his reduction of the observations in question after his return to England. Subsequent observations by Mr Maclear, partly with the same, and partly with a new and far more efficiently-constructed instrument of the same description, made in the years 1839 and 1840, have fully confirmed the reality of the parallax discovered by Professor Henderson's observations, though with a slight diminution in its concluded amount, which comes out equal to $0''{\cdot}9128$, or about $\frac{9}{11}$ths of a second; *bright stars in its immediate neighbourhood being unaffected by a similar periodical displacement, and thus affording satisfactory proof that the displacement indicated in the case of the star in question is not merely*

* Sir John Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, p. 538.

a result of annual variations of temperature (affecting the instrument). As it is impossible at present to answer for so minute a quantity as that by which this result differs from an exact second, we may consider the distance of this star as approximately expressed by the distance already stated as corresponding to an annual parallax of one second.*

The next determination of this kind was effected by Bessel, a celebrated astronomer at Königsberg, on the star called 61 Cygni, and ended in assigning to the star a parallax of about one-third of a second, and consequently a distance of sixty billions of millions, or ten years' journey of a ray of light. The process used on this occasion involved a very great refinement on the old method, so that by it parallactic angles of still smaller dimensions can be detected.

Sir John Herschel gives the following 'list of stars to which parallax has been, up to the present time, more or less probably assigned:—

	α Centauri,	0″·913 (Henderson)
	61 Cygni,	0 ·348 (Bessel)
	α Lyræ,	0 ·261 (Struve)
	Sirius,	0 ·230 (Henderson)
1830.	Groombridge,†	0 ·226 (Peters)
	ι Ursæ Majoris,	0 ·133 ...
	Arcturus,	0 ·127 ...
	Polaris,	0 ·067 ...
	Capella,	0 ·046 ...

Sirius, or the Dog-Star, has already been alluded to as the brightest in the heavens. It now appears that this is not from its being the nearest, for the parallax given to it by Professor Henderson makes it almost four times farther off than α Centauri, or about eighty billions of miles. We have thus a decisive proof of the inequality of the stars, and the fact is abundantly confirmed in many other determinations.

It cannot be made out whether this inequality belongs to the size alone, or to the intrinsic brilliancy of the light, or to both combined. The size of the planets is found, after knowing their distance, by means of the breadth of their disk; but a star never shows a disk—it is merely a luminous point. There remains, therefore, no ground of comparison except the intensity of their light. A method has been adopted of comparing the light of the sun with the light of a star through the medium of the moon; and by this method it has been computed that the intrinsic splendour of α Centauri is more than twice as great as our sun, making due allowance for their respective distances; while Sirius is actually equal to sixty-three suns. We have thus conclusive reasons for conceiving of the starry firmament as made up of luminaries akin to the central luminary of our planetary system.

The minute scrutiny of the starry heavens has led to the detection of a multitude of singular facts relative to their individual appearances. The aspect of the sky to an ordinary observer suggests nothing but calm stillness and eternal and majestic quiescence like the beatitude of a Hindoo divinity. Better observation dispels this fallacy. Such astounding phenomena as the

* Sir John Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, p. 542.
† Groombridge's Catalogue of Circumpolar Stars.

momentary outburst of a new star, perhaps again to be extinguished, lead the mind to a different class of reflections. Looking upon each star as a great sun, and imagining the possibility of its light going out in a moment, we might even allow ourselves to be afflicted with the notion of our own centre of light being uncertain in its continuance. A 'little knowledge' of this kind would be 'a dangerous thing;' and it would behove us to dispel the terrors of our narrow views by the certainties of a wider range of study.

The extraordinary phenomena of *temporary stars* occur now and then, and records of many of them have been transmitted from past ages. 'Such is the star which, suddenly appearing some time about the year 125 B.C., and which was visible in the daytime, is said to have attracted the attention of Hipparchus, and led him to draw up a catalogue of the stars, the earliest on record. Such, too, was the star which appeared A.D. 389, near α Aquilæ, remaining for three weeks as bright as Venus, and disappearing entirely. In the years 945, 1264, and 1572, brilliant stars appeared in the region of the heavens between Cepheus and Cassiopeia; and from the imperfect account we have of the places of the two earlier, as compared with that of the last, which was well determined, as well as from the tolerably near coincidence of the intervals of their appearance, we may suspect them, with Goodricke, to be one and the same star, with a period of 312, or perhaps of 156 years. The appearance of the star of 1572 was so sudden, that Tycho Brahé, a celebrated Danish astronomer, returning one evening (the 11th of November) from his laboratory to his dwelling-house, was surprised to find a group of country people gazing at a star which he was sure did not exist half an hour before. This was the star in question. It was then as bright as Sirius, and continued to increase till it surpassed Jupiter when brightest, and was visible at mid-day. It began to diminish in December of the same year, and in March 1574 had entirely disappeared. So also on the 10th of October 1604 a star of this kind, and not less brilliant, burst forth in the constellation of Serpentarius, which continued visible till October 1605.

'Similar phenomena, though of a less splendid character, have taken place more recently, as in the case of the star of the third magnitude discovered in 1670 by Anthelm in the head of the Swan, which, after becoming completely invisible, reappeared, and after undergoing one or two singular fluctuations of light during two years, at last died away entirely, and has not since been seen.' *

These startling and unaccountable manifestations, sufficient to discredit our notions of the solemn silence and unchanging placidity of the bodies dwelling in the sky, have come to be looked upon as the extreme cases of a phenomenon of wide-spread and recognised occurrence—namely, what are called the *variable stars*, and also, from the regularity of most of them, the *periodical stars*. These are stars whose brightness is subject to fits of variation, decreasing and increasing by regular turns. A certain small number of them have had their periods accurately ascertained, so that it is possible to predict their phases, nearly as in the case of the moon.

* Sir John Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, p. 560.

Thus the star called *Omicron*, in the constellation Cetus, is found to have a period of 331 days 15 hours and 7 minutes. Its period of extreme brightness, equal to a star of the second magnitude, lasts about a fortnight; it is steadily on the decrease for about three months, remains in a state completely invisible to the naked eye for about five months, and spends the remainder of its period in returning towards its maximum. It is not perfectly regular in the degree of its brightness during successive revolutions, and it is supposed that the irregularities may be made regular by assuming a more extensive cycle. The star Algol, in the constellation Perseus, is another example, but remarkable for the shortness of its period, the whole course of its fluctuations being accomplished in about 2 days and 21 hours. It varies in intensity from the second magnitude to the fourth. The greater part of the period is spent in the maximum of brightness; the diminished lustre lasts only for a quarter of an hour, and the periods of waxing and waning are each about three hours and a-half. Forty or fifty other stars of the same class have been determined with more or less precision.

This phenomenon of regular increase and decrease, mysterious as it is, helps to render less astonishing the recurrence of temporary stars, by suggesting in their case some principle of periodicity or regularity. On the same ground they help to prepare us for learning that there are *stars amissing* which had been counted on, and entered in catalogues, as regular tenants of the upper sphere.

The principle of periodicity occurs so universally in the appearances of astronomy, that we are naturally led to put this interpretation [illegible] most singular fluctuations and reverses; or at least to try how such an interpretation will suit the facts, before we adopt the explanation suggested by our more narrow human experience of the existence of a cycle of rise, progress, and decay. But this last explanation, although less required in the heavens than in the earth, must not be entirely excluded from celestial things. Within our own planetary system there are indubitable examples of decay among the minor orbs—as, for example, the comets, which seem liable to a diminution of their splendour, as well as a contraction in the amplitude of their orbits. That the star of our system, the great sun himself, remains always of the same unvarying lustre and warmth, we have no kind of assurance whatsoever; indeed it seems difficult to imagine how such a chaotic boiling surface as his should be always precisely of one uniform intensity. Moreover, the geological changes that have come over the earth are hardly reconcilable with the unbroken continuance of one steady temperature either derived from the sun or stored up in the interior. Even the fluctuations of weather from year to year, and the great differences in the mean temperature of localities, are difficult to account for if the total warmth poured upon the earth be rigorously the same in all years. It is true that within the historical period of the human race no changes of climate have occurred so very extensive as to compel us to resort to a change in the earth's own temperature, or in the supply of solar heat, as the only means of explanation; but there are sufficient difficulties to satisfy us that this explanation may yet require to be called in. And although, in the short period embraced by the records of civilised men, no great cosmical changes are distinctly traceable, the accumulation of a slight increase

or decrease of solar power over geological ages might serve to produce the greatest revolutions in the character of the exposed surface of our globe.

Without resorting to the extreme supposition of an actual diminution and increase of the starry blaze in the individuals thus found to vary in their degree of light (which would oblige us to imagine the total extinction of some, and the sudden kindling of the black embers of others), a means of accounting for some of the periodical stars has been sought in the revolution of dark bodies round them, causing a partial or total eclipse when coming between us and the illuminated centre of their masses. A very large planet might suffice to produce a sensible diminution of the light of a primary, this being almost the only mode whereby the planets of remote luminaries would indicate their existence. But for this purpose the planets would require to be on an immensely grander scale than any in our system; for these all put together in one, or all appearing on the face of the sun at the same instant, would not, by their united eclipse, make any sensible difference in his brightness. As, however, we have seen reason already, and will immediately see more, for not restricting the scale of the sidereal systems to the limits of our own, no improbability is derived from the smallness of our planetary eclipses against the existence of larger ones in other members of the varied universe.

The existence of what are called *Binary Stars* is a proof of the copiousness and variety of the starry arrangements. By these are meant stars whose closeness depends not upon the accidental circumstance of their lying in nearly the same direction in the heavens, so as to appear beside one another in the optical field of view, but upon actual proximity, and mutual action and reaction, made conspicuous by the one performing a revolution about the other. There are of course many stars optically double, or standing as very close neighbours, without having the smallest mutual connection; one of the two being, for aught we know, situated far beyond the other in the immeasurable remoteness of space. But the number of instances of stars standing very close together having turned out to be much greater than could arise by the mere accident of their scattering, astronomers have of late been led to suspect actual relationships between the couples, and have been able to trace this relationship in the fact of mutual revolution. They were thus induced to recognise binary systems, and even triple, quadruple, and higher groups, as entering into the scheme of the stellar orbs. Our solar system stands to us as the great example of what is probably the prevailing type in the heavens—namely, a single central luminary with its train of non-luminous dependants; but we are called upon now to admit into our conceptions the case of two suns constituting one system between them, and communicating their united beams to the planetary masses that may happen to circulate about one or both.

Great progress has been made of late years in extending the number of observed binary systems, in ascertaining their periods, and even the figure of their orbits. Thousands of them have now been placed on record, and in a great number of cases the periods have been calc ed, and have been found to be extremely unequal. Dr Nichol gives from r the follow-

ing synoptical view of what he considers established within certain limits of accuracy as to numbers and periods:—

Nos. of Stars.				*Periods.*
30	from	100	to	500 years.
80	...	500	...	1000 ...
162	...	1000	...	2000 ...
50	...	2000	...	3000 ...
33	...	3000	...	4000 ...
16	...	4000	...	5000 ...
27	...	above		5000 ...

In the individual enumeration of the double stars, one couple is stated, in the constellation Andromeda, as having a period of 10,376 years; another is put down at 7659 years; and a third, *Polaris*, or the pole-star, at 6069 years.

The same observations that determine the rate of movement of the revolving stars also give the figure of the orbit, which seems to possess the elliptic character prevailing in our own system. This inevitably carries us to the admission of the existence of a law of attractive force exactly the same as gravity, and therefore the probable extension of the force of gravitation to the fixed stars. Indeed the extension is inevitable, unless we are to suppose that two stars that gravitate towards one another are perfectly neutral to other remote stars; a most unlikely, not to say an affected supposition, inconsistent with the composition of those grand aggregates that constitute the galaxies of the firmament at large.

It so happens that one or two of the stars whose distances have been measured are double stars: in such cases, therefore, it is possible to calculate the actual interval between the two revolving suns. Thus it is found that the interval between the two members of the system 61 Cygni, is about the forty-fourth part of their distance from us, or more than a billion of miles; which would give an orbit far larger than the orbit of Neptune. Moreover, supposing their revolution to be conducted under the same force of gravitation as we experience, it is possible to calculate the masses of the luminaries; and the result makes them, taken both together, equal to about one-third of our sun. Hence if their density were about the same as the solar density, they would be to this extent smaller than our luminary.

Having thus discovered one class of changes and movements amidst the apparent stillness of the stars, we are prepared to find any others that circumstances may indicate to us. If attractions prevail among them causing mutual revolutions, these attractions may have the further effect of bringing about a mutual approach of remoter bodies. In other words, the stars may have what is called *proper motions*, or may be actually progressing from one quarter of the heavens to another. Cases have been decisively ascertained of stars changing their places among the other stars by a slow and gradual motion. Three of the most conspicuous of them, Sirius, Arcturus, and Aldebaran, have been proved, by the comparison of modern with ancient observations, to have experienced a change of place to the ward to the extent of more than the breadth of the n all t . And during the period of accurate modern measure-

ments, other instances have been ascertained of steady change of place by the effect of proper motion.

The question of the *proper motion of the sun* was started by Sir William Herschel, who was led to it by observing a certain tendency in the apparent motions of the stars, which would be best accounted for as an effect of perspective arising out of a real motion in the sun. If the solar system were really progressing through the heavens in one definite direction, a necessary consequence would be, that the stars would seem to spread out ahead, and to close in behind, or in the quarter that was becoming more and more distant. Accordingly, the supposed actual occurrence of such an effect has been taken as the proof of the movement in question; and an accurate inquiry into the precise direction of the starry crowding and spreading respectively has decided that the course of the motion is towards the constellation Hercules in the northern hemisphere of the stars.

If the distances of the stars thus observed to draw together around Hercules, and to open up in the opposite point of the heavens, were precisely known, the velocity of the sun's proper motion could be easily ascertained. But the measurement of distances has not progressed far enough to include the individuals requisite for such a purpose. Acting, however, on the most likely presumption that can be made, it is computed that the actual motion is upwards of 400,000 miles a day, or a little greater than one-fourth of the pace of the earth in its orbit about the sun. In the course of ages, a movement of this extent will carry us into other regions of starry space, and may possibly alter to a considerable degree the aspect of the heavens, and the influence that is exerted on our system by distant bodies.

It is as yet premature to attempt to decide whether this movement is straight, or whether it is curved around some great centre of motion, according to the fashion of the revolutions in the interior of the system. Attempts are, however, made to determine such a centre of motion, which might be supposed to be the common centre of the galaxy, or of some wide-ranging portion of it, whose mutual attractions maintain a series of orbitual motions around the centre of gravity of the whole. If any progress come to be made in showing that there is such a movement of deflection in the sun's path, and a respect to some great centre of revolution, the existence of *universal gravitation*, in the full sense of the word, will be put beyond the possibility of question or dispute.

The Nebulæ.

These are the bodies that have been usually distinguished from the stars, as being of a hazy or cloudy aspect, resembling patches of faint light, but with the utmost variety of figure and aspect. They were minutely investigated for the first time by Sir William Herschel, who divided them, according to their appearances, under the following heads:—

'1*st*, Clusters of stars in which the stars are clearly distinguishable; these being again divided into globular and irregular clusters:

'2*d*, Resolvable nebulæ, or such as excite a suspicion that they consist of stars, and which any increase of the optical power of the telescope may be expected to resolve into distinct stars:

'3*d*, Nebulæ, properly so called, in which there is no appearance what-

ever of stars; which again have been subdivided into subordinate uses, according to their brightness and size:

'*4th*, Planetary nebulæ:

'*5th*, Stellar nebulæ: and

'*6th*, Nebulous stars.

'The great power of his telescopes disclosed the existence of an immense number of these objects before unknown, and showed them to be distributed over the heavens, not by any means uniformly, but with a marked preference to a certain district extending over the northern pole of the galactic circle, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo Minor, the body, tail, and hind-legs of Ursa Major, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, the preceding leg of Bootes, and the head, wings, and shoulder of Virgo. In this region, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, one-third of the entire nebulous contents of the heavens are congregated. On the other hand, they are very sparingly scattered over the constellations Aries, Taurus, the head and shoulders of Orion, Auriga, Perseus, Camelopardalus, Draco, Hercules, the northern part of Serpentarius, the tail of Serpens, that of Aquila, and the whole of Lyra. The hours 3, 4, 5, and 16, 17, 18 of right ascension are singularly poor; and on the other hand the hours 10, 11, and 12 (but especially 12) extraordinarily rich in these objects. In the southern hemisphere a much greater uniformity of distribution prevails, and with the exception of two very remarkable centres of accumulation, called the Magellanic clouds, there is no very decided tendency to their assemblage in any particular region.'*

The *clusters of stars* which stand first in Sir William Herschel's classification are either globular or irregular. The globular clusters are usually condensed towards the centre, an effect that would arise by the mere consequence of perspective, supposing them to be a globe of stars; but it is believed that the increase of density and of luminosity towards the centre is greater than what could be accounted for by the greater depth of the mass in that region. Hence the idea has been entertained that they are actually masses more crowded at the centre than at the circumference, as if by the presence of some particular energy or mode of attractive force that determines such an aggregation. They are not very accurately spherical; not only do they deviate from the general figure, but they send out occasionally small filaments or threads, as if portions of them had broken loose from the clustering bond. There are also cases where the concentration proceeds as if by starts, making a succession of annular masses, each enclosing another more dense than itself.

The irregular clusters have less of central condensation, and less of definiteness of outline, so much so, that Sir John Herschel considers that it may be a question whether they are definite or distinct groups in the same sense as the others, or are merely richer parts of the galaxy of the Milky Way, where the greater proportion of them are situated.

The *Resolvable Nebulæ* of Herschel's classification can be considered only as a class identical in nature with the foregoing, but removed by distance

* Sir John Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, p. 595.

from a clear perception of their form. The name implies that they have the hazy disk, as distinguished from the starry sparkle, with this farther peculiarity, that by employing a sufficient magnifying power, they may be converted into clusters of distinguishable stars. In fact the globular clusters of the previous class have the same hazy appearance under inferior telescopes; and the presumption therefore is, that the distinction between the two kinds is relative only to our sight. Nothing is more striking in the whole range of this great subject than the differences of appearance that these bodies put on when viewed by telescopes of unequal power. Dr Nichol has presented in his splendid work on the 'Architecture of the Heavens,' recently published, illustrations of this disparity; and from such examples we are taught the necessity of being extremely cautious in judging of the actual form and constitution of these bodies from their appearance, unless this be confirmed by the application of successive degrees of telescopic penetration.

Some of the nebulæ believed to belong to the resolvable class resisted the highest power that could be brought to bear upon them till lately; but Lord Rosse's instruments at last succeeded in proving them to belong to the clustering groups, and to be among the most sublime and magnificent of the starry aggregates.

There is now no hesitation felt in considering these clusters of stars as distinct galaxies or firmaments with a mutual relation, not merely of neighbourhood, but of attractive forces and balanced movements. Living, as we do, in the galaxy whose border is the Milky Way, we are supposed to see through it, and far away into other spaces where galaxies, similarly built up, lie scattered, each of them being to its own tenants a preponderating firmament of bright stars, through which distant and dwindled galaxies may peep through as nebulous patches, difficult to be conceived as rivalling or surpassing their own galaxy with all its splendours. There may exist among these remote groups clusters far more closely packed than ours, and where the starry night has an intensity of luminous brightness such as we have no experience of in the clearest skies. In fact our solar centre may be said to be enormously removed from its fellow-luminaries, causing us to be deprived of much of the glories of their companionship; and examples may exist of far greater proximity to, and of a greater share of benefit from, the abundance of starry illumination existing in the celestial spaces.

Between Herschel's two first classes and his third, *nebulæ, properly so called*, he conceived a great gulf to exist, or a total distinction in kind, very different from that distinction in degree between the clusters of stars and the resolvable nebulæ. He considered that there were *Irresolvable Nebulæ*, or masses that never would be shown to consist of stars, because they were not really composed of such, but were actually what they seemed to be—a diffused gaseous substance like flame, and were possibly in the course of being condensed into starry points. The other nebulæ being entire galaxies of millions of suns, these would be nothing more than the diffused vapour of a single uncondensed luminary, or an early stage in the history of a star. Sir William Herschel grounded this prodigious distinction upon what he considered a characteristic difference in appearance between them and

the resolvable nebulæ; and subsequent observers acquiesced in, and even confirmed, the existence of such a well-marked contrast. The appearance of these nebulæ, and the 'nebular hypothesis' of the formation of suns and systems which they appeared to support, have of late years been expounded with every variety of illustration by Professor Nichol, who nevertheless, with an honourable candour, was the first to make publicly known the great discovery that for ever dissipated the whole fabric of the speculation. Of all the irresolvable nebulæ, or the nebulæ properly so called, the one situated in the middle of the Sword of Orion seemed to the supporters of the hypothesis the most characteristic of the class, and the most strongly-contrasted with the resolvable nebulosity. In fact Dr Nichol himself declared that in his opinion the hypothesis must stand or fall by this nebula, and accordingly he waited with intense interest the result of Lord Rosse's examination of it by means of his new telescopes. In a letter dated the 19th of March 1846, the resolution of the mass was actually announced; and there was thus an end of Herschel's third-class nebulæ, and of all the dreams of star history that had been grounded upon them. There are 'no nebulæ properly so called.' Instead of the early stage of uncondensed suns, we must lay our account with a new order of galaxies, even more vast and wonderful than those formerly revealed. The difficulty experienced in their identification is to be considered only as a proof of their immeasurable remoteness, combined with a force of aggregate splendour that can make itself known as if from the very limits of the created universe. Never did any created object experience a greater reversal of estimation than these nebulæ—promoted in one day from infant suns to first-rank galaxies.

The nebula of Orion, says Professor Nichol, 'judged by the only criticism yet applicable, is perhaps so remote, that its light does not reach us in less than 50,000 or 60,000 years.' Considering at the same time the large apparent space it occupies in the heavens, its extent must be truly stupendous.

The *Planetary Nebulæ*—Herschel's fourth class—belong to a species remarkable by presenting a contrast to the clustering nebulæ. They are hollow and annular, instead of showing a tendency to centralisation. Their appearance, on which their name depends, is a round or slightly-oval disk, sometimes with a sharp border, and in other cases with a haze or softening at the edge. Their aspect is either a uniform faint haze, or a 'mottled' or 'curdled' texture. The telescopes of Lord Rosse have been the means of penetrating the true character of those singular objects, having shown, according to Dr Nichol, 'that in every instance examined, save one, the planetary nebulæ are nebulæ with hollow centres. . . . . They are comparatively rare objects, not above four or five-and-twenty having been hitherto observed, and of these nearly three-fourths are situated in the southern hemisphere.'

These nebulæ would appear to indicate a tendency of a totally different character from the clustering power, but neither the one nor the other of the two forms can be with certainty reduced to any of the dynamical laws known to us, although they are quite compatible with the existence of such laws. It seems probable, from some of the appearances, that our galaxy has

a nearer resemblance to the annular than to the centralised galaxies, our sun being situated in the thin spaces of the interior, and looking out all round upon the massive arch projected in the sky, and constituting the Milky Way. At all events, we may safely presume that interior condensation is not the character of our galaxy.

Double Nebulæ are of not unfrequent occurrence as a parallel to the double stars. In most cases they are of the class of globular clusters, and their doubleness consists in presenting two distinct centres of concentration. Among Herschel's irresolvable nebulæ there were cases of apparent concentration to two or more points, which would have led to the formation of double or triple suns, if his notion had corresponded with the fact.

Considering the clustering and the ring-shaped nebulæ as two classes, with physical constitutions of a distinct kind, we are presented with a third class differing from either, called, from their appearance, the *Spiral Nebulæ*, and it would appear that the spiral figure belongs to an extensive range of galaxies. Some of them show this form in its directest aspect, and afford so convincing a proof of the existence of such a singular style of aggregation, that astronomers have been led to recognise it in more oblique positions. Of course if the spiral character prevails among a number of them, there will be cases where it turns other sides to us than the one where the evolution is distinctly apparent, and we may be so situated in some instances as to be unable to ascertain the existence of the shape at all, as in the case of an edge view. If, however, the spiral takes on the cork-screw shape, a characteristic form would be presented, consisting of alternating bright and dark streaks; and such a form is actually conceived as belonging to one remarkable nebula, known as the great nebula in Andromeda, which is so prominent as to be visible to the naked eye.

It is vain at the present stage of such inquiries to imagine the nature of the mutual action or bond of attractive and repulsive energy prevailing in such strange aggregates. They only serve in the meantime to suggest more vividly the presence of some common influence giving a unity of shape to the mass, and in all probability impressing a slow change on its structure, either in the way of inward condensation or of outward diffusion and expansion, it being scarcely possible to tell which. But by a shape of so unusual a character as this spiral one, all our ideas of stability are completely confounded.

The great nebula of Orion, which has been already dwelt upon as the turning-point of the nebular hypothesis, is reckoned by Sir John Herschel as one of a class of nebulæ rising above all the others in complexity and extent. They are irregular and capricious in their forms, and have very little similarity of figure or aspect. They are for the most part situated in or near the Milky Way, the nebula of Orion being the farthest removed from it of any of them.

This connection with the Milky Way suggests the idea that they may possibly be continuations or outlying portions of the galaxy of our immediate firmament. We can hardly be said to possess any means of judging of the contour or outline of the edge of the stratum of the Milky Way, nor can we tell how it may prolong itself by filaments in some directions, or connect itself with remote masses and clusters. We have already had occa-

sion to allude to patches of it, irresolvable to the telescope, and therefore in all probability consisting of masses or clusters at a very great distance from us compared with the other portions. Accordingly, when we come to look at the nebulæ scattered over or near the milky zone, it is not unnatural to suppose them as joined on to, or continuous with, the general galaxy, and forming irregular outlying clusters, but within such distances as to constitute them a part of this great and wide-ranging aggregate.

The nebula of Orion, although now in part resolved, consists of portions that still continue irresolvable; but it is now evident that this is owing solely to the deficiency of telescopic power. In like manner the other nebulæ of this class have the same mixture of resolvable and irresolvable clusters, showing some extraordinary inequality either in the distance or in the constitution of the different portions.

After enumerating and describing several individuals of this remarkable class, Sir John Herschel gives an interesting account of two cloudy masses, conspicuously visible to the naked eye in the southern hemisphere, and denominated the Magellanic Clouds, or the nubeculæ (major and minor). 'They are, generally speaking, round, or somewhat oval; and the larger, which deviates most from the circular form, exhibits the appearance of an axis of light, very ill defined, and by no means strongly distinguished from the general mass, which seems to open out at its extremities into somewhat oval sweeps, constituting the preceding and following portions of its circumference. A small patch, visibly brighter than the general light around, in its following part indicates to the naked eye the situation of a remarkable nebula (No. 30. Doradûs of Bode's Catalogue). The greater nubecula is situated between the meridians of $4^h\ 40^m$ and $6^h\ 0^m$, and the parallels of 156° and 162° of north polar distance, and occupies an area of about 42 square degrees. The lesser, between the meridians $0^h\ 28^m$ and $1^h\ 15^m$, and the parallels of 162° and 165° north polar distance, covers about 10 square degrees. Their degree of brightness may be judged of from the effect of strong moonlight, which totally obliterates the lesser, but not quite the greater.

'When examined through powerful telescopes, the constitution of the nubeculæ, and especially of the nubecula major, is found to be of astonishing complexity. The general ground of both consists of large tracts and patches of nebulosity in every stage of resolution, from light, irresolvable with eighteen inches of reflecting aperture, up to perfectly-separated stars like the Milky Way; and clustering groups sufficiently insulated and condensed to come under the designation of irregular, and in some cases pretty rich clusters. But besides those, there are also nebulæ in abundance, both regular and irregular; globular clusters in every state of condensation; and objects of a nebulous character quite peculiar, and which have no analogue in any other region of the heavens. Such is the concentration of these objects, that in the area occupied by the nubecula major not fewer than 278 nebulæ and clusters have been enumerated, besides fifty or sixty outliers, which (considering the general barrenness in such objects of the immediate neighbourhood) ought certainly to be reckoned as its appendages, being about 6½ per square degree, which very far exceeds the average of any other, even the most crowded parts of the nebulous heavens. In the nubecula minor, the concentration of such objects is less, though still very

striking, thirty-seven having been observed within its area, and six adjacent, but outlying. The nubeculæ then combine, each within its own area, characters which in the rest of the heavens are no less strikingly separated —namely, those of the galactic and the nebular system. Globular clusters (except in one region of small extent) and nebulæ of regular elliptic forms are comparatively rare in the Milky Way, and are found congregated in a part of the heavens the most remote possible from that circle; whereas, in the nubeculæ, they are indiscriminately mixed with the general starry ground, and with irregular though small nebulæ.'*

The coexistence of visible stars and irresolvable nebulosity in the same mass indicates an extraordinary contrast of structure—a combination of a few objects of immense magnitude with a boundless host of smaller objects. If there be any unlikelihood in the supposition that the different parts of the object are almost infinitely removed from one another, or that the nebulous portions are many, many times farther off than the distinguishable stars, we have no alternative but to suppose a vast disparity in the sizes of the objects that compose the picture. Sir John Herschel considers that, taking both nubeculæ together, the improbability of a sufficient inequality of distance to make all the difference in appearance between stars of the seventh and eighth magnitude and irresolvable nebulæ is very great indeed, and that the supposition is scarcely admissible at all. The consequence is, as has been stated, that we are driven to admit a superiority in the size or brilliancy of some objects as compared with others, such as imagination can hardly dare to conceive. This circumstance is calculated to throw uncertainty upon many of the speculations regarding the heavens, inasmuch as we are frequently led to assume something like a tolerable equality of size in the different bodies, or at least to rebut the probability of some of them being tens of thousands of times larger than others. If we were to consider minuteness and irresolvable nebulosity as no criterion of distance, a vast deal of the hypothesis of the celestial framework would be completely undermined. At all events, we are led by the consideration of such cases to learn a lesson of caution, and not to lean too strongly upon views that are grounded partly on observation and partly on unproved assumptions.

In our first allusion to the probable shape of the great galaxy of the Milky Way, we cited the comparison of a millstone, with the edge laid open in one part, so as to make a double rim for a certain portion of the circumference. But after the examination in detail that it has been subjected to, and after the disclosures that have been made of the singular forms of other galaxies, even where there is a general compactness in structure, we are compelled to admit that its contour may be something very far from circular. It may be oval or elongated, with strings or filaments spreading far into space, or running into clusters that are all but disconnected from the main body.

In considering the planetary motions within the bounds of our solar system, astronomers have been much impressed with the stability of those motions; all their fluctuations reach a limit, and then proceed backwards in the opposite direction, finding also a limit on that side: no deviation from the regular track is continuous or perpetual. It is natural for us to look

* Outlines of Astronomy, p. 613.

for something of the same stability in the higher order of systems, and to speculate on the methods of balancing and mutual compensation that may exist for sustaining the permanency of their structures. But, on the other hand, we must not be too much wedded to the notion of an everlasting equilibrium or *status quo* of one given kind. There may also exist in the great scale of the universe, what we experience in the small scale of our own little world, a principle of progression and change, of development and decay; and what we view at present may be merely the transition from a past to a future unknown. Schemes and arrangements that are incapable of maintaining themselves may exist around us, and constitute the link in some vast chain of being that would be grand and astonishing in the highest degree if we were permitted to trace it from first to last.

The elder Herschel was very strongly impressed with the notion of the transitory character of many of the great celestial aggregates, while his illustrious descendant seems disposed to dwell more exclusively upon the ways and means of insuring permanence among the existing arrangements. The gradual breaking up of the Milky Way in separate clusters, or smaller aggregates, was confidently anticipated by the father. 'And so,' he says, 'we may be certain that the stars in the Milky Way will be gradually compressed through successive stages of accumulation, until they come up to what may be called the ripening period of the globular cluster and total isolation; from which it is evident that the Milky Way must be forcibly broken up, and cease to be a stratum of scattered stars. . . . We may also draw an important additional conclusion from the gradual dissolution of the Milky Way; for the state into which the incessant action of the clustering power has brought it is a kind of chronometer that may be used to measure the time of its present and past existence; and although we do not know the rate and the going of this mysterious chronometer, it is nevertheless certain that since a breaking up of the parts of the Milky Way affords a proof that it cannot last for ever, it equally bears witness that its past duration cannot be admitted to be infinite.'*

The application of the principle of breaking up and isolation would be more conformable to the apparent structure of many of the nebulous firmaments than any doctrine of equilibrium that our mechanical science enables us to propound. The great spiral and scroll nebulæ might be supposed to be the systematic breaking up of more symmetrical aggregates of long anterior date, if it be admissible for us to make any supposition at all in relation to things so vastly above our comprehension. So the Magellanic Clouds may 'exhibit a multitude of stars and clusters formerly belonging to our system in the very act of becoming isolated.' But be this as it may, the idea of some kind of progression and advancement, either towards maturity or on the road to decay, is suggested by a vast range of experience within the sphere of our immediate knowledge. The geological changes on the earth offer the nearest comparison, in point of scale and magnitude, to the march of the celestial systems; and in them a past, a present, and future, are all distinctly conceivable and demonstrable. Our own existence as a race of animated beings is a fact in the progress of the globe, an epoch in its history; for ages previous, the earth's crust was preparing itself for

* Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens, p. 238.

sustaining our tread, and what its future destinies may be after we shall have disappeared, it is not for us to determine. So a history and a chain of successive phases may belong to the collective galaxies of the universe, as well as to their individual members, which it is not altogether in vain to contemplate, inasmuch as, after what has been already achieved, the evidence of it may lie within the range of positive observation.

Conceiving to ourselves, therefore, the infinite host of stars as scattered over space, not indiscriminately and at random, but according to regular and distinguishable aggregates, we are enabled in some degree to regulate the wanderings of thought over the depths of the outspread creation. Instead of the heavens appearing to our sense as a glittering spectacle, or a mere gorgeous illumination of unmeaning display, it now opens itself up to our reasoning and imagining faculties as a great and immense array of orb on orb, which we can resolve into systems, and divide into spheres enclosing one another at successive distances. We know that this apparently uniform face of irregular and unequal lights is an illusion, and we can give to some of them with certainty, and to others with probability, their exact place and order of remoteness in the depths of space. Fixing the attention for a moment on one, and casting aside the glance upon a second, we are aware of the necessity of stretching the imagination to conceive of a distance twice, thrice, or twenty times more remote, and in this way to extend our regards through star vistas, terminating after a long series, and fading into the blackness of absolute night and starless vacuity. Numberless as are the starry orbs, and densely as they are congregated and distributed in the infinite void, there yet remain blanks of unpeopled space even more gigantic than the enclosure of the mightiest galaxies; expanses of solitude and gloom, desert and trackless, dreary and solemn to the dwellers on their borders. The intervals between star and star within the same galaxy are such as we have indicated from the measurements of recent years, and are on a scale more than enough for the magnitudes of suns and the areas of revolving systems. The dignity conferred by distance and ample domain is granted to each orb among his brother orbs, and a whole galaxy is constituted on this wide-spreading arrangement. Yet vast as these interior distances are, it is possible to satisfy ourselves that there exists beyond each galaxy an interval of vacuity that reduces them to finite, not to say diminutive interstices, and stretches away on a far higher scale of extension, leaving a broad vacuity to separate firmament from firmament. As the system of the galaxy surpasses the planetary sphere, so the system of the universe must be conceived as surpassing the individual galaxy. Enough is offered to our contemplation of what actually appears to render it needless to stretch still farther our thoughts to what exists beyond the limits of our farthest glance. Unless a ray of light is able to pass from shore to shore of the star continent of immensity, no mortal can ever be permitted to descry the whole field of creation; and they that find the galaxies of the seen firmament too narrow for their imagination, may pass beyond them to the wider spheres of the all-encompassing infinite of space.

When directing our thoughts upon the star fields as now laid open to

our contemplation, we shall find it important to take a good position, as it were, or to stand at a convenient point of view. If we desire to gain a large prospect, we betake ourselves to an elevated summit; but to enjoy a picturesque spot, we require to keep the low ground. It is not enough that a great scene should be provided for us; we must also be taught to survey it aright. So it is with the stars; there are ways of viewing them more advantageous than others for obtaining the full effect.

There are two positions that we may assume in this great contemplation. In the first place, standing as we do on an orb shot through space, and whirling as it goes, we may suppose it a transparent globe, and conceive the picture of the entire starry concave, upper and under, as if the whole could be seen at once. This transition from the seen half to the imagined whole, would enable us much better to appreciate the grandeur of the celestial scene. The entire zodiac, with the planets scattered here and there, as they perform their accustomed courses, would be present at once to our minds. In one part of the circle would be the sun, in another the moon; and in tracking the entire circumference, we should find, one after another, every one of the planetary family. There would be a great accession to the dignity of our conceptions if we could rise above the delusion of appearances, and fancy ourselves riding on a little ball in the midst of a vast concave encircling us on all sides, and studded with distant luminaries. Our annual excursion takes us into different situations, and varies the upper scene that we look out upon, as well as the hidden scene that imagination must supply; but there is a stern endurance and fixity of aspect in the total expanse where lie scattered the objects extraneous to our own system. So the Milky Way is revealed to us in its full grandeur only on condition that we can imagine its entire circle over-arching and under-arching our narrow horison. Spurning away, as it were, the opaque ground from beneath our feet, and standing in thought in the unobstructed void, we see ourselves encompassed round and round by this star band, with its countless worlds; and in this position we can indulge with more freedom in the conception that has been insisted on of the galaxy where the solar system, and we its inhabitants, dwell in distant communion with other suns and systems. We can coolly contemplate the varied aspect of the encircling rim, and consider the likelihood of our own position, as centric or eccentric; near one side, or immersed in the middle of the galaxy. In short, we ought to maintain strenuously the exercise of keeping in our mind's eye the nether sphere or ground-floor of the heavens, to blend in one continuous whole with its over-arching roof.

But there is a second position that may be taken of a still more elevated and arduous nature. Quitting the earth altogether, and with it the notions of up and down that gravity engenders, we may take wing through space, and visit star after star, enjoying the prospect that each affords to the instructed imagination—in a manner similar to the flight of Milton among the worlds of mythical fiction in a universe of his own contriving. Based on the revelations of astronomy, a far higher and grander flight lies open to the Milton who is to come.

Perambulating our own galaxy, and viewing it from every side, adventurous thought may dart forth in search of other galaxies, at any one of which our own shall dwindle away into a cluster or nebula where our sun

must be lost in a starry crowd that cannot be numbered; a new heaven will then have spread itself out around us, a fit environment to the new earth where the foot has planted itself. In such adventurings, space, distance, stars, and firmaments, the features of the large scale of creation, fill up our regards: we are prohibited from any attempt at the minute inspection of individual orbs. The adventurer whose course we are imagining is expected to confine himself strictly within the elements disclosed by the eye and the reason of the astronomer.

It is a very common vice of writers of travels, in their descriptions of places and scenes, to dictate the exact feelings that are to rise up in the minds of their readers on the contemplation of such places or scenes; and this mode of dictation sometimes attends scientific expositions of the world. It is more becoming in the scientific teacher to confine himself to his science, to deliver over to our minds the exact picture of any department of creation as determined by him, and leave to each individual's own susceptibilities the extraneous effect it may produce, whether of admiration or fascination, of curiosity, poetic emotion, or religious awe. The objects of astronomy are powerfully calculated to stir the human breast, and awaken the gravest thoughts and reflections; but it is not for every expounder of its mere scientific conclusions to prescribe the exact emotions that are the harmonious and befitting response to the reception of its doctrines.

THE WHITE SWALLOW:

AN INDIAN TALE.

OF all the evil results of man's passions and resentments, of all the errors to which humanity is liable, war is one of the most hideous in its consequences, the most fearful in its details, and the most futile in its excuses. Concealed, hidden, wreathed and garlanded, glorified and applauded, excused and defended as it may be, it is still nothing but a savage butchery, in nine cases out of ten unjustified even by a show of respectable motives. Defensive war is, after all, the only form of an appeal to arms which can be supported by sound reason, common sense, and true religion. Men of otherwise good and proper feeling, viewing the system with distorted vision, are sometimes dazzled by its tinsel splendour; but if they would inquire dispassionately into the causes which have brought about the greatest feats in arms—into the reasons which have provoked some hundred thousand men to cut, and hack, and shoot at each other by the hour, they would find that personal ambition has been the original impulse, and that the true subject of dispute might have been settled in a very different way. It is only prejudice and education that make the same man admire a pitched battle, and loathe the September massacres of the French Revolution. The one butchery is done to the sound of music, in brilliant uniform, and under high-sounding names; the other to the sound of human groans, in shirt sleeves, and under the pretence of patriotism; but in both instances men slew individuals to whom they could have no personal hatred, and from no other motive but because they were paid for the work.

If the wars of savage life have less of a mercenary character than the soldier-system of civilised lands, they have features which more than counterbalance this advantage. They are fierce and terrible in their duration, horrible in their details, and replete with episodes, which make them still more hideous than the struggles of better-educated nations. A popular transatlantic romancist has rendered their modes of operation familiar to the great mass of readers; and I have no need, therefore, to dwell on their minute features, which are sufficiently unpleasant to be avoided as a subject of study. My present narrative is, however, of war; but illustrative rather of its moral results than its direct physical

evils. Savage life has few, if any, advantages over civilisation; and what is good in the former state, is spoiled by its feuds and forays, which are of course the more frequent and lasting in proportion as men are less humanised than their fellows. Its requisites for comfort and happiness are chiefly energy, skill in the chase, and courage to brave and encounter difficulties; such qualities being necessary to obtain food and clothing; but the same talents which make a good hunter make a good warrior, and ambition, avarice, the desire to shine in the field of glory, and all the other passions of men, too often pervert the one into the other.

I.—The Dog-ribbed Indians.

Far away to the west, and in a very high northern latitude, dwelt, towards the latter end of the last century, a small tribe of Indians. Their numbers were few, their characters simple and unwarlike. Not being celebrated in arms, they had, while residing farther to the south, been so often a prey to their fiercer neighbours, that they had gradually retreated northwards, in the hope of escaping from the forays of their enemies. Matonaza, a young chief of twenty summers only, commanded the reduced tribe, and had pitched his wigwam near the waters of a lake. A renowned and indefatigable hunter, full of energy and perseverance, he owed his power as much to his individual merits as to the renown of his father; and now that seven-and-twenty men alone remained of all his race, and that misfortune and the disasters of war had driven them to regions less productive in game than their former residence, his sway was unbounded. Matonaza was as yet without a wife; but the most lovely girl of his tribe, the White Swallow, was to be his when his twenty-first summer was concluded, when she herself would attain the age of sixteen.

In general the Dog-ribbed Indians at that date—it was about 1770*—had had little communication with the white man. Their knives were still of bone and flint, their hatchets of horn, their arrow-heads of slate, while the beaver's tooth was the principal material of their working tools; but Matonaza himself had travelled, and had visited Prince of Wales Fort, where he had been well received by Mr Moses Northon, the governor, himself an Indian, educated in England. Admitted into the intimacy of this person, Matonaza had acquired from him considerable knowledge without contracting any of the vices which disgraced the career of the civilised Red Man. He had learned to feel some of the humanising influences of civilisation, and held woman in a superior light to his brethren, who pronounce the condemnation of savage life by making the female part of the creation little better than beasts of burthen. He had hoped for great advantage to his tribe from trade with the Pale Faces; but the enmity of the Athapascow Indians had checked all his aspirations, and he had been compelled to make a long and hasty retreat towards the north, to save the remnant of his little band from annihilation. In all probability it is to similar warlike persecutions that the higher northern regions owe their having been peopled by the race whence are descended the Esquimaux.

* The historical facts of this narrative are to be found in Samuel Hearne's Travels.

The exigencies of the chase and the fishery, more than any inherent taste for the picturesque, had fixed Matonaza in a lovely spot. The wigwams of the young chief and his party were situated on an elevation commanding a view of a large lake, whose borders, round which grew the larch, the pine, and the poplar, furnished them with firing, tent-poles, and arms. Beyond lay lofty snow-clad hills, on which rested eternal frosts. Above the tents to the right and to the north fell a vast cataract, which never froze even in the coldest winter, having always a clear expanse at its foot for fishing even in the dead of the season. At the foot of the neighbouring hills the hunters found the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, while the women attended to the nets and lines in the lake. In the fitting months there were plenty of wild-fowl, and altogether, the tribe, though exiled from the warmer fields of the south, had no great cause of complaint. Their tents sheltered them well, they had plenty of food, ample occupation, and for a long time peace and contentment. Far away from the conflict of arms, the warriors threw all their energy into hunting; and, with the habit of scalping and killing their fellows, threw off much of their rudeness. The women felt the change sensibly: their husbands grew tenderer; much of the energy wasted on murderous propensities found vent in the domestic sentiments. The fact that each man had only one wife, and some none—their victorious adversaries having not only killed their best men, but carried off their marriageable women—added to their superiority of character. Polygamy among these Indians, as everywhere else, brutalises the men, and debases the women; and in those tribes where rich men had as many as eight wives, the fair sex sank to the level of mere slaves. But on the borders of the White Lake they had no superabundance of ladies, and they were valued accordingly. It is readily to be comprehended how the position of an Englishman's wife is preferable to that of a sultan's: the English wife is alone; the sultan's spouse shares his affections, such as they may be, with some four hundred!

Matonaza viewed this state of things with delight. He had, since his residence with the Pale Faces, become ambitious. He aimed at civilising his people; he had already induced his tribe to consider the matrimonial tie as permanent, which was a great step. Then he boldly entered upon the somewhat rash experiment of alleviating the laborious duties of the women. He tried to induce the men to do some of the hard work; but here he met with invincible repugnance. The women had been always accustomed to draw the sledges, carry the baggage, and pitch the tents, while the men hunted, ate, and smoked. Any departure from this line of conduct was beneath 'the dignity' of a warrior. Matonaza discovered that to expect any permanent change in a nomadic race used to hunting, leading a wandering life, and accustomed to arms, was difficult. He felt that he must first make his people sedentary and agricultural, and then begin their civilisation.

Having conceived this plan, he despatched the best runner in the tribe to Prince of Wales Fort. He gave him some furs, and a message to Moses Northon, with directions to follow the most unfrequented trails, to travel cautiously, and by no means to allow the terrible Indians of Athapascow Lake to track him. Three months passed before the runner returned, and then he came accompanied by a young and adventurous

Englishman, who had sought this opportunity of learning the manners of the far-off tribes, and of studying the geography of the interior. Matonaza received him well, and was glad of his assistance to lay out his fields of corn and maize, by sowing which, he hoped to attract his Indians to a permanent residence, and to destroy all fear of famine. Mark Dalton joyously seconded his projects. He was the son of a gentleman who was a shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company, and who joined to the love of travel, adventure, and the chase, considerable knowledge of agriculture. One year older than the Indian chief, they at once became warm friends, and from the hour of their first meeting, were never a day apart.

It was not without difficulty that the chief could get his fields dug, small though they were: though he and Mark worked, because the women alone followed their example. The soil was not of the best character, and the climate pretty rigorous; but still corn would grow, and Matonaza suffered not himself to be downhearted. A whole spring, summer, and autumn, were devoted to these agricultural pursuits; and when, at the end of the fine season, a good harvest enabled the tribe to vary their food from venison, fish, and buffalo meat, to corn-cakes, and other preparations of flour and maize, all were satisfied. The Indians, naturally indolent, were pleased at the prospect of obtaining even their food by the labour of the women. This was not precisely what the youthful chief desired, but it was still a kind of progress, and he was so far gratified.

But he did not neglect his hunting. Eager to show Mark all the mysteries of his craft, Matonaza led him after the elk, which they ran down together on foot in the snow. This is the most arduous department of Indian hunting. The sportsmen throw away all arms which may embarrass them, keeping only a knife, and a pouch containing the means of striking a light. Being practised while the snow is on the ground, the men accordingly wear long snow-shoes. The Indian chief and Mark Dalton rose at dawn of day, and having succeeded in discovering an elk, darted along the snow in pursuit. The chase under ordinary circumstances would be vain, a man being not at all equal to an elk in a running match; but on the present occasion, while the unfortunate animal sank at every step up to his body in the snow, the men with snow-shoes glided along the surface with extreme rapidity. With all these disadvantages, the animal often runs seven hours, ten hours, and even four-and-twenty in some rare instances; seldom, however, escaping from the patient hunter. When reached, they make a desperate defence with their head and fore-feet, and have been known to slay their human enemy.

On the present occasion, the animal was a magnificent specimen, considerably taller at the shoulders than a horse, and his head furnished with antlers of fifty pounds' weight. His coarse and angular hair, so little elastic, that it breaks when bent, was of a grayish colour, having probably changed at the beginning of the winter from nearly black. He was tracked by his footprints on the snow, the hunters keeping at some distance to leeward of the trail, so as not to alarm the watchful animal even by the crackling of a twig. He was at length seen, but at too great a distance for a shot, sitting on his hams like a dog, and seemed at first in no hurry to rise; though, when at last satisfied of the character of his enemies, and his mind made

up for flight, he got upon his legs; but even then, instead of bounding or galloping like other deer, he shuffled along so heavily, his joints cracking audibly at every step, that Mark was inclined to form but a mean opinion of the sport. Gradually, however, its ungainly speed increased, its hind-legs straddling from behind, as if to avoid treading on its fore-heels; and when a prostrate tree interposed in the path, it stepped over the trunk, however huge, without its flight being interrupted for an instant. It seemed, in fact, that smaller obstacles were more dangerous to the fugitive than great ones; for running, as he did, with his nose up in the air, and his huge horns laid horizontally on his back—an attitude necessary, it is to be presumed, to sustain their weight—he could not see close to the surface, and on one occasion a branch which protruded only a few inches from the snow caught his fore-feet, and he rolled over with a heavy fall. The hunters thought they were now sure of their prey; but the elk scrambled on his legs again in surprisingly little time; and as he pursued his flight with unabated speed, Matonaza seemed to derive some quiet amusement from the surprise of the Pale Face, as he found himself engaged in so difficult a chase of so apparently unwieldy an animal.

It was the policy of the hunters to turn the fugitive to where the snow was deepest; but, as if knowing his danger, the elk continued to keep on comparatively hard ground, and at length, by the intervention of trees and inequalities of the surface, he escaped wholly from view. His trail, however, could not be concealed; and for many hours his pursuers followed, well knowing that their quarry was only a short distance in front, but unable to obtain a glimpse of him. The trail at length appeared to turn towards a hollow, where the hunters might be tolerably secure of their prize; and the two friends separated, to make such a sweep as would lead them to the same point. Presently, however, the animal appeared to discover his imprudence; and at a moment when Mark was unprepared, he saw the huge creature returning on his own trail, and within ten or twelve yards of him. The rifle seemed to go off of its own accord, so sudden was the discharge; but the shot missed, and on came the elk, its nose no longer in the air, but pointing full at its enemy, with the points and edges of its tremendous antlers in terrible array. Mark did not lose his presence of mind; but springing behind a young tree which was fortunately at hand, felt himself for a moment in safety.

It was not the antlers the hunter had to fear, for they were not used as weapons of offence; but the creature, determined to carry the war into the enemy's quarters, struck furiously at the intervening tree with his fore-feet, and Mark speedily found that its shelter would not long be between him and his justly-incensed enemy. No other tree was near enough at hand, and he was too busily engaged in dodging round and round to be able to load his rifle. Faster and faster fell the blows of the fore-feet. Now a piece of bark, now a splinter of wood, flew off; and now the tree bent, split, and came crashing down. Even so fell the elk; for just at the critical moment, a bullet from the Indian chief, who had returned to the rescue at imminent peril to himself, struck him in a vital part, and killed him on the spot.

The two hunters made prize of the skin, and of the more delicate parts of the dead animal, and on returning to their companions, loaded with the

spoil, Mark ate for the first time of elk flesh of his own hunting. This is considered a great delicacy by the Indians and all residents of the fur countries. It is preferred by many to beef, and the fat resembles that of a breast of mutton.

When the spring had arrived, it was resolved that the whole of the male party, save two old men, should start on a trip to the mountains in search of buffalo and elk, which they intended to kill, dry, and drag home on sledges made from the first trees they laid their hands on. The women were to join them six weeks after their departure at a place close to the scene of their hunt; and thus reinforced, the men hoped to have an ample stock of dried meat for the winter. Great preparations were made on the occasion. All the arms of the tribe were furbished up. Matonaza and Mark alone had firearms; the rest had bows, arrows, and spears. The women mended the clothes of the hunters, packed their provisions, and made the thongs to drag the sledges with. But the chief part of such utensils were to be brought by them to the rendezvous. The gentle, lovely, and blushing White Swallow herself made everything ready for her betrothed, to whom, on his return, she was to be united. All was smiling, promising, and joyous. The fields of the little settlement were improving; the wigwams exhibited the air of more permanent buildings than they usually are; and when the warriors departed on their errand, they left behind them a happy and hopeful community.

II.—The Athapascow Foray.

As soon as the men were really gone, the two elders proceeded to organize the movements of the party for the next six weeks. They had been directed to make clothes, watch the fields, fish for their subsistence, and do all needful domestic duties. All save the White Swallow. She, the unmarried but affianced bride of the chief, was, by custom, exempt from all share in labour; but to this her tastes and feelings were repugnant, and though the White Swallow neither scraped leather nor carried burthens, she was yet industrious in her way. She learned to make her own clothes, to fish in the lake, to light a fire, to build a tent, to snare birds, and to perform a multitude of other things necessary to the existence of an Indian woman.

Then, again, while her companions were scattered round the lake or in the fields, she would stop with some of the more helpless infants. She would, while overlooking them, sit still and think with pride and joy on the absent one, whose image was always uppermost in her thoughts. In general nothing is more pleasant to the gentle female heart than the memory of beings well beloved and far away; and no employment is more conducive to this dreamy occupation than sedentary ones. The women one day started to fetch the produce of their successful draught of a large net at some distance, taking with them the two old men. The whole camp was abandoned to the guardianship of the White Swallow and a couple of shaggy, ill-looking dogs, which were none the less faithful because ill-favoured. The young girl had volunteered for this service; and to her charge were committed eight infants of various ages, that rolled about on

a green spot with the dogs, unable to crawl because of their uncouth swathing. As they had been well fed before the departure of the mothers, the duty of Thee-kis-ho, the Indian name of our heroine, chiefly consisted in keeping away any wandering wolves from invading the camp; a service which the dogs probably could render even more effectively.

However this may be, the young girl seated herself on a log at no great distance from the wigwams, and thence looked around. At her feet was the lake, divided from her only by some fifty feet of corn-field; Matonaxa having placed his fields near the water. To her right was a large and novel building for an Indian village, erected under the guidance of Mark, and which served as the granary of the tribe. Close to this was the wigwam of the venerable dame who was her adopted mother—not one of her relatives remaining alive. At some distance was the chief's hut, and on this her eyes were fixed; and the sight naturally enough filled her mind with sunny thoughts; for she could look forward now to its being hers too at no distant period; and cold, indeed, must be the female heart which is not warmed at the thoughts of the home which is soon to receive her as a wife.

Thus occupied, and watching over the children, and in preparations for the evening meal, the hours flew swiftly by, and the White Swallow at last heard the voices of the returning party just as night was about to close upon the scene. At this instant her ear was attracted by footsteps approaching from behind. She turned, and one wild shriek betrayed the intensity of her alarm.

'The Athapascows!' she cried, springing up, and about to dart away to meet her companions.

'Stay,' said a young warrior, leaping to her side; 'there is room in my wigwam for another squaw.'

Seven painted and horrid Indians were around the young girl ere she could move. They were all in their war-paint, and well armed: they stood gazing at the village for an instant, as if irresolute.

'Warriors of the Dog-ribbed race!' cried the resolute girl in a loud and ringing voice, 'on to save your wigwams! The lying foxes of the Athapascows are among us!'

The young Indian seized her by the arm, a second plucked a brand from the fire, and cast it into the granary, and then the whole party, conceiving the men of the tribe to be upon them, commenced a rapid retreat, bearing with them their wretched and disconsolate captive. They were a party of ambitious youths, who, having hit upon the trail of the runner the year before, had tracked his steps in search of scalps and glory. Alighting on the camp when deserted by all but the White Swallow, they had intended to hide in the huts until the return of the rest of the party; but suddenly startled by the cry which responded to that of Thee-kis-ho, they fled, believing the whole tribe to be upon them. Their haste had marred the object of their expedition, while their position became one, as they thought, of extreme danger. The part to be played by the young girl was most painful. If she revealed the absence of the men, the Athapascows would return, and capture the rest of the women; if she remained silent, she was doomed to be hurried away into captivity, all the more horrid because of her late day-dreams and visions. While dwelling on these thoughts, she

found herself proceeding to a considerable distance from the camp in a south-easterly direction. The Indians moved with the utmost rapidity and silence towards a very broken, stony, and arid plain, the last spot which men would have been supposed to choose for a retreat. Suddenly they halted at the edge of one of those deep fissures met with sometimes in the prairies and in the plains of the West: this was their camp. Their victim was told to go down, and was then placed in a natural hollow, the Indians barring all exit. They next proceeded to light a small fire with some well-charred wood, that gave neither flame nor smoke, upon which they cooked their evening meal. A piece of meat was given to the girl, which she ate, strength being necessary to her. She had not abandoned all hope. There are a thousand chances between total despair, as between the fruition of hopes, and Thee-kis-ho, while crouching in her hole, strained every faculty of her mind for an idea out of which might come escape.

The Indians conversed with considerable volubility as soon as one had departed as a scout. There were no aged or experienced warriors among them to check their eagerness and levity. They expressed themselves in a dialect which the White Swallow partly understood. She could distinguish that they spoke with considerable disappointment about their failure, and that all seemed determined not to return home until they had obtained a sufficient number of scalps to excuse with the elders of the tribe their temerity and long absence. Much difference of opinion prevailed, but at last the whole party came to a resolution which can only be comprehended by those who know the Indian character. They resolved upon marching northward to the Coppermine River, to waylay and attack the unfortunate Esquimaux, whom they expected to have the double satisfaction of killing and robbing. These Esquimaux have from time immemorial been the prey of the more southern tribes, whose persecution accounts for a large portion of the race having abandoned *terra firma*, to live on the islands in the Polar Sea, where they were found by Ross, Parry, Franklin, and other explorers.

Thee-kis-ho heard this decision with varied emotions, while another gave her unqualified satisfaction. It was determined that, as their prize was young and pretty, she should be the reward, at the end of the expedition, of the bravest and most distinguished member of the party. The journey with which she was threatened was long, arduous, and of doubtful issue; but it offered all the more readily, on this account, some chance of escape, and the occurrences of the two or three moons before her might still enable her to wed the young chief, a consummation which she resolved should never happen if she were forced first of all to be the squaw of an Athapascow. The moon rose about midnight, when the Indians were smoking, and the scout then returned, bringing word that their camp was admirably hidden, and that there were no alarming signs within some miles. Satisfied with this assurance, the whole party went to sleep, after tying both the arms and feet of their captive in such a way that, while not hurting her, the thongs completely precluded movement.

Wearied with her walk and her thoughts, the White Swallow went to sleep, and awoke only when summoned to cook the morning repast of her captors, after which they started along an arid plain towards the north, in which direction lay the villages of the Esquimaux. About mid-day a halt

took place near a small wood; and while some went about in search of game, the rest set hard to work to make shields, which were absolutely necessary to defend themselves against the fish-bone arrows of their enemies. Thee-kis-ho received a knife—part of a sharpened hoop—to aid in the process, which, when the work was concluded, its owner forgot to reclaim, and the Indian girl gladly hid it about her person. The shields were ingeniously fashioned of small strips of wood fastened by deer-skin thongs, and when finished, were three feet long, two feet broad, and a couple of inches thick. It was nearly evening when the work was concluded; but the Indians, fearful of being pursued, after eating a hearty meal, continued their march some hours longer, and camped near a lake of small dimensions. The White Swallow took careful note of all the places they came to, that she might find her way back again if possible, and was not sorry to observe that the Indians left a pretty evident trail.

For several days after their progress was very slow indeed, as much game fell in their way, and the Athapascows, to whom eating was even more grateful than glory, revelled on the fat deer of the lakes. Much more, however, was killed than was consumed, from the mere love of waste, which is inherent in most savage people. These Indians would not pass a bird's nest without destroying it, much more a deer which they could neither eat nor carry; while, if they refrained from setting fire to the grove of trees they camped in at night, it was not from any calculation that they or others might want the grove again, but because the conflagration might betray them. Here, as in nearly everything else, the alleged superiority of the 'child of nature' fades before examination.

They soon reached the confines of inhabited ground, when they hit upon a branch of the Conge-cathawachaga River; and as the dwellers on its banks were enemies, and too powerful for seven men to attack, every precaution was taken. No fires were lit; they camped in strange out-of-the-way places; and crossed the stream swimming, despite the rapid current, which swept them a long way down. They hit one night on a large camp, with blazing fires and numerous dogs, but moved off as fast as possible, being not at all inclined to have fifty Coppermine Indians at their heels. These savages do not live so near the sea as the Esquimaux, but they have many of the same habits. Still, they are a distinct race, though probably all the inhabitants of America are of Tartar or Chinese origin.

They were still at some distance from the Coppermine River, and weary and sore-footed indeed was Thee-kis-ho, now some five or six hundred miles away from the home of her friends and her intended husband. Provisions, too, were now short; and as on such occasions the men of this part of America help themselves first, the White Swallow went often to rest without food. An Indian, when reduced to semi-starvation, will rarely if ever divide what he has with his wife or wives—he eats all, and leaves the women to starve. Some days even the men were reduced to a pipe and a draught of water, and the girl was glad to chew the leaves of an odoriferous plant by way of a last resource.

The way too was arid and rough. They were now amid the Rocky Mountains of the farther north, a vast and dark pile of rocks looking perfectly inaccessible; but on went the Indians, sometimes walking, some-

times crawling on their hands and knees. The path, however, was marked and clear as any highway, but often so steep, as to present extraordinary difficulties. At night they slept in hollows and caves without fire, generally from want of wood; but sometimes from the heavy rains, which rendered the moss, usually a never-failing resource, damp and useless. All this tended to put the Indians in a savage humour, which promised little for the poor Esquimaux; and Thee-kis-ho suffered all the more neglect and hunger. In fact, with the exception of raw meat devoured with ravenous ardour, there were no meals taken during the whole time they were crossing the mountains.

Near Buffalo Lake they killed a large number of the animals which give it its name, and finding some wood, regaled themselves. The White Swallow, more determined than ever to fly, concealed a small portion of food about her person, that at all events she might not starve in her flight. The road, after their departure from Buffalo Lake, became less rugged and disagreeable, while, by signs which had been described to them by certain old Indians, they believed themselves approaching the termination of their journey. The young men seemed chiefly satisfied at recognising the eminence of the Gray Bear, so called because frequented in certain seasons by those animals. At last the sight of a large wood, and of a river in the distance, made the warriors eagerly advance. They were in view of Coppermine River, a stream wide, shallow, and filled with rocks and cataracts.

A halt was now called, and a council held. All were unanimous that a day's rest and food were necessary before striking their intended blow. Accordingly, while the White Swallow and two Indians stopped to prepare the fire, the others started off in various directions in search of game. It was the last time they would hunt before they attacked the Esquimaux, as it would henceforth be dangerous to let the report of firearms be heard in the neighbourhood. Before two hours had passed, each Indian had brought in his deer, and then all fell to work to broil, and roast, and stew, eating as they went on. The consumption of victuals would have alarmed an English troop of horse, but the enormous capacity of the Indian for food is well known. It is enough to say, that had the White Swallow not been well fastened by leathern thongs, she could easily have escaped, as, before night, every Athapascow warrior was sleeping off his feast like a boa-constrictor.

III.—Matonaza.

When the Indian women saw the brand thrown into their granary, and caught a glimpse of the retreating Indians, they knew at once the nature of the late surprise. Their first impulse was deep gratitude for their fortunate return, for one minute longer, and every child on the green-sward would have been immolated; the Red-Skin in his wars sparing neither toddling infancy, decrepit old age, nor defenceless women. Then a scream of rage and despair arose as they discovered that the pride of the tribe, their chief's affianced wife, was gone. They looked about in speechless terror, expecting to see her bleeding and mangled corpse, but several declared that they had

recognised both her form and her voice among the marauders. Then all the women, and the boys and lads of eleven and twelve, seized every available weapon, and after lighting huge fires, prepared to pass the night. The conflagration of the barn was easily extinguished; and fortunately so, for it contained the whole of the unconsumed autumn crop.

The night, though full of alarms, passed peaceably, and before its termination, one of the old men had severely cautioned and instructed one of the lads whom he designed as the bearer of the news to Matonaza. The boy, proud and honoured by the trust reposed in him, took his bow and arrows, provisions for four days, and just about dawn started at a round trot towards the hills, which he reached with unerring accuracy on the third day. But no trace of the warriors of his tribe did he find. Still, the lad hesitated not a moment: climbing a lofty and prominent eminence, he cast his eyes for some ten minutes round the horison. Satisfied with this scrutiny, he tightened his belt, descended, and darted across a long low plain, at the very extremity of which he had seen a rather remarkable column of smoke, which the boy at once attributed to the Pale Face who accompanied his friends.

After three hours of continuous running, he gained a small lake, on the borders of which was a fire in the centre of a grove of trees. He clearly distinguished a man engaged in the classical and time-honoured art of cooking. It was Mark, as he expected; who, being a little wearied, had volunteered to pass a day in the camp, cooking and inhaling tobacco smoke, with eating, which is the *acmé* of luxury in the eyes of a prairie hunter. The lad advanced straight towards the fire, and without speaking, sank, exhausted and fainting, at the feet of the Englishman. Mark seized his double-barrelled gun, fired both barrels, and then, these preconcerted signals given, piling a great armful of green boughs on the fire, stooped to attend to the boy. He raised him up, gave him water, a little brandy, and then food. In a quarter of an hour he could tell his story. Mark heard him with dismay. He had formed a warm attachment for his Indian friend, and a proportionate one for his future wife. He knew at once how agonizing would be the feelings of the young warrior, who, having but this one squaw in view, had fixed on her his ardent affections far more strongly than is usual with a Red-Skin.

It was not long ere the whole party were collected round the fire. The Indians came in from all sides at the sight of the signal. A dead silence then ensued, not one of the Red-Skins asking any questions. All saw the boy; but not even his own father evinced any womanly or unusual curiosity by taking notice of him.

'Matonaza is a great warrior,' said Mark Dalton solemnly, after a certain pause; 'and his heart is the heart of a man. The Athapascow Indian is a snake: he has crept in and stolen away the Swallow.'

The young chief said nothing, but Mark plainly saw the muscles of his face working, and knew how he felt. But he took no note of the warrior's emotion, but bade the boy tell his story.

The lad stepped forward, and briefly narrated what had happened.

'Ugh!' said Matonaza after a pause; 'my brothers will continue their hunt. Let them keep hawk-eyes about them. Matonaza and the Roaming Panther,' pointing to the runner who had formerly gone with him to the

Prince of Wales Fort, 'will chase the thieves who steal away women. Let us go!'

Mark started to his feet, caught up his rifle, took a substantial piece of deer's meat, and was ready in an instant to join them. A few words passed between the chief and his people. He directed them to proceed with their duties. He would send the women to join them at once; and with Mark and the Roaming Panther, he started on his chase of perhaps a thousand miles and more, apparently as coolly as a European would have gone out for a walk.

The evening of the third day found them at their village, where they were received in respectful silence. Matonaza caused the old men to tell the story of the White Swallow's abduction once more; and then, after bidding the whole party go join the hunters, retired to rest with his two companions, bidding Mark sleep as long as he possibly could. The chief did not rouse him till a late hour, after he had himself tracked the trail of the Athapascows to a considerable distance. They breakfasted heartily, and then each man, with his gun, powder, and powder-horn, started on his way. The chief led the van, his eye fixed on the trail of the party. He pointed out to Mark the moccassin step of the young girl with a grim smile. Mark was pained at the sadness of his expression, but said nothing.

They with difficulty followed the trail along the arid plain which the Athapascows had first hit upon, and at one time, when the ground was unusually hard, even lost it. The two Indians at once parted, one to the right, the other to the left; Mark, who was eager to prove himself of use, looked anxiously about, and at last caused the warriors to run to him. The white man pointed with a smile to the hole in which the enemy had camped on the first night of their flight.

'Good!' said Matonaza, taking his hand: 'my brother has an Indian eye.'

And the journey was at once pursued without farther comment. As frequently as possible the party camped in the places where their enemies had camped before them, as the chief was sure to find some note of the White Swallow—her footstep in the ashes near the fire; a mark where she had lain; or at all events some almost invisible sign of her existence. Every day, however, the warrior grew more uneasy as he advanced towards the north. He began to suspect the errand of the Athapascows. He knew, though only traditionally, the terrible journey which must be performed ere the land of the Esquimaux could be reached, and regarded it as almost impossible that a young girl could outlive its hardships. Still on he went, never dreaming of abandoning the chase—never even alluding to such an idea. He, however, increased the extent of their daily march, though sometimes compelled to delay while seeking for food. The wood where the young men made their shields confirmed him in his belief as to their errand.

At night they hastily ate what food they had, and lay down to sleep. No time was wasted in talking. Rest was all they required, and it was to them of the utmost consequence.

'At this rate,' said Mark one day, when he found himself approaching the north more and more every hour, 'we shall reach the Icy Sea itself!'

whose sole riches consisted in a little copper they found near the river—thence called Coppermine River.

It was this unfortunate race who, from their helplessness and weakness, had been selected as the fitting victims of the seven Athapascow warriors. In this the Red-Skins only acted in accordance with the true principles of war—to respect the strong, and prey upon the weak. The White Swallow remained behind on one occasion while two scouts went out to scour the banks of the stream in search of intelligence. They soon came back with the information, that about fifteen miles distant were five tents of Esquimaux, so placed as to be completely open to a surprise. It was then decided that the attack should take place the following night. Meanwhile they waded across the river, to be on the same side as their wretched victims. Here they halted to load their guns, furbish their lances, and prepare their shields.

Every man set to work to paint his buckler—one representing the sun, the other the moon, others birds of prey and other animals, with imaginary beings, fantastic human creatures, and beasts of all kinds. They were all to serve as their protection during the combat, their shields being at once 'medicine.' Even the White Swallow, who was used to their Indian customs, was puzzled to know the meaning of half the rude drawings daubed with chalk and red clay, as not one had any resemblance to anything in heaven or upon earth. But, like the knights of chivalry, who scorned to write their own names, and seldom could even read a love-letter, these Red-Skin paladins were quite satisfied that military glory was above all artistic merit. They were but of the general opinion of mankind, who admire far more the successful slayer of thousands than the man who can achieve a splendid picture, a magnificent epic poem, or a great scientific discovery.

The shield-painting being over, the party advanced, still following the banks of the river—strictly avoiding all eminences, for fear of being seen, and all speech, for fear of being heard. The way was arduous and painful in the extreme. They fell upon swampy marshes and muddy sloughs, in which they sank above their knees. But not a word was spoken, not a murmur or complaint given vent to. A tall youth had been selected as leader of the band, and no orchestra ever kept better time. They trod in each other's footsteps with the most praiseworthy unanimity; and might, from their silence, their gravity, their stiff, erect manner, have not inaptly been compared to moving mummies. The White Swallow carried in a bundle the whole of their provisions—no inconsiderable weight, as they did not to halt an hour when their horrid surprise was effected.

About a hundred yards from where they first caught sight of the Esquimaux village they halted in council behind some rocks. It was now late at night, and yet these savage warriors, not satisfied with their martial air, began to paint themselves anew. They daubed their faces with a horrible mixture of red and black—on one side with one colour, the other with the other; some tied their hair in knots, others cut it entirely off. They lightened themselves of every possible article of clothing, made another bundle, and gave to the unfortunate girl

It was midnight. The five tents of the Esquimaux

were situated close to the water's edge, within a half-moon formed by some rocks that projected from a small eminence. Before the tents lay the placid waters of the river, in the midst of which was an island, or rather sandbank, and in the distance another Esquimaux village, of larger dimensions than the present. The Indians gave an 'Ugh' of delight, for here was a second massacre in view, and to these savage men nothing could afford a more charming prospect.

They advanced slowly along the banks of the river, and when within about twenty yards of the tents, halted; and having tied the feet of the White Swallow in such a way as she could by no possibility untie herself, they rushed to their bloody work. To modern readers, even of the details of recent wars, the unpardonable and horrid details of the sack of a city must be familiar: man, woman, and child, have all shuddered, we doubt not, over scenes almost too fearful for belief—scenes remaining for ever as blots upon a civilised and so-called Christian age. But for the benefit of those who have adopted the notions of certain modern philosophers touching the superior amiability and simplicity of the 'man of nature,' we think it well to give some account of the historical scene that was once acted on the banks of the Coppermine.

The Esquimaux, on hearing the wild outcry of the Red-Skins, started from their sleep, and rushed forth, men, women, and children, to escape; but their ruthless foes were at every issue, and spears and tomahawks did their bloody work. The groans of the wounded, the howls of the dying, the shrieks of the children, the shrill yells of the women, were answered by the Athapascow war-cry. As the herd of antelopes loses all instinct of self-preservation before the awful roar of the African lion, and stands a while motionless, so these poor creatures no longer sought to fly or defend themselves. Not one raised his arm. Some wretched mothers covered their offspring with their bodies only to die first. One young girl, of singular beauty for an Esquimaux, caught the chief round the legs: had he been alone, he would have probably saved her, to take her to his wigwam. But the emulation of war was on him; there were his companions to see him hesitate; and quick as lightning, he ran his spear through her. But enough: I spare details more fearful still—details which haunted the first historian and eye-witness of this scene all his after-life.

The White Swallow no sooner found herself alone, than drawing the knife she had formerly secreted from her bosom, she cut her bonds, resolved as she was to lose no more time. This done, she acted with all the coolness and reflection which became the affianced bride of an Indian warrior. She watched the Red-Skins enter the camp, and even let them commence their massacre. A dozen and more dogs darted by, flying from the strangers. One of them passed close to the White Swallow, and smelt her packet of meat. She seized upon a leathern thong fastened round his neck, and threw him food. The dog devoured it eagerly. The girl at once resolved to appropriate the animal, for she knew his nature, having herself been born on the confines of the Esquimaux territory. She fastened on his back the bundle belonging to the Indians, and then gliding gently and noiselessly into the water, began to swim. The dog quietly followed her, attracted by her store of provisions. The girl

was a good and powerful swimmer; but she proceeded slowly, though the noise of the sack of the village might have excused even want of caution. But Thee-kis-ho was too much of an Indian to neglect any precautions. Once landed on the opposite bank, she lay down to watch the end of the scene; at some distance, however, from the shore, and well screened from view.

As soon as the Esquimaux village lay in the stillness of death, and not even an infant remained, the Athapascows ran down to the bank to fire at the men of the other village, who stood stupidly gazing from across the water at the massacre of their brethren. They did not even stir when the leaden bullets fell among them, until one of their party received a flesh wound, when all crowded round him, examined the place in amazement, and then leaping into their canoes, hurried to the distant island, which, being surrounded by deep water, could be easily defended against swimmers with hatchets and bows and arrows.

The White Swallow waited to see no more. The dawn was now breaking in the eastern sky, and her position would speedily become dangerous. Casting her eyes about her to select the best road, she distinguished, a little way up the river, some one seated within a little cove fishing. She hesitated, for time was precious, but her goodness of heart prevailed. Giving the dog another piece of meat, she left him in guard of her packets, and tripped rapidly down to the water's edge. She had her knife, and feared no Esquimaux. As she approached, she discovered that it was an old woman, deaf, and nearly blind, who had been fishing for salmon by moonlight. The fish were seven or eight pounds in weight, and strewed the bank. The old Esquimaux had a line with several hooks to it, and caught fish almost as fast as she could throw, they being almost as plentiful as in Kamtchatka. The White Swallow laid her hand on her arm. The old woman started. The young girl, who knew one or two words of her language, just said, 'Indians—kill all—that side—seven tents on island.' The unfortunate old creature just caught the word 'Indians;' that was enough for her. She cast line and fish at the girl's feet, and mumbling her thanks, fled.

The White Swallow took as much of the fish as she could carry, and the line and hooks, almost believing that the Manitou had thrown them expressly in her way. This done, she rejoined her dog, and taking him by the thong, led him away as fast as she could walk in the direction she presumed to be the right one. She never paused or halted until the mid-day sun warmed her almost more than was pleasant. Then she ate, and gave food also to her dog. He greedily devoured a fish weighing eight pounds, and appeared most affectionately disposed to his new mistress. The girl made much of him, far more than he had been used to; and the poor animal, better fed and better lodged than usual, fawned at her feet like an old and faithful servant.

That fear renders man, and woman too, fleet in their motions, is a received and proverbial tenet; nor did the White Swallow differ in this from the rest of the human race. She shuddered at the prospect of falling again into the hands of the Athapascow Indians. She had seen the massacre of the Esquimaux, and knew well what would be her own fate if caught. No torture that fiendish revenge could devise would be considered

enough to punish her for her escape. On she went again, therefore, despite that she was weary and sore-footed, until she hit about dark on a small river, falling, she supposed, into the Coppermine.

Here, under a bush, she resolved to pass the night. She fed the dog plentifully, cast her line into the river, and then, without making any fire, nestled near the huge animal, and went to sleep. Despite her dangers and her fears, Thee-kis-ho slept soundly, even until after the sun had long risen. When she awoke, she found Esquimaux, as she called him, looking good-naturedly at her, in expectation partly no doubt of his morning meal. She at once satisfied him, and found three fish on the hooks. But she herself ate only the dried venison of her packet, which was still heavy, for she had never yet eaten raw fish, and dared not make fire.

V.—Wanderings and Sufferings.

Cast upon her own resources, without a man to advise or command her, the Indian girl had to perform the rather unusual task of holding council with herself. She at once made up her mind to intense sufferings and complicated dangers, though she had still doubts of ultimate success. She was a vast distance from home—she could only guess the direction; the season was getting advanced; and if surprised by the winter, her absence, if she perished not, would be of more than a year's duration. She had, it is true, a dog, a knife, and a fishing-line. This was much. On the other hand, she had to cross the Rocky Mountains, and not by the same path she had come, for doubtless the Athapascows would lie in wait for her some time in the only usual path. Without arms, without weapons, she must provide for herself and dog. And yet she despaired not. She was an Indian girl, and her prairie education was of a finished character.

Her first thought was to hurry towards the mountains. The stream near which she passed the night seemed to trend in that direction. The White Swallow was not without fear of being followed; she accordingly swam across, and left obvious tracks on the bank, as if she had forded the river. Then loading herself and dog, she walked in the water on a rocky shelf, that gradually brought her back to the other side. She then stepped out, without fear of leaving a trail upon the hard bank. For two days did she advance, and then her provisions began to run short; her dog and herself consumed a great deal during a daily walk of twelve hours. Thee-kis-ho ordered a halt; and while trying her fortune with her line in a small lake, sat down beside the water, and while watching the fishing-tackle, began to construct with deers' sinews, which formed a t of her dress, and some hairs from the dog's tail, those simple snares and nets that produce such wonderful results in a country abounding n game.

They were set at some distance as soon as ready; and next morning two wild partridges and a rabbit rewarded the girl's ingenuity. These, with some fish, gave Thee-kis-ho the hope of being able to provide for herself and canine attendant. The Indian traps and snares simple. To catch some animals, a trunk of a tree is so arrang east it falls, and kills or secures the animal by its v

are, however, very ingenious. A small piece of ground is partitioned off with little palisades and switches near a willow-tree, the favourite resort of the bird. Some openings are left between the diminutive stockades, and in these openings are little nets; when the partridges come leaping about in search of food, they fail not to be taken in dozens.

Three partridges and some other birds rewarded the second day's efforts of the White Swallow, and as her line also brought her fish, she once more felt hope. On the following morning she again started with renewed vigour, keeping her eyes fixed on the hills she had to cross. She soon found herself ascending; and according to the habits of her education in the wilderness, followed the course of a small torrent in search of an opening in the hills. Her provisions were not abundant, and both herself and dog were placed upon rigid allowance. The third day after her halt she reached the mountains, and began their ascent. Without path, along rough and rugged rocks, her advance at times completely barred, forced to descend and reascend, resting in hollows of the hills, eating small and scanty portions of food, still the heart of the Indian girl never failed her. She was young, full of hope and love; and on she went, though her mocassins were worn and torn, and her feet bled upon the rocks.

Winding, turning, twisting, retreating, it took her more than three days to reach the summit of the hills, and her poor pittance of food was now nearly gone. She sat down on the arid crest of a hill, and gazed upon the plains below—upon those plains which contained her country and her home. She saw for fifty miles the great prairie wilderness lying like a map before her, with its rivers and its lakes, its eminences and its levels; and her heart sank within her as she felt the chill blast of autumn in that lofty region. Starting to her feet, she descended, and after a day's severe fatigue, sometimes walking, sometimes sliding, sometimes actually rolling down a slope of shingle, she reached the bottom, and camped in a little clump of pines.

A pool rather than a lake was at hand; at one end of it she fixed her line and her nets, and at the other she and Esquimaux bathed with delight after their rude and continued fatigues. The dog was as pleased as herself to find himself out of the hills, and testified his pleasure by rolling like a mad thing on the bank, after he had for some time splashed in the water. Suddenly Thee-kis-ho seemed to listen attentively: a crackling noise was heard in the bushes. She crouched almost under water, amid some tall reeds agitated by the evening breeze, dragging the dog with her. At the same instant a tall horned deer leaped madly into the water, as if jaded by the chase which had been given him by a pack of hungry wolves. The White Swallow hesitated not an instant. She knew that in the water a wearied deer was a sure prey. Plunging toward him, just as the dog was at his throat, the bold girl, before the noble beast was aware of his new danger, had mortally wounded him with her knife, which she always carried by her side.

The unfortunate animal made scarcely any defence, and was drawn to the shore to die without a struggle. Thee-kis-ho now bethought herself of her danger. Death was certain if the wolves surprised her in any force. She knew of but one remedy, and that was a huge fire. Two flints formed part of the Indian baggage which she had been given to carry. These she

drew from her bundle, and taking a portion of dry Spanish moss from a tree, with some fungi lying about, she began striking the flints together. Few were the sparks that followed, but presently the moss, which is very inflammable—and which I have often used to light a fire by discharging a loose wadding from a gun—took fire, and by waving it gently backwards and forwards, a flame ensued. Plenty of branches, and even trunks of trees, lay about; and the girl soon found herself with a blazing heap. The fire was made in a cleared nook sheltered by trees, and the night being dark, there was no danger of the smoke being seen. But the wolves came not; some other prey must have attracted them, or they must have lost the scent.

Convinced by this, Thee-kis-ho let her fire fall low, and proceeded to skin and cut up the deer, which, perhaps the only animal of the kind she had any chance of mastering, was a perfect treasure. Flesh, skin, sinews, intestines, bones, all were valuable, furnishing food, clothing, thread, materials for snares and nets. The animal was quite dead; and the Indian girl, who had in the last two months learned much, proceeded to her task quietly. Some portions were prepared for immediate use, the rest laid aside for the future.

Though she had seldom, in her home on the Mabasha Water, assisted in domestic duties, she had observed, and knew everything that could be made of the animal. Tired as she was, she scraped and cleaned the skin, and rubbed it well with grease to soften it. She then cooked her first hot meal since her flight, examined her nets and line, and after amply feeding the dog, lay down to rest. She slept more than twelve hours, and rose much refreshed. She had now a large bundle to carry, and far to go with it; but she abandoned nothing. She loaded herself and her dog with the whole of the precious property, and then once more she started on her way.

But now she found herself in a maze of woods, and lakes, and rivers, and could not tell her road. She was alarmed, for the season was far advanced, and in that high latitude winter was near. Still she advanced with courage and energy, though not recognising one of the places she had seen on coming away from home.

One day she found herself in a thick and gloomy wood. She walked with her dog disconsolately along a track evidently left by the buffalo, ignorant of the direction she was taking, and lost in gloomy reflections. The darkness of the trees, the heavy atmosphere, the weariness of her feet and frame, her failing hope, had much changed the poor girl; and she felt by the wind and the air, and she saw by the sky, that winter was rapidly approaching.

Suddenly she gave a shriek as she emerged from the wood upon a small, green, and grassy plot. Before her, as far as the eye could reach, to the right, to the left, in front, lay the waters of a vast inland sea, dotted here and there by small islands. Thee-kis-ho looked anxiously around; for she knew herself to be on the great Lake of the Woods, where dwelt, said tradition, a warlike and mighty race. But all was still save the waving of the pine, the poplar, and the larch, and the beating of the waves of the sea upon the pebbly shore. The Indian girl stood still musing. Was she still in the land of reality, or was this the promised place to which all the

brave and the good went after death? Her hesitation was momentary; and then other thoughts came upon her.

It was now impossible to reach home that year, and the heart of the White Swallow beat confusedly and almost despairingly within her. Should she live throughout the severe season alone without hunting implements, without a hut, without needful clothing? But even if she did get through the winter, would she, when the birds came again, and nature was green and gay, and the trees put on their bridal clothing, and the earth sent forth perfume, and the dew hung like crystal on the trees, and the sun danced merrily on the waters, and the flowers awoke from their sleep —should she still find her affianced husband without a bride? The Indian girl was alone, none could see her shame, and she bowed her head and wept.

But better thoughts soon prevailed, and Thee-kis-ho began to prepare for her long, and cold, and dreary winter on the shores of the great Lake of the Woods.

VI.—Winter.

The Indian girl stood like our first parents when chased from Paradise—homeless, houseless, almost without raiment, food, or tools, and with everything to be provided by the labour of her own hands. She began by walking along the borders of the lake, until she came to where a small rivulet fell into the great inland sea, and here she cast her fishing-lines, reinforced by many a new hook made from the bones of the deer. Then she set at some distance, and in various places, all her traps. This done, she thought of her hut. A large tree, the boughs of which began to project at some distance from the ground, was selected as the main-stay. Against this the tallest and stoutest branches she could find, with some drift wood, were leant, so as to form a kind of tent. Other boughs were laid on so thick, one upon the other, that the whole took the aspect of a mere accidental wood heap. It was rude and shapeless, but it was weatherproof, and that was enough for the wants of a homeless Indian. Thee-kis-ho's deer-skin was as yet her only bedding, but now that she had fixed her abode, she hoped to succeed better as a trapper, and so add to the wealth of her wardrobe.

It was late at night when this her first and almost her most important task was completed. But she stopped not until it was concluded. Then she lay down to rest beside her dog, and took the first sleep she had had under cover for nearly three months. At dawn she rose to recommence her arduous labours. Food must be found, prepared, and preserved for nearly the whole winter, now approaching with terrible strides. She found the lake full of fish, and every moment she could spare from setting and resetting her traps was devoted to fishing. While waiting for the arrival of a hard frost, which she knew would set in in course of a few days, she looked about her. A portion of the lake formed a small pond off the rivulet, with an entrance not five feet across, and about two feet deep. As soon as she caught her fish, which she did as fast as she could throw her lines, she cast them into this pond, having first made a dam by throwing branches and stones into the narrow channel, which left ample passage

for water, but none for the escape of the trout, pike, and other large fish of the lake, which, like that of Athapascow, is renowned for the abundance and size of its finny inhabitants.

Wading in the water, provided with a stick, a rude bark-net, and her dog, she could always re-catch them at will. Every day, too, she added to the numbers of rabbits, partridges, and squirrels which she caught in her traps; and while roaming about the woods with Esquimaux, she on one occasion, by his aid, caught a porcupine. One day, too, she hit upon a small beaver dam, and captured several of these sagacious animals. Presently, however, the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and Thee-kis-ho found herself in winter. All her fish were at once taken out of the water, and placed in a position where they were freely exposed to the cold. The next day the whole country was covered with a thick coat of snow, and the fish were frozen hard.

The change in the weather by no means changed the industrious habits of the young White Swallow. A part of the day was spent in making herself warm clothes with her rabbit, beaver, and squirrel skins; and though alone, they were made with all the elegance of which she was capable, for she was still a woman. Then she cast her lines, taking care, now the cold was come, to drop them in deep places, while she found employment every day for hours in mending old and making new traps. Then to make a fire in the morning, when she had not kept the embers alive all night, was a waste of time and labour, for the moss was damp, and would not burn; but Thee-kis-ho soon took care to have a supply of tinder in the shape of fungi, which she dried by a warm fire, and hung up in her hut.

She had, at first at all events, plenty of food. The little animals she caught, famished and hungry, snapped greedily at the baits offered them, and rarely did a day pass without its due proportion of prey. Furs became plentiful; and as the cold became more severe, the Indian girl not only clothed herself with them, but made bed-coverings, and lined the inside of the tent. Her fire, despite the smoke, was made, according to the fashion of her tribe, in her tent; the acrid vapour escaping by a little opening in the summit, and by the narrow door. A small fire was quite sufficient both for cooking and warmth.

The next labour undertaken by the White Swallow was making herself a pair of snow-shoes with which to take exercise. Without them walking became painful. At one time she thought of constructing a sledge, and on setting out towards the Mabasha, with her dog dragging a load of provisions; but the doubtful nature of the enterprise made her at once give it up, and resolve on waiting the return of the warm summer season. From tradition and report, she believed she knew pretty well her whereabouts, and regarded the journey before her next year as of little consequence.

Still the young girl felt some desponding emotions. Continued solitude may have its charms for the melancholy and misanthropical, but the young and hopeful long for the society of their fellows, and for communion with the world. It is true that Thee-kis-ho had both ample occupation and dumb society; but I believe few young ladies will deny, that however constantly their fingers might be employed, and however faithful a com-

panion their dog might be, they would pretty nearly always like the addition of some conversational associate; and not the less if this associate were an agreeable man. The loving and faithful Indian girl never had Matonaza out of her thoughts—she dreamed of him at night, she thought of him by day, and during every occupation found him present to her imagination.

At break of day she would rise and light or trim her fire, before which some meat or fish was then set to cook. Then she went down to the lake to look at her lines, until such time as the edge of the water froze hard, when fishing ceased, for she had no nets with which to try her fortune under the ice. Her land-nets were, however, always a source of employment, and generally of profit, for the winter game was abundant round the lake. Then she returned to the hut to cook her breakfast, and feed her dog, an animal now more useful as a companion than as a servant. This done, she sat within her tent by a fire of hot embers, and near a narrow loophole admitting light, adding daily to her wardrobe, until the dead of winter arrived, when she had no choice but to take exercise on her snow-shoes, or to lie in darkness in her hut, hermetically closed against the air.

Still she repined not, for time passed rapidly with her; the middle of winter was now come, and every hour brought her nearer the period when, on the wings of affection and hope, she would hasten towards the village of her youth, her affections, and her future joys. The innocent and warm-hearted girl never doubted her affianced husband's truth and affection; and if a suspicion came across her that he might have found one to take her place, and cause her to be forgotten, she speedily drove such gloomy images away.

The worst of the winter was now past, but not the difficulties and sufferings of our heroine. During the bitter cold of December and January she scarcely made any captures, while the appetites of herself and her dog remained always the same. She therefore saw her store of fish and frozen game almost completely consumed, while in three days one solitary bird would alone reward her efforts. The cold, too, was intense; and one day, more damp and disagreeable than usual, her hot embers went out during the night, and the tinder she had preserved would not light.

The poor girl was driven to eat raw and frozen fish, and to take violent exercise on her snow-shoes. That night, but for her dog and her furs, she would have been frozen to death. Next day her efforts were not more fortunate; and, seriously alarmed at this accident, Thee-kis-ho was almost inclined to give way to despair.

Five days passed without fire, and the Indian girl began to fear to go to sleep lest a severer cold than usual might chill her limbs. One morning, after eating her miserable, cold, and wretched pittance, and vainly endeavouring to get fire from her broken flints, the White Swallow went out to walk, when two startling sights arrested her attention. It was blowing a smart breeze on the lake, and yet in the distance three canoes full of Indians were paddling smartly, as if making their way from some of the islands of the centre towards a prominent point of land to the left. On this point there was a fire, giving more smoke than was usually the case under the circumstances in the woods. The White Swallow at once con-

jectured that her own obscure position in the depth of a bay, and the fact that her fire was always made amid very tall trees, and of a moderate size, had alone—together with the intervention of an island pretty thickly wooded, at the mouth of the bay—protected her from disagreeable visits.

There was danger in the journey, but Thee-kis-ho at once determined on venturing across to the fire, to pick there some hot brands with which to relight her own, but in a very small and cautious way. She surmised that if the fire was made by persons hostile to the party in the canoe, a fight and a chase would ensue, when her efforts would be practicable enough. Then the fear came on her of leaving a trail, which some of them might hit upon, and trace her to her hut. This made her use extreme caution. She eagerly retreated within the shelter of the new-clad trees, and thence watched.

The smoke of the fire became now very thick, and the canoes reached the land. There were some dozen warriors or more, and after one or two had plunged into the thicket, to examine, as she supposed, what the foe was, the rest stood still. In a few minutes they were called to join their companions in a way which showed that the fire was abandoned, or that those around it were found. Then two men burst from the thicket, leaped into the first canoe, cast the others adrift, and paddled away.

A yell, distinctly heard by the Indian girl, then arose, and the warriors came rushing back. One of them easily caught a canoe, which had been checked by some ice, and the whole party again betook themselves to the water in chase of the fugitives. These made for the island nearest to the White Swallow's lonely hut, and were speedily lost behind it. In ten minutes more the others were equally so; and Thee-kis-ho saw no more.

The young girl was now seriously alarmed. She was in the very centre, it appeared, of some battle-ground of those who could not but be enemies to her, and it would be a strange chance if they did not hit upon her humble dwelling, in which case all her efforts and heroic fortitude would have availed her nothing: so she returned not to the Mabasha, it little mattered what Indian called her his squaw. Filled with alarm, and allowing all kinds of gloomy ideas to prey upon her, the White Swallow returned to her hut, now so buried in the snow, as to resemble rather a snow-heap than a wigwam, and hiding herself under her fur coverlids, sought to collect her thoughts. All her reflections, however, produced no very satisfactory result, and she soon fell fast asleep. Suddenly an angry growl from her dog alarmed her: she awoke with a violent start; the door of the hut was opened, and the face of an Indian warrior peered in upon the darkness!

The White Swallow lay motionless. She discovered that it was night, and that the moon had risen, and that she could see, though not be seen. Then she started up.

'Matonaza!' she cried.

'Thee-kis-ho!' replied the Indian.

The young warrior looked behind him: no one was near: and giving way to the native impulses of his heart, he passionately embraced his affianced wife. The dog at once ceased growling, and the lovers were soon sheltered from the piercing cold under cover of the hut.

VII.—The Lover's Search.

Matonaza, Mark Dalton, and the Roaming Panther, continued on their way without stopping, until they reached the scene of the already narrated Esquimaux massacre. No one had approached its precincts since the departure of the Athapascows, and tents and dead bodies all lay in horrid confusion. The corpses were eagerly examined, but the White Swallow was not among them. At all events, then, she had not been killed in the fray. This was a source of prodigious relief to the whole party. A council was held, Mark Dalton inclining to the opinion that the girl had been captured by some of the other Esquimaux, while the chief believed her to be returning on her way alone. But should the idea of his pale-faced friend be correct, it was necessary to examine into the circumstance at once, as it was easier to make these inquiries now than after a long and arduous search.

They accordingly ascended the rocky eminence above the huts, and gazed around. The seven tents were before them, and some smoke seemed to evince that they were inhabited. It was necessary to cross the river to hold communion with them, but it was dangerous to show themselves in a way which might terrify those who had witnessed so dreadful a massacre. It was agreed that the Roaming Panther, who was a splendid swimmer, and knew a little of the Esquimaux dialect, should venture across alone, and under cover of the unerring rifles of the two friends. He accordingly plunged into the water, and in a very short time stood upon the opposite bank unarmed, and shouting a welcome to the copper-coloured race.

The inhabitants of the huts rushed out in great alarm, which subsided when they saw one unarmed man before them. The Roaming Panther walked into the middle of the group, speaking with extreme volubility, and pointing with signs of horror to the scene of the late terrible catastrophe. The Esquimaux stood round him in timid wonder; but after about ten minutes, his eloquence seemed to prevail, and one of the men entering a canoe, moved across towards the two friends. The savage, it was quite clear, was very uneasy at first, but he appeared more tranquil as he came near and distinguished the friendly gestures of the strangers.

In ten minutes more the three wanderers were the guests of the poor northern aborigines, who received them with extreme hospitality. There could be little conversation when the chief and the runner only knew a few sentences; but such as it was, it was wholly about the event of the hour—the slaughter of the neighbouring family. Matonaza easily discovered that the Esquimaux knew their enemies to be seven in number, and immediately made signs that they had killed three of them. The Esquimaux looked uneasy at this for a moment; but reflecting no doubt that if killing was the trade of these also, they would have commenced shooting fire at them from the other side, they became gradually calmer. Then the Little Snake drew the conversation to a young girl of his tribe whom the Athapascows had stolen away, and who was yet not with them.

One of the men nodded his head, and pointed to a half-deaf, half-blind old woman who sat in a corner. Matonaza looked puzzled, but waited. The Esquimaux bawled in her ear, and the hag began to mumble some-

thing, which the other spoke over again more clearly. It was to the effect that a young girl, sweet in speech, and beautiful as an angel, had warned her, whilst fishing, of the presence of the Indians, but had been no more seen. This was enough for Matonaza, who, after some further cross-questioning, and a careful examination of the neighbourhood, discovered that, six days before, the White Swallow had got the start of him on her way home.

But for ten days previously they had pushed on with such haste, as to be worn with fatigue almost to death, being likewise half-starved, and without mocassins. A good day's rest, and food, and new shoes, were indispensable. They therefore accepted from the good-natured Esquimaux a supply of fish, and a tent, and disposed themselves to eat, rest, and make shoes, having saved some deer-skin pieces for the purpose. It was only after a day and two nights' rest that they felt themselves able to renew their journey; but then they started with energy, strength, and hope. Their new friends parted from them with good wishes, and an expression of regret that all Red-Skins were not so pacific.

It was now necessary to follow the trail of the young girl with extreme caution. Fortunately it was clear and obvious enough at first, though all were puzzled about the animal which accompanied the White Swallow. It was clearly a large dog; but how she came by so unexpected a friend was somewhat difficult to conjecture. All parties, however, were soon at fault. The river was reached where Thee-kis-ho had hidden her trail, and it now became requisite to be, according to the words of the chief, 'all eye.' The Roaming Panther followed one bank of the stream, while Mark and Matonaza followed the other, for a long time in vain. The bank was hard and rocky or pebbly, and not a trace of the Indian girl was to be found.

'Ugh!' said the young chief suddenly.

They were standing near a stunted bush, and there, on the ground, were some faint traces of a camp, with some fish-bones abandoned by the dog. The party halted, and after a few words of congratulation, supped on a couple of wild rabbits and a partridge, all the results of the day's chase, cooked by means of the stunted branches and trunk of the bush. It began now to be very cold; and when the trio in their turn commenced ascending the gully by which Thee-kis-ho crossed the Rocky Mountains, the blast blew chill and keen. Here, too, in these stony hills they lost all trace of the girl.

From that hour, indeed, the trail was wholly lost to them. So much time was consumed in hunting for it, in looking for provisions, and in roaming hither and thither, that the snow overtook them before they had passed the lake where the young girl had killed the deer. It became almost useless to proceed, and yet the chief resolved on continuing the search. A hut was erected, a fire made, and then the three men parted in search of game—one remaining near the camp on the look-out for small birds, the others going hither and thither, in the hope of falling on more noble prey. This was done for a week, during which, right and left, every place where a hut could be hid was examined: then the camp was moved a few miles farther south, and the same plan resumed.

This was continued with various fortune for some time, until one day

they found themselves camped near a large wood without provisions, weary, hungry, and cold. A council was held, and it was agreed that Mark and the Roaming Panther on the one hand, and Matonaza on the other, should start once more in chase of elk and buffalo, and that the first which met with good fortune should give the other notice.

Matonaza moved about in various directions in moody silence. The young chief had in his own mind given up all hope of finding the beloved White Swallow, whom he imagined the prey of some savage wild beast, or of Indians as ruthless. He moved along, brooding on revenge, on some terrible and sudden foray into the land of the Athapascows, and yet his eye was cast about in search of game. Presently the forest grew less dense, and the young chief soon found himself in the open air beside the vast lake already alluded to. The warrior paused, for never had he seen waters so vast. He gazed curiously around, and then followed the banks for some time: but all in vain; not a trace of game did he find. Weary and hungry, he turned his steps back towards the camp, and reached the spot where he had first come out upon the lake. He passed it, and pursued his way still further along the shore, which was frozen hard as far out as the water was shallow.

The Indian now came in sight of the fire seen by Thee-kis-ho in the morning, hitherto masked from his view by the island already alluded to. He knew this to be the signal given by his friends that they had found game, and hurried his steps. Suddenly he halted. A rabbit in its milk-white winter coat lay struggling at his feet, and yet not running away. The animal was caught in a snare made by human hands. The chief bounded like a stricken deer; his eyes flashed; and then, after killing the animal, and casting it over his shoulder, he began moving along the bank. Another and another snare fell under his notice, and then steps in the snow—those of a woman and a dog—steps of that day, of that hour!

Matonaza stood for an instant leaning on his rifle; for though an Indian and a warrior, he was a man, and young. He was not insensible to gentle emotions, and he loved the girl with all the warmth of a generous and unsophisticated heart that had never loved before. Then he looked around, his eyes glaring like those of the tiger about to spring; and he caught sight of the hut, or rather of the snow-pile which hid it. The door was clearly defined. He stood by it, he raised it: the rest has been already told.

VIII.—Strange Events.

For some quarter of an hour they gave themselves up to the joy of this unexpected and happy meeting. The warrior then listened with charmed ears to the recital of the events which had preceded the arrival of the White Swallow at her winter camp. Surprise, pride, and satisfaction, filled the young man's heart, as each day's adventure showed how admirably the girl had conducted herself, and how fit she was to be the bride of a chief. She spoke briefly, but clearly, and the event of the day soon formed the topic of discourse. When Thee-kis-ho spoke of the flight of two men from the fire, Matonaza became much moved.

'My friends are prisoners,' he said gravely, and then bade her go on.

But the White Swallow ceased speaking, and waited to hear the narrative of her future lord and master.

The young chief reflected a moment, and asked for something to eat. But the girl had nothing but raw fish and the rabbit, and no fire.

'Ugh!' exclaimed Matonaza as he heard that she had had no fire for five or six days; 'let us go.'

The White Swallow rose, took a good supply of fish, with the rabbit, and followed the Little Snake, who led the way through the wood towards the camp where he had left his companions. All was calm and still. The lake, which had been agitated, was quiescent, and the wind had fallen. A quarter of an hour's quick walking through the forest brought them in sight of the fire. It remained untouched, as also the hut of boughs and fallen trunks that had been erected on the previous night. They at once drew the half-scattered embers together, and a few upright and transversed sticks served as a gridiron for the fish. The rabbit was also put to roast. No alarm was expected but from the lake; and an occasional glance at the water, by a walk of a dozen yards with the dog, rendered a surprise unlikely. An elk, and the guns of both Mark and the Roaming Panther, were found in the hut. The enemy had followed them so rapidly, they had no time to inquire into the spoil which might be found in the camp.

Matonaza gazed with speaking eye and affectionate mien at the young girl as she moved about preparing their meal. He smiled grimly as she offered him the meat when ready, without offering to take any herself. But he drew her on to the log beside him, and bade her eat. The White Swallow laughingly obeyed, and they ate together. It was the sweetest repast either had tasted for many a long day. When they had done, it was pitchy dark, and the young warrior at once went down to the shore, and in the cold, and ice, and snow, began to make a raft. Plenty of logs, and boughs, and withes were to be found; and in an hour Indian ingenuity had succeeded in manufacturing a very solid construction. Then both stepped into it with the three guns, leaving the dog behind.

The chief turned the somewhat awkward vessel towards the island pointed out by his dusky bride, and both propelled it, as best they could, with sticks as much like paddles as they could find. They made for the side towards the hut of the young girl, which was rocky and precipitous, and therefore safest. Their progress was extremely slow. No light of any kind was there to guide them. The island loomed up in the distance against the sky, and not a sign of life could be seen upon it.

At last it was reached, and the slender bark grated on the shore. The pair leaped on the ice, and drew the raft so far after them, as at least to prevent its floating off. They then took the rifles, and gained the land. They found themselves at the foot of lofty rocks, from which hung thick and large trees that half-concealed their height. The ascent was rugged, but not impossible; and by feeling their way with extreme caution, they at last reached the summit. The wood was here dense in the extreme, and so mixed up with brushwood, as to oblige them to take

great care as they advanced with the rifles. They pushed their way through, however, a little further, and then suddenly halted.

They were within a few yards of an extensive Indian camp.

The centre of the island was a large and deep hollow, used from time immemorial as the winter residence of the tribe which now occupied it. About a hundred and fifty yards long by sixty broad, it contained thirty large huts or wigwams, so arranged, as to leave a considerable space in the centre. It was perhaps a dozen yards deep, and so overhung by trees, that whatever fire was made—and the Indians rarely make more than is necessary—never could be discovered by the smoke, which, rising in small columns, was swept by the currents of air among the dense foliage, to escape in such light vapours as were imperceptible. A large fire was now made, however, beside a rock, close below where the astonished pair stood. Round this were perhaps forty dark and fierce-looking warriors. The women stood in groups near the huts whispering.

But the captives were what they chiefly sought; and these were soon distinguished in the very centre of the council of the tribe.

A debate was going on, to which neither Mark Dalton nor the Roaming Panther seemed to pay any attention. They were on a log by themselves, and spoke in whispers.

'Listen!' said Matonaza, crouching down beside his bride in such a position as to see and hear all that passed, while he was at the summit of a path which led down to the fire.

Various opinions had apparently been uttered before their arrival. The last speaker, a fat, luxurious, greasy-looking warrior, with a nose and eye that spoke of the rum of the Yengeese, was, when they first listened, doing battle for the protection of the white man's scalp. He urged the fact, that if he were taken to the nearest fort in the spring, they would be amply repaid for their trouble, and receive both powder, ball, and shot in abundance, with plenty of fire-water, that made a poor Indian's heart glad. As for the Red-Skin, his tribe could spare him; besides, he was of no value. Let them take his scalp. A few applauded, but the rest murmured loudly, for the speaker was a notorious drunkard; and the Red-Skins, even those who occasionally give way to the suicidal madness of drink—the worst suicide, because of mind and body—despise a habitual sot.

Then up rose a warrior in the very prime of his days. He was about five-and-forty, handsome, well-made, tall, and of grave and rather melancholy mien. It was the Lightning-Arm, the renowned warrior who, taken prisoner by the English, had resisted all the temptations which ruined his fellows. He was the bravest, the wisest, the ablest chief of that day; and his renown was universal. So was his terrible cruelty, in putting to death all the white men, Dog-ribbed, and other north-western Indians, who fell in his way. This was his oration:—

'It is fifteen summers ago. The Lightning-Arm lived with his people on the borders of the Little Bear River. There was plenty of deer in the woods, and fish in the river, and the beavers were kind; they knew that their Indian brothers were poor, and plenty were found. The Lightning-Arm was happy. He stood like a tall pine in the midst of a wood, and every warrior called him chief. Yes; the Lightning-Arm was very happy.

A little bird sang in the woods, the loveliest girl of the Great Athapascow tribe, and the little bird sang beside the tall pine. Lightning-Arm called the Wild Rose his squaw. One papoose was in his wigwam, and it laughed in its father's face, and Lightning-Arm was very happy. He was a great warrior; his wife was pretty and good; he had a child lovely as the flowers of the prairie in spring. Lightning-Arm was very happy. Then came the Pale-Face traders, and bought all the Red-Skins' furs, and gave the foolish Indians fire-water. The traders went away, and the Indians were beasts: the fire-water was in their eyes, they could not see; the fire-water was in their ears, and they could not hear; the fire-water was in their heads, they could not watch. But wolves were in the woods, who knew that the Great Athapascows were as hogs, and they came down upon the camp. The Lightning-Arm had gone to show the traders how to hunt. The wolves slew all the warriors, who woke no more; they killed the Wild Rose, and they stole her child. Lightning-Arm came bounding home: he listened for two laughs—one very loud and clear, and one very little, but very sweet. The Lightning-Arm was alone, the tall pine stood naked on a stony plain. Let them die—the white man for his fire-water, the Red-Skin for his blood! He is a Dog-ribbed cur! I have spoken!'

And the warrior drew his tomahawk, and awaited the words of his companions, eager to give the signal for the torments which were once more to glut his revenge. His hate for the Pale-Faces, whose drink had caused the camp to be surprised, and for the member of a tribe suspected of the foray, might be seen in every lineament. The whole circle of warriors applauded, and were about to rise, when the Little Snake and the White Swallow stood in their midst.

'My father is very sorry for the death of his squaw,' said Matonaza with profound respect for the other's grief, 'and his eyes are dim. But his eyes are open now; does he know again a little face he saw fifteen summers ago? His ears are very sharp, the girl will laugh, and her father will know her again!'

The Indians moved not, though their favourite 'ugh' escaped every throat, while the Lightning-Arm listened with undisguised astonishment.

'My brother is young,' he said, quickly recovering himself, 'and would save his friends; he gives an old warrior a young squaw for a little papoose.'

'Matonaza is no liar,' replied the other solemnly. 'His father led the foray against the Great Athapascows; he took away a little papoose for a squaw for his boy. There she stands—see!'

And the young chief held out his hand, and took from the breast of the White Swallow one of those charmed bags given by the medicine men to preserve children against evil spirits, and which, found on the neck of the girl, had been left there, all fearing to touch an amulet which in their eyes had secret powers. The older chief took a pine-knot, and held it towards the face of the young girl, examining at the same time, by an imperceptible glance, the little bag. Matonaza saw the Lightning-Arm start, and then discovered, by the working of his face and clenched hands, how intense was the struggle between his Indian stoicism and the pent-up feelings of fifteen

'My old eyes were dim, and I could not see my friends,' said the father in tones which no art, not even that of man's iron resolution, could make firm. 'You are welcome—ye have brought back my child!'

The three companions became at once the centre of a friendly and delighted group, who crowded round the men, with exquisite delicacy contriving to let the father slip away with his child, without attracting attention to this act, rather too full of nature and feeling to suit Indian customs. But once out of sight, the chief raised the girl in his arms, and running under the trees, reached an empty wigwam at the end of the village. A pine-knot full of resin illumined the place. He set the White Swallow down upon a mat, and looked at her. Every feature, every expression—mouth, nose, eyes, hair—all were those of the mother, not older than she was when killed. The warrior shook like a palsied man with emotion, and then clasped the girl wildly to him. She laughed faintly, bewildered as she was, and the man almost shrieked. His ears had not heard that laugh for fifteen years, and yet it had thrilled in his heart every hour; for the chief had idolised his beautiful wife, and she came to him nightly from the Happy Hunting-ground in the visions of his sleep. It was an hour before the Lightning-Arm was sufficiently composed to rejoin his fellows and the astounded women. He found a feast prepared to celebrate the happy occasion. All joined heartily in it. Mark and the Roaming Panther, who had been expecting death for hours, ate none the less heartily; while the old chief, throwing aside all his rigidity on this festive occasion, made the women join the feast, and placed the White Swallow by his side. Even the roughest warriors smiled grimly as they saw him watching every mouthful she ate, giving her the choicest morsels, and touching nothing himself.

Matonaza looked gravely, sadly on. He had saved his friends, he had found the girl a father, he had gladdened the heart of a widowed, childless chief, but he had lost a wife. It was therefore with unusual gravity that he rose to narrate the circumstances under which the parties had met. His narrative, the history of a year, was the work of two hours' speaking, during which the young chief showed all that consummate oratorical art which belongs to some of the Indians—art that, if aided by the advantages of education, would astound some civilised audiences. He spoke little of himself, much of the White Swallow, and told his story in all its details. The Great Athapascows—a distinct tribe from the Little Athapascows, the ravishers of the girl—listened with unfeigned astonishment and breathless interest. The whole story delighted all, and none more than the father. A loud murmur of applause and a huge cloud of tobacco-smoke greeted its conclusion.

'My brother is very wise—a young arm, an old head! The Lightning-Arm sees a long way. The Little Snake had said nothing, but his eyes are not silent. He would like to hear the White Swallow laugh in his wigwam!'

The young man at once warmly stated his case, his affection, his abandonment of all to seek her.

'And the White Swallow?' asked the father, quite tenderly for an Indian.

'Matonaza is a great chief, and the White Swallow will be his squaw!'

The thing was at once settled. It was agreed that in the spring the whole party should move towards the Mabasha, to wait during the summer, when it was proposed the two tribes should unite. Matonaza answered for his people, who were too weak to stand alone, and the Great Athapascows willingly agreed to accept them. The party then retired to rest. Early on the following morning the White Swallow fetched her dog, while the whole village visited her solitary hut, which had escaped their notice only because they seldom hunted or fished in the winter months, passing them in their wigwams. Two days later, the wedding-feast took place amid universal rejoicings. Never was a happier party. The father was a changed man. He mourned the early dead; but he rejoiced over the recovered child, and was doubly pleased at seeing her doubly happy—finding a lost husband and an unknown father on the same day. The Roaming Panther carried the news to the small camp on the Mabasha; and in May the junction took place. Mark Dalton hunted with them all the summer; and when he left them in the autumn, it was with regret.

Neither the Lightning-Arm nor Matonaza ever joined in or encouraged any of the wars and forays of their race. They had suffered too much from them. The old chief ruled the counsels of his people for years, and led them to victory every time they were attacked. He lived to see children again, and to watch them grow up to manhood. He became their instructor and teacher. A devoted and earnest friendship took place between the father and the son-in-law; and in memory of the past, the White Swallow enjoyed a much happier fate than most Indian women. The chief never took another squaw: she was his first and his last; and ten years after they parted, when travelling on a mission, Mark Dalton, now governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, found his friends as happy as when he left them so long a time before. They talked over their adventures once again, and forgot not one detail; and in after-life, when speaking of his Indian experiences, and admitting all the terror and rudeness of savage life, Mark Dalton had always, by way of contrast, his story to tell of the White Swallow of Mabasha Lake.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

ABOUT the year 1823 a general movement was made in this country in establishing institutions for the scientific education of the working-classes. While the nation had been making advances in mechanical skill and manufacturing industry, unparalleled in the history of any other country, no corresponding advance had been made in the intellectual training of the people; and while Britain had become matchless for the ingenuity and skill displayed in her machinery, yet the vast majority of the workmen engaged in its construction were ignorant of the natural laws on which they were daily and hourly acting, and of those great mechanical principles which their practical hands were constantly required under the direction of other theoretical heads to apply. This state of things arrested the attention of many of the good men of the time, who saw the importance not only to the working-men themselves, but likewise to the country and mankind at large, that the mind of the mechanic should be rendered as familiar with the principles of his trade as his hands were with their practical application. By thus educating the working-classes, there was almost a certainty that improvements would from time to time be introduced into all departments of labour. For in every occupation, whether it be the construction of a steam-engine or a watch; the building of a house or the cutting out of a hand-rail; the painting of a sign-board or the designing of a new pattern, the satisfactory execution of the work is not dependent on chance or even superior manual dexterity, but on the right application of certain unchangeable laws and principles. Though instances have occurred, and are likely to occur again, where a happy guess or a fortunate inspiration has supplied the place of scientific attainment, yet it is evidently more reasonable to expect improvements to spring from knowledge than from lucky thoughts. It is also more in accordance with facts, inasmuch as every invention, if not entirely the result of scientific knowledge, could never have been brought into working order and perfected otherwise. Many examples were at the time referred to in support of this view. The names associated with the invention of the steam-engine, for instance, are those of men distinguished much more for scientific knowledge than for manual skill: the Marquis of Worcester, a prisoner in the Tower of London, devoted to philosophical pursuits; Denis Papin, an exile from France, teaching mathematics in Germany; Savery, a retired English officer; Newcomen, an ironmonger of Newcastle; and James

Watt, a philosophical instrument-maker of good education. On the other hand, the mistakes made and the heavy expenses incurred, during the labours of those gifted with natural mechanical ability, undirected by education, were farther proofs of the importance of joining scientific knowledge to manual dexterity and mental vigour. For example, it was only the perseverance of a determined mind that enabled Thomas Highs, the reedmaker of Leigh, in Lancashire, to overcome his own want of scientific knowledge, and that led him ultimately to the invention of the spinning-jenny and the throstle; but this want cost him long months of anxious thought, and tried his patience to such a degree that, once in a fit of disgust and despair, he flung his rude model out of his garret window. In no less conspicuous a manner were the energies and resources of Richard Arkwright's mind misdirected, until he came into contact with men who possessed those scientific acquirements to which the first great English cotton-spinner could lay no claim. To afford means for the attainment of this scientific knowledge by the artisan-classes, and thereby to promote mechanical inventions; to open up a path for the development of natural ability, and to improve generally the intellectual culture of the people, were the leading objects of the promoters of education at this time; and many advantages were expected to result to the community 'from adding to dexterity of hand and ingenuity of head a knowledge of the scientific principles which are the foundation of every mechanical art.'

Nevertheless, it would have been strange if such proposals had met with universal approval and support. There are always men at every period ready to characterise every new scheme as Utopian, and to regard every innovation on established custom as dangerous. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that objections of all kinds were urged; that the proposals were often treated with ridicule; and that one gentleman, once chief magistrate of Glasgow, went so far as to declare that 'science and learning, if universally diffused, would speedily overturn the best-constituted government on earth.'

These institutions were entirely new: they were not established either to supplant or to supplement others that existed. For at that time the working-classes did not possess the same facilities as now, either for physical or mental improvement. In London, if a working-man wished to read a newspaper or borrow a book, almost the only places accessible to him were the public-house, where he must drink as well as read; or an insignificant circulating library, where he would seldom find other works than novels. The library of the British Museum was to him practically closed, and he could seldom make use of the other public libraries of London. He might occasionally pick up at a book-stall or an auction some good work for a small sum, or, by combining with others, obtain a private perusal of a newspaper not long after its publication; but he could not, as at present, purchase for an equally small sum good 'reprints of standard authors,' nor by paying a few coppers get access to the leading papers of the day, in addition to 'a cup of coffee and a slice.' Occasionally he might procure admission to a scientific lecture; but it was a luxury not to be often indulged in, and instruction in any department of knowledge was to be had only from private teachers at a high charge. There were no temperance societies to promote social intercourse without degrading it;

few places of public amusement but theatres; there were few steamboats on the river; no railways to facilitate cheap excursions into the country; the postage of letters was so high as to prevent all except necessary correspondence; and cheap periodicals did not exist. In the provincial towns the intellectual resources of working-men were still more scanty. A travelling lecturer would occasionally exhibit a model of a steam-engine, burn phosphorus in oxygen, or give shocks from a galvanic battery, and afford to the astonished audience topics of conversation for many a day. But such entertainments were participated in by the few: the many were found immersed in political clubs or trade combinations, or seeking enjoyment in beer and tobacco, cock-fighting, pigeon-flying, wrestling, or pugilism. The laws of health were little known or attended to either in private habits or public buildings; no means for recreation were provided: Manchester was without its parks; Derby had no arboretum; and Liverpool no baths and washhouses.

Yet amid all this, many working-men were quietly engaged in scientific pursuits. Occasionally a professor of mathematics would be chosen from among the weavers of Spitalfields, and professors of botany would go down to Lancashire to consult factory operatives on the virtues and habits of plants. Societies existed here and there, small in numbers, but earnest in intentions, for the cultivation of various sciences. From these have from time to time sprung some remarkable men; but, generally speaking, they were quite isolated in their labours: few knew anything of them, and their members were looked on with curiosity, sometimes with pity, and seldom with envy, by their more ignorant townsmen.

In some places, however, more important societies had sprung up. The Andersonian university had existed in Glasgow since the end of last century, and to this had been attached a mechanics' class, where Dr Birkbeck 'for three successive seasons had the gratification of lecturing to 500 mechanics' on scientific subjects connected with their occupations. This was continued by the successors of that gentleman for about eighteen years, until the mechanics determined on establishing an independent institution. 'Let us build,' said they, in forcible, though figurative language, 'an altar to science; let us raise a ladder to those heavens where Boyle, and Newton, and Franklin sit shrouded and enshrined in the halo of philosophical glory.' This 'altar to science' was erected in 1821, and still exists in Hanover Street, Glasgow, with as many devout and worthy worshippers as ever. In Edinburgh the efforts of Mr Leonard Horner, and other gentlemen, had been instrumental in the establishment in 1821 of the School of Arts. The object of these two institutions was to give scientific instruction to the working-classes by means of lectures, a library, and a collection of models and apparatus. The success of these institutions, and the fact that they had in a great measure grown gradually out of the wants, and by the exertions of the working-men themselves, gave rise to hopes that in every large town in the kingdom the same success would attend the formation of similar associations. Thus in 1823 the views of the friends of education in England on this subject were trebly fortified; first by the successful example of Scotland; second, by the fact, more important than it appears, that such institutions would not displace others now existing, nor interfere

with 'vested interests;' and third, by the opinion held by many eminent and influential men, that the education of the working-classes would be of great advantage to themselves and the country.

London set the example to England in the work. The proposals for establishing a London Mechanics' Institution were first made in the 'Mechanics' Magazine' of 11th October 1823; and on Tuesday, 11th November, exactly a month afterwards, a public meeting on the subject was held in the large room of the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. There were more than two thousand persons present, the great majority of whom were working-men. There was not much display of eloquence; the speeches were short, and to the purpose, and were made both by employers and employed; by a member of parliament, Mr Cobbett; a sheriff, Sir Peter Laurie; and an alderman, Mr Key; by engineers fresh from the complications of machinery, and by barristers fresh from the complications of law; by printers and painters; and by one operative who read his speech, and called himself 'an unlettered son of Vulcan, just emerged from the smoke of a forge.' The chair was filled by Dr Birkbeck, and letters of apology for non-attendance, but approving of the objects of the meeting, were received; among others, from 'Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P., enclosing £20;' and from two men very dissimilar in their pursuits and feelings, both of whom are now no more—'Mr Jeremy Bentham, and David Wilkie, R.A.' The meeting was harmonious and enthusiastic, and all the resolutions were passed unanimously. These declared that the establishment of institutions for the instruction of mechanics at a cheap rate in the principles of the arts they practise, as well as in all other branches of useful knowledge, is calculated to improve extensively their habits and condition; to advance the arts and sciences; and to add largely to the power, resources, and prosperity of the country. The charge was fixed not to exceed a guinea per annum, and among the objects contemplated were the establishment of lectureships on the different arts and sciences; a library of reference and circulation; a reading-room; a museum of models; a school of design, and an experimental workshop and laboratory, provided with all necessary instruments and apparatus. The institution was to be entirely or chiefly supported and managed by mechanics themselves. On this point Mr Brougham's opinion, as expressed in his letter read to the meeting, was most explicit. He said: 'The plan will prosper in exact proportion to the interest which the mechanics themselves take in its detail. It is for their benefit, and ought to be left in their hands as soon as possible after it is begun.' And Mr Cobbett agreed with Mr Brougham. 'If they allowed other management to interfere,' he said, 'men would soon be found who would put the mechanics on one side, and make use of them only as tools.' To defray the first cost a subscription was opened, and ere the meeting terminated £150 had been received, and the names of nearly 500 members enrolled. The leading newspapers reported the proceedings, and approved of the institution. The 'Times' described it as 'an establishment which would not fail, if properly conducted, to be useful both to artificers and the arts: to the former in substituting more rational pursuits in their hours of relaxation than those to which they are driven at present; and to the latter in eliciting a vast quantity of practical talent which now lies

dormant, and in treasuring up for the benefit of the public a number of valuable discoveries which now perish with the individual, for the want of a vehicle and a record, both of which might be furnished by such an institution.' The 'Morning Chronicle' not only advocated the cause, but contributed 120 guineas towards the funds.

Thus, amid the cheers of 2000 enthusiastic mechanics, the good wishes of men whose great names will live for ever in their country's history, and the loud approval of the public press—with a flourishing exchequer and a long muster-roll of members — was the London Mechanics' Institution evoked into being.

The train was fired: in every large provincial town in England similar institutions were established. On the 8th of July 1824, Lord Brougham said at a public meeting in London—'Scarcely three days ever elapse without my receiving a communication of the establishment of some new Mechanics' Institution. At the beginning of May last I made a calculation that since the preceding July I had received accounts of no less than thirty-three being established;' and the Rev. Edward Irving, in a sermon preached in 1825, said that Infants' Schools and Mechanics' Institutions 'have arisen as by enchantment, and spread themselves over the land.' Thus when the second quarter of the nineteenth century was entered on, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Sheffield, the Staffordshire Potteries, Bolton, Bristol, Dundee, and many other large towns, had each an establishment, sometimes called a Mechanics' Institution, sometimes a School of Arts, for the scientific education of the working-classes.* Gradually the smaller towns followed the example, and in

* It is instructive to know the state of these institutions in 1850, after a quarter of a century's existence:—

In *Birmingham* the institution, after struggling against many obstacles, was so badly supported that it had to be given up in 1842. It was followed by a Polytechnic Institution, which has succeeded much better, and now numbers about 700 members. In the same town, a Literary and Philosophical Society, intended for the middle classes chiefly, had to be closed in 1849 from want of adequate support.

In *Liverpool* the institution has outgrown the ideas of its founders, inasmuch as there are now connected with it day-schools, attended by nearly a thousand pupils. The part, however, intended for the education of the working-classes is now in such a state that, after an expenditure of about £25,000 in providing and furnishing a building, &c. the directors are appealing to the public for additional support. Other institutions of a somewhat similar nature have been established in the town, the principal of these being the Collegiate, the Sunday School, the Church of England, the Northern Mechanics, and the Tuckerman, Institutes, and the Roscoe Club.

In *Leeds* the institution was, in 1842, amalgamated with a literary society, and it has now nearly 2000 members, a day-school, and attached to it is a government school of design.

The *Manchester* institution has also about 2000 members, and a female day-school. Six similar institutions have been established in different parts of Manchester.

In *Newcastle* the number of members is nearly 1000, and there is one institution at Gateshead, on the south side of the Tyne.

At *Sheffield* an amalgamation with another institution recently took place, and a new building was opened with great *éclat* in 1849.

The institution in the *Potteries* 'is carried on under great disadvantages,' and has only 120 members.

In *Bolton*, 'out of a population amounting in the borough to nearly 60,000, there are only about 300 who consider it worth their while to become members of this institution.'—*Directors' Report*, 1849.

At *Bristol* the result was the same as at Birmingham. The Mechanics' Institu-

every succeeding year new institutions have sprung up in different parts of the country. In 1849 three were established in the county of Lancaster alone. The London institution was to a great extent founded on the model of those in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and those in the larger towns of England were more or less copies of that in London. Year after year, as their character became changed, the younger institutions adopted similar modifications; and in the framing of rules, and in general arrangements, very few went back to the primitive models in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE GENERAL HISTORY of all these institutions presents the same leading features. In large towns they have usually sprung from the exertions and wishes, not so much of the working-classes, as of the more wealthy: the energy and enthusiasm that originated them carried them on for a time; but as the novelty wore off, the members and revenue decreased, modifications of plans had to be adopted, new features introduced, and radical changes made. If these proved acceptable to the public, the institution flourished; if not, it decayed: if the original idea of giving scientific education only were strictly carried out, the number of members was small; while if amusement took the place of study, the institution lived, 'in jeopardy every hour,' from the fickle and changing taste for amusement on the part of the public. In short, those that preserved their scientific character were often badly attended, while others obtained an apparent prosperity by placing Apollo in the seat of Minerva.

In small towns, strange to say, they had often better success. In a new manufacturing village, for example, there were always some young men with literary tastes. They would meet together, and form a 'Mutual Improvement Society;' then they would read essays, and discuss the great subjects on which young orators usually try their strength: perhaps a class for mutual instruction in some subject would be formed. The society and its proceedings became more and more public; and after careful nursing of this kind a meeting would be held; some distinguished men would attend and speak amid 'great applause;' a report 'be read and adopted with enthusiastic cheering;' and the old society would stand forth as a young, vigorous, public institution. In such cases there was less chance of failure or fluctuation, inasmuch as the establishment had grown gradually and steadily, instead of springing into maturity at once.

THE RESULT is, that amid all this changing of views and plans, the constant establishment of new institutions, and the gradual decay of some among the old, there are now in England alone about 400 such institutions, which, with the help of more than half a million volumes of facts and fictions, poetry and prose—of about 4000 lectures given every year on all conceivable subjects—of classes for instruction, from the English alphabet to the Greek classics, and from the multiplication table to the differential calculus—of reading and news-rooms, 'supplied with all

tion had to be given up, and was succeeded by the Athenæum, now numbering about 800 members.

In *Dundee* the Watt Institution, founded in 1824, has (February 1850) 'been closed for six months in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, but there is reasonable expectation of its being re-opened soon.'

the leading newspapers and other periodicals of the day'—of great annual soirées, where lawyers and divines, merchants and manufacturers, lords and commons, proclaim the advantages of knowledge and the blessings of education—are endeavouring, with badly-filled treasuries, and more loud-sounding patronage than actual support, to give instruction of some kind or other to the public in general, and their hundred thousand members in particular.* No proper estimate can be formed of the good influences of all this. It is the misfortune of most useful institutions that their beneficial results seldom come prominently before the public. They are often confined to narrow private circles, where their influence is not the less because it is hidden from the public eye. These hundred thousand members must be made better both in intellect and morals by their connection with these establishments, for no one can read such books as their libraries contain, or listen to the public lectures, or read the best periodical works of the day, or attend evening classes, or listen to great sentiments uttered by great men, without learning something, and feeling better than before.

THE CONDITION in which nearly all these institutions are now found is very different from what the views expressed at their formation in 1823–4–5 would lead us to expect. Though still generally retaining the name 'Mechanics,' they have never been attended to any considerable extent by that class. A visit to any one institution will show at once that the members generally do not belong to the working-classes. In the library will be found not many mechanics taking out scientific books, but young men, clerks, shopkeepers, apprentices, &c. inquiring for works of a lighter kind; in the school the same class will be found, but not always mechanics, studying the principles of the arts they practise; in the reading and lecture-rooms very few fustain jackets are to be seen, scarcely one

* This statement must necessarily be received as an approximation to the truth. It is impossible, from existing materials, to make up accurate statistics of all the institutions. The most complete statements are found in the reports of the various unions that exist in the midland and the northern counties. Even in these reports the information is often incomplete, and in the various districts embraced there are many institutions not in connection with the unions. The following table, made up from such reports, will show that an average to each institution of 250 members and 1500 volumes in the libraries is tolerably correct:—

Counties.	Institutions.	Members.	Volumes.
Chester,	8	1,781	11,649
Cumberland,	4	828	4,793
Derby,	5	1,123	7,689
Durham,	8	2,011	12,228
Lancaster,	44	12,405	87,532
Leicester,	1	549	3,060
Lincoln,	4	834	9,646
Northampton,	1	590	7,600
Northumberland,	5	1,543	13,967
Nottingham,	2	1,070	6,483
Stafford,	4	640	5,670
Warwick,	1	648	3,400
Westmoreland,	1	126	1,900
York,	66	13,471	61,155
	154	37,619	236,772
Average,	1	244	1,537

'son of Vulcan, just emerged from the smoke of a forge;' but those present bear unmistakable traces of belonging to a very different class, a class usually considered in the eyes of the world to rank above workmen in the social scale. A perusal of the reports leaves the same impression on the mind:—'The working-classes generally do not take an interest in and support the institution;' 'it has long been a source of great regret to the directors that so few of the mechanics and working-classes generally availed themselves of its advantages;' 'there is a want of interest on the part of the working-classes:' these are some of the expressions of the managers on this subject, and nearly all the others are to the same effect. To come to figures, it has been found from returns supplied by thirty-two of the principal institutions in Lancashire and Cheshire, that in only four do the working-classes attend in considerable numbers, and these four are established in mere villages. Again, in only three out of twenty-one institutions in the Midland Counties were the members composed chiefly of the working-classes. In other two where the occupations of the members were registered, it appeared that of 718, 250 were factory operatives and mechanics, and the remainder consisted of professional men, merchants, shopkeepers, clerks, warehousemen, schoolboys, &c. There is perhaps no town that shows more strikingly the little interest that mechanics take in the institutions than the railway town of Crewe, on the London and North-Western line in Cheshire. The population of this place is about 4000, consisting almost exclusively of about 800 mechanics employed at the railway works, their families, and the shopkeepers and others who supply their wants. The institution in this town numbers a little more than 100 members, or about one-eighth of the total number of hands employed. A large and commodious building was erected by the railway company, and presented to the mechanics for the use of the institution; and the company and its officers render assistance in many other ways. And yet the result is what has been stated. To enter into details regarding other parts of the country would be merely a repetition of what has already been written. The reports of directors, and the statements of all who have inquired into the subject, establish the fact that, generally speaking, mechanics do *not* support Mechanics' Institutions.

THE CAUSES of this may perhaps be divided between the mechanics and the institution: arising from prejudice and indifference on the one part, and inefficiency and bad management on the other. In many places the employers of large numbers of workmen have taken an active interest in the institution, have spent time and money in its establishment, and exerted themselves to induce their workpeople to attend. But this very circumstance has proved ultimately disadvantageous, for many of the workmen considered that the masters had some secret motive in their conduct; that they had certain ends of their own to serve; and that there was some mysterious connection that could only be vaguely explained between the institution and 'wages.' Absurd as these ideas were, they did exist, and institutions have suffered and are now suffering from their prevalence. In some places where the institutions were attached to factories or other public works, these ideas took even a more offensive form. The master was not only considered to have some sinister object in view,

but every workman who became a subscriber was regarded as actuated more by the desire of pleasing the master than of acquiring useful knowledge. Those who entertained such ideas were 'not going to be such sycophants;' and to show their independence they stayed away. Again, with the working-classes of this country, in general, social and political institutions attract greater interest than those connected with education. Take at random any score of working-men, and it will almost invariably be found that they would sooner attend a political meeting, to demand what they consider their 'rights,' than a scientific lecture; that they would rather read a party newspaper than a calm historical narrative; and that they would sooner invest money in a benefit club or building society than in a Mechanics' Institution.* These feelings exist in them as a natural instinct; and unless when led astray by prejudice, or deceived by designing men, they are feelings worthy of all encouragement. The misfortune is that in many cases they are all-absorbing, and education is neglected. From every institution all subjects of a sectarian or a party kind are very properly excluded, though occasionally a lecturer will, without absolutely breaking this law, give a tolerably clear indication of his opinions on the questions of the day; and though grave, prudent men shake their heads, and speak of 'injudicious conduct,' yet the great majority of the audience are pleased, and such lectures are always better attended than those of a purely scientific kind. This circumstance is so apparent, that in some places it has become a subject of grave consideration whether or not the rule should be abolished. But fortunately such counsels have not prevailed. There can be no doubt that every man feels more strongly and takes more interest in politics and religion than in literature and science—it is well for mankind that it is so—and if these institutions were either, on the one hand, to be opened to indiscriminate political and religious discussions, or on the other to be attached to any party or sect, it is highly probable that, so far as members and money are concerned, they would be more prosperous than now. But such prosperity would be bought at a ruinous price; and it is to be hoped that never, under any circumstances, whether tempted by alliance with the prejudices of the people, or goaded by sectarian rivalry, will their directors and members relinquish that principle, which is their greatest glory, of being entirely independent of political party or religious sect. By steadily adhering to this principle many of the institutions have suffered in the estimation of those well-meaning but blindly-zealous men who will not assist in the dissemination of knowledge unless that knowledge is accompanied by, and interwoven with, certain religious views and sentiments. This class was much more numerous at the first establishment of these institutions, when the nature of their objects was more liable to misapprehension; but it has gradually diminished as practical results have shown that the anticipation of bad effects was quite groundless. Though

* Various attempts have been made to raise money by shares for the erection of Mechanics' Institutions, each share being usually £1; but very few of these have ever been taken by mechanics. The building for one institution in Lancashire cost about £700; it was expected that about eight hundred shares would be disposed of, but scarcely a hundred were taken. About £300 were obtained by donations, and £250 were advanced at 4 per cent. interest as a mortgage, by a club in the same town, the members of which were almost exclusively working-men.

it cannot be said that the management and support of these establishments are altogether untinged by the party feelings that prevail in each locality, yet, regarded generally, it will be found that they include among their friends and supporters men of all classes, sects, and parties in the country. Wherever sectarian feeling is exhibited in opposition, it is usually in obscure districts and by obscure men, while by those in high places, from whom society to some extent may be said to take its tone, friendly feelings have been often expressed, and ready assistance repeatedly given. In several of the dioceses of England even the highest church dignitaries often show their sympathy with the objects of these institutions, not only by donations of money and books, but also by, what is perhaps of more value, the delivery of lectures and of addresses at public meetings; and as a general rule, it will be found that the institutions established in cathedral towns, such as Chester, York, Ripon, &c. are among the most prosperous in the kingdom. In many towns where strong opinions are held as to the necessity of joining religious and general education, other institutions founded on that principle have been established, but scarcely differing in other respects from the old. In one or two cases an attempt has been made to impose a kind of religious test on the members, but without success.

The disposition on the part of the working-classes to devote more time and money to friendly societies, &c. than to educational institutions, has led to the suggestion that not only such societies, but others for temperance and savings' banks, should be connected with Mechanics' Institutions. There can be no doubt that intemperance and waste are great obstacles to the spread of education; and when a part at least of this intemperance has been removed, it is but supplying a necessary want to replace it by the means of instruction. Still the policy of connecting Mechanics' Institutions so closely with these other societies is at least questionable. It is true that education is intimately connected with habits of temperance, frugality, prudence, and forethought; and to surround an institution for the former with societies for promoting the latter seems to be both fitting and natural. But practically there is every probability that among so many objects of attention some would be neglected, and, undoubtedly, the education would be the first to suffer, for its claims are not so urgent, nor its benefits so immediate and perceptible, as those of the others. All these societies flourish best when left to their own free action; and while each should afford all the facilities in its power to the rest, yet if it is evident that this is done merely to promote its own objects, no good results will ensue. Every society should stand on its own basis: let an educational institution be for education, a temperance hall for temperance, a savings' bank for savings, a building club for building; but let not one be used as a decoy to the other. This indirect mode of obtaining members to a Mechanics' Institution seldom succeeds, for the public generally understand it well.

But the prejudices that exist among a portion of the working-classes, and their propensity towards political agitation rather than quiet useful study, account less for the small number of mechanics attending such institutions than does the utter indifference to the subject that is by many displayed. The great majority of ignorant people are quite unconscious of their ignorance; and it is idle to expect that of their own accord they will seek that of which they do not feel the want. Opposition may be

overcome or lived down; prejudices may be removed or rendered harmless; but apathy and indifference are much more difficult to deal with. Of the pleasures attendant on the acquisition of knowledge large numbers have no conception, and of the use of science in the construction of the monuments of industry around them their ideas are vague and erroneous. Other wants than the want of education claim their care, and unfortunately in every large town such wants are too effectually supplied. In concert-rooms, misnamed 'free,' their natural taste for music is gratified by listening to songs, not always of the purest kind, sung amid an atmosphere vitiated by tobacco smoke, and before an audience whose faculties are not improved by the 'refreshments' they have swallowed. Their idea of the charms of literature is procured from the worst class of cheap publications; their notions of great men and heroic deeds are founded on the histories of Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard; and man's life appears to them to be useless and uninteresting unless it is filled with mystery and crime, guilt and punishment. An exhibition of 'Dissolving Views' is the highest scientific treat they have ever had; and the pictures in a public-house or a printseller's window the principal works of art they have seen. Wedded as this class of people are to such amusements, it would seem almost hopeless to expect that they can be induced to leave them, and enter on the quiet, steady, and grave pursuit of knowledge in a Mechanics' Institution. Is it to be supposed that a young man, too soon become his own master, with imperfect early education, or perhaps none at all, will of his own accord sit down in an evening class after a hard day's labour, and follow the instructions of his teacher in the merest rudiments of knowledge, when in the next street there is open to him some misnamed 'Temple of the Muses,' where, by spending a few coppers, he can pass an evening with none of that restraint imposed in a class-room, listening to music, or gazing at the postures of a dancer, and at the same time indulging in 'his pipe and his pot?' The writer has known cases where an employer has actually paid the subscription of some of his apprentices to Mechanics' Institutions without being able to induce them to attend more than a few times at the outset; and of other employers who have given some of their workpeople money to purchase admission to instructive lectures, which was spent, not at the lecture, but at the public-house. Every intelligent working-man laments the existence of these 'free concert-rooms;' and laments, on the other hand, that Mechanics' Institutions do not adapt themselves more to objects of amusement, and thus act as counter attractions. The general desire for such amusements instead of education would seem to confirm a declaration made not long ago by Lord Brougham, that the great majority of the people of this country do not really want to be *educated.*

It is not alone among the working-classes that such desires prevail: they exist among all classes; and the directors of many of the institutions, finding that neither mechanics nor others would attend in great numbers to receive instruction, have determined to go with the stream, and have introduced many plans that were never contemplated when these institutions were founded, and which are quite out of place in an educational establishment. The plea on which they were admitted usually was, that people *must* have amusement; and if they do not get it at the Mechanics' Institution they will go to worse places; besides, such plans are profitable, whereas

it is very difficult under present arrangements to obtain from the educational part of the institution sufficient revenue to defray its expenditure. Accordingly cheap concerts, soirées, pleasure excursions, and balls were introduced; facilities afforded for draughts, chess, skittles, and other games; dramatic readings, recitations, and such entertainments given. Of these more will be said in detail hereafter; at present, it is sufficient to state that such plans seldom or never succeeded in drawing more mechanics to the institution: those working-men really desirous of knowledge were repelled rather than attracted, and the attendance of others at those places whose attractions were now to be rivalled was not perceptibly diminished. But such plans succeeded for a time—large numbers attended, principally of the middle class; money was made so long as the novelty could be kept up; but when it passed away, the institution was in a worse position than before: it had not gained more mechanics, and it had lost its character as an educational establishment.

Among the reasons given by mechanics why they do not support these institutions is the *expense*. The objection is not so much to the absolute amount as to the mode in which it has to be paid. To become a member it is necessary to pay in advance for a certain period, which in general is three months, and in some instances a whole year. Though the highest annual subscription is seldom more than a guinea, and the average rate is from 8s. to 10s., yet to those who receive wages weekly the payment of a sum for a year, or even a quarter, seems to be running a great risk, and the sum itself appears very formidable. For the uncertainty of employment in many towns is so great, and the chances of having to remove from place to place so numerous, that very few workmen when paying a year's or a quarter's subscription can calculate on remaining until the time has expired; and as other wants are more pressing, the deliberation on the subject often results in the determination not to subscribe. To meet such cases many changes have been introduced in the mode of receiving subscriptions. In some instances they are paid monthly, in others weekly, and in a few a charge is made for every attendance. The tendency of all such changes has necessarily been to reduce the educational efficiency of the institutions, by substituting the temporary for the permanent, and by giving facility to those who are deterred by its first difficulties from prosecuting study in a persevering spirit to relinquish the attempt altogether.

The subscriptions generally have been fixed at too small a sum. The total revenue, for example, of fifty-six institutions in Lancashire and Cheshire is about £13,000, or not so much as £250 per annum on an average to each. In other parts of the country the average is even less, as in the above statement are included the institutions of Manchester and Liverpool, the largest in the kingdom. With this small revenue have to be defrayed the salaries of the officers and teachers employed; the cost of new books, periodicals, newspapers, and lectures; charges for rent, printing, stationery, &c. It is impossible, with such an income, to keep up a really efficient educational establishment, and consequently the directors have to depend to a considerable extent on the gratuitous services of officers, teachers, and lecturers, and to look to donations as one source of the increase of the library. But much even of this small income is procured from the subscriptions of those who never avail themselves of the advan-

tages of the institution, and thus with honorary services and honorary subscriptions the institution comes to be regarded as to some extent of a charitable kind. This has a bad effect in two ways: honorary services, as a general rule, are never so valuable as those which are paid for; hence many join the institution expecting better things than they receive, and accordingly retire disappointed, while many others refuse to join an institution with which the idea of charity is in any way associated. The same rules that hold good in the direction of financial affairs in commerce are equally applicable to the financial affairs of these institutions. Books and newspapers, teachers and lecturers, have all, so to speak, a certain marketable value; and if a scale of charges be adopted so low as to prevent the purchase of these in sufficient quantity and of good quality, the result will be similar to that of an insurance company insuring at too low premiums, aggravated in the case of the Mechanics' Institution with having no capital on which to fall back. Much higher charges would cheerfully be paid for a higher kind of instruction. Several institutions have found it necessary to increase their rates of subscription; but unless this is followed by active steps on the part of the directors to improve the various departments, and to get rid of the idea of charity, such change had better not be made at all.

Again, in some towns the local position of the institution is very inconvenient for the working-classes. This cause operates more seriously than would at first sight appear. In some places the institution can only be reached by a walk of two or three miles, which, going and returning, will occupy at least an hour and a-half. Suppose a mechanic to leave work at six o'clock in the evening: allow an hour for him to reach home, to clean himself, and to take tea, it would be nearly eight ere he could reach the institution; and supposing that he spent an hour in study there, it would be perhaps ten ere he regained his home. No man with a wife and family could do this regularly without neglecting his domestic duties; and it is absurd to expect young men to do this night after night, in all kinds of weather, and regardless of the numerous temptations that beset them on every side to enjoy themselves elsewhere. It is true that there are many examples of persons overcoming all such obstacles, and engaging successfully in the 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,' but these are exceptions; and though to them Mechanics' Institutions might prove of great assistance, yet they would succeed irrespective of such helps. It is for men in the mass that all public institutions are intended: genius will always follow a path of its own.

From the circumstance that mechanics generally do not *support* these institutions, it necessarily follows that mechanics do not *manage* them. The opinions of Lord Brougham and Mr Cobbett on their management have already been quoted. Their other influential promoters held the same views: Lord Byron thus expressed his sentiments on the subject:—'Unless all the offices in such an institution are filled with real practical mechanics, the working-classes will soon find themselves deceived. If they permit any but mechanics to have the direction of their affairs, they will soon become the tools of others. The real working-man will soon be ousted, and his more cunning pretended friends will take possession, and reap all the benefits.' Had mechanics been the principal supporters of

these institutions, the management would undoubtedly have come into their hands; for in almost every institution the rules are so framed that a majority of the members can elect as directors whomsoever they please. Where a building has been erected, and property collected, it is usual and proper that a certain number of the managers should be elected from the trustees; but in the majority of cases these take no active part in the business, and only act as a check on any schemes that would tend to pervert the institution from its original purpose. There can be no doubt of the soundness of such views of management as were expressed by Lord Brougham; but if mechanics will not join the institutions in large numbers, it is manifestly unfair that the management should be vested in the hands of a particular class chosen from among a small minority of the members.

If the name '*Mechanics*' gives an erroneous idea of the class by whom these institutions are supported, no less erroneous is the idea it gives of the SUBJECTS WHICH ARE TAUGHT. It was intended to establish scientific lectureships, through which thorough and systematic knowledge could be communicated to artisans in the principles of their trades. Such lectures were commenced and carried on for a time with success. The 'Morning Chronicle,' in April 1824, thus spoke of lectures on chemistry delivered at the London Institution:—'The sight of 800 or 900 artificers thus collecting, after their daily toils are over, to listen to the voice of science, is something new in this metropolis, and marks an era in the history of its population that future historians will dwell on with pride. The change which is indicated in the manners of our people by their hastening in the evening to attend scientific lectures must be pregnant with great future improvement.' A writer in the 'Mechanics' Magazine,' speaking of the same lectures, said—'Mr Brougham is almost always present, encouraging by his own deep attention to the lectures the attention of others. On Wednesday night he was accompanied by Mr Dumont from Geneva, a gentleman well known in the literary world as the editor of several of Mr Bentham's treatises.' In other places long courses on scientific subjects were attended by very large audiences. Ten 'Lectures on Chemistry;' six on 'Plaster and Wax-Casting, Modelling, &c.;' ten on 'Hydrostatics and Hydraulics;' nine on 'Certain Parts of Physical Science;' six on 'the Steam-engine;' twelve on 'Practical Mechanics;' eight on 'Astronomy;' eight on 'the Structure and History of the Articulated and Molluscous Classes of Animals;' eight on 'Physiology;' twelve on 'Geology;' and thirteen on 'Political Economy, which have been presented to the Institution by Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain'—such are the titles of some of the early courses of lectures given at these institutions. Though they might not follow each other in such a way that each was a preparation to its successor, and though they were not always specially adapted and applied to particular trades and professions, yet the length of each course was such, that a very fair outline of the subject was given, and the minds of the hearers placed in a proper position for farther study. Besides, the lectures were all by professional men, who had completely mastered their subjects; not such tyros in science and amateurs in lecturing as are found in profusion now.

Lectureships, unfortunately, were not established, and no permanence or

system was imparted to the arrangements. In Edinburgh and Glasgow it was different: there the system of permanent lectureships on various subjects, with which the institutions commenced, is still adhered to; matriculation tickets and diplomas are issued; and, in fact, the establishment is really and truly a college for working-men. But generally the plan adopted was that above described. Its success at the outset was very great. It brought before the public, by means of clear and accurate verbal explanation, brilliant experiments, and excellent models, a vast amount of scientific information, which it was almost impossible otherwise to procure. The wonderful workmanship of the steam-engine; the strange, and, as it appeared then, almost miraculous power of the locomotive; the supernatural feats of electricity; the glorious mechanism of the heavens; the dark secrets of nature, and the principles of the wealth of nations, were clearly unfolded to a public from whom they had hitherto been hidden, and who could obtain a knowledge of them only within the walls of a university, or in the pages of expensive, and not always easily-comprehended books. It was not strange that when the veil of science was withdrawn, people should have crowded to gaze in wonder; and it would now seem as if such popular lectures had been necessary to prepare the public for the right and efficient use of the scientific improvements that have since been introduced. For it must be borne in mind, that those who then looked on the model of a locomotive engine as a toy, are now travelling by its aid at a speed of from twenty to sixty miles an hour; and those by whom electricity was regarded as a supernatural force, are now making it carry very natural messages; while others who were amazed at the discovery of Uranus by the telescope of Herschel, have now scarcely ceased to discuss the comparative claims of Adams and Leverrier to the discovery, by mathematical calculation, of the planet Neptune.

But this system soon underwent a change. The want of permanent lectureships prevented the collection of audiences interested in particular subjects, and anxious to study them thoroughly. The members generally tired of the same subjects, of the repetition of the same facts, and a recurrence to the same experiments and illustrations. Novelty had to be introduced; the number of scientific lectures became less, and the courses not so long. Literary and musical subjects now appear; and among them we find four lectures on 'the Natural History of Mythology,' eight 'Analytical and Illustrative of Shakspeare's Principal Tragic Characters,' four on 'English Vocal Harmony,' four on 'the Church Music of Italy,' six on 'British India,' six on 'the Drama,' two on 'Irish Minstrelsy,' and four on 'the Poets of the Guelphic Era.' At first these musical lectures were somewhat connected: the lecturer attempted to give a complete view of the productions of a period, or the works of a class of composers; the illustrations being really what their name implied, and occupying a secondary position in the lecture. But it was soon found that the illustrations were all that the audience cared for; and accordingly the lecture degenerated into an 'entertainment;' a few anecdotes being thrown in between the songs to afford some rest to the vocalist. To call such entertainments lectures on music would be as absurd as to call an exhibition by the magic-lantern of views of the planets, alternating with grotesque figures, a lecture on astronomy. But this alteration in the lecturing system involved another

evil. Scientific subjects were not altogether discarded, but the time in which they were to be treated was shortened, and hence attempts, which could never succeed, were made to give in one or two lectures views of the most comprehensive subjects. Again, the sum that could be expended on lectures was so small that very few could be paid for, and such gratuitous lectures as offered were usually accepted. The subjects of these lectures of course were chosen by those who offered them, and an extraordinary variety was thus constantly exhibited in the lecture list.

The tastes of the public and the management of committees have accordingly produced this result—that of a thousand lectures recently delivered at forty-three institutions, more than half (572) were on literary subjects; about one-third (340) on scientific; and eighty-eight on musical, exclusive of concerts. But the number of separate subjects thus treated was 549, or, on an average, there were scarcely two lectures to each subject, and in a vast majority of cases subjects were disposed of in one lecture. If any man were gravely to propose to narrate the 'History of the Last Fifty Years' in about an hour, or give an account of the 'Nature of Man' in a brief essay, or impart sound ideas of 'Mental Philosophy' in one lecture, or instruct people in the 'Philosophy of Life' between eight and nine o'clock on a winter's night, he would be laughed at as a visionary, if not denounced as a charlatan. And yet each of these subjects had one lecture appropriated to it out of the number mentioned above, and the feelings of the audience were at the conclusion expressed in a 'vote of thanks to the lecturer, passed by acclamation.' It is difficult to account for the choice of many other subjects; and really one cannot help smiling to find that, in institutions established to instruct mechanics in the principles of the arts they practise, single lectures should be given on such subjects as 'Funeral Rites of Various Nations,' 'Habits and Customs of the Esquimaux,' 'the Life, Death, and Burial of Mary Queen of Scots,' 'the Games of Greece,' 'the Absurdity of Astrology,' 'the Theosophy of India,' 'the Sons of Noah;' and on the question, doubtless vastly interesting to the British people—'Are the Inhabitants of Persia, India, and China of Japhetic or Shemitic Origin?' The writings of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible quarry out of which materials for lectures and essays innumerable have been dug. 'That immortal bard' and his works formed directly the topic of twenty-three lectures of the before-mentioned thousand, and indirectly were introduced into many more. Twenty lectures were given at various places on that general subject which 'we of the nineteenth century' ought really by this time to understand—namely, the Present Age—while its details were treated usually in single lectures, whether they related to great movements like the health of towns, the abolition of capital punishment, and the establishment of universal peace, or had reference to great inventions—such as railways and electric telegraphs; or to disputed subjects—as phonography, phrenology, and mesmerism. Among the more practical topics are found 'Mechanics' Institutions and the Right Use of Them,' 'The Working-Man's Home,' 'Trees in Connection with Landscape Painting,' on the works contained in the library, and on the 'Moral of Hogarth's Paintings of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices.' Local antiquities and history have also afforded subjects for instructive lectures, and many travellers have narrated their adventures, and given descriptions of the countries they had visited.

Under such a system much instruction cannot be given; and perhaps the best that can be said of it is, that it is better than some other ways of occupying time, just as it is better to read straight through a dictionary or gazetteer at a country inn on a rainy day than to swear at the weather. The results in both cases are nearly the same. A large amount of superficial miscellaneous knowledge is acquired in a pleasing way, which in some instances may lead to further investigation, or may rouse up some faculties that would otherwise have slumbered. Every one knows that the complete mastery of any one subject is better than a superficial knowledge of many; but the great majority of the public seldom wish to be made masters of any one particular subject, and those who do are often not sufficiently unanimous in their choice to make up a remunerating audience. The system might be greatly improved; but so long as the lectures are to be for the public generally, they must be adapted to all tastes, and be both varied in their subjects and attractive in their nature. Though attended by the least numbers, yet the scientific lectures accomplish perhaps the greatest good. Through them the public become acquainted with every invention and improvement. In the lecture-rooms of Mechanics' Institutions the members have transmitted messages by the electric telegraph long before its public use; have witnessed a model of an atmospheric railway before any line on that principle had been constructed; and have dazzled their eyes by the electric-light, while scientific men were in the first ardour of discussing its capabilities and its practical use.

The most permanent, and perhaps the most useful, part of a Mechanics' Institution is the LIBRARY. Some of the institutions have more than 10,000 volumes, many have 5000, and a majority have more than 1000. These collections are very miscellaneous. It was soon found that the libraries could not be kept strictly scientific. To a great extent the institution was dependent on donations; and as an old proverb advises people 'Never to look a gift horse in the mouth,' so all the books sent were usually accepted. Any one who has either made donations of books, or been connected with a public institution that has received them, knows well that they are occasionally the refuse of a private library; often works of no great value, and always varied in their character. On the other hand, the number of scientific books read by the members was not great, and it soon became apparent that the demand for 'light literature' must to some extent be supplied. Some rules certainly declared that 'the committee shall not admit into the library, either by purchase or donation, any books of a political or theological nature, nor any novels or plays;' but such rules were always broken through. In short, the libraries soon became general collections of 'works in the various departments of literature, science, and the fine arts,' of which about one-fifth were works of fiction. The members make very considerable use of the libraries. For example, there are sixty-six institutions established in different parts of England among a population of about 2,000,000. They have about 22,000 members and 120,000 volumes in their libraries. The number of entries of books given out to these members during each year is a little more than 620,000, or in other words, each member takes out on an average thirty books every year. But as many of those who subscribe only to support

the institution never take out books, and others use the library only occasionally, it would be a near approximation to the truth to estimate that each regular reader takes out one book each week. He carries it home, where it is read not only by himself, but by other members of his family, and thus the influence of these libraries is far greater than from such statements would at first sight appear. Again, many of the more solid and useful works seldom leave the library shelves, and others never circulate at all. If a fair deduction be made for this 'non-effective force' in the library, it follows that the remaining books are circulated six or seven times every year. It will thus be seen that these libraries are not dull receptacles for learned lumber, or great collections to be looked at and boasted of, though seldom used; but they are endowed with a vitality that causes the books to be incessantly circulating from hand to hand. In some of the larger institutions as many as 400 and 500 volumes per day are issued during the winter months; in summer, when there is less inducement to remain in-doors, it is about one-third less. The active circulation of books is further apparent from the large sums that appear in the accounts as having been expended on bookbinding.

What has to be said of the quality of all this reading is not altogether so satisfactory as of its quantity. The members seem generally to say with the poet—

> 'When science turns with dreary look
> The leaves of her ungainly book,
> I say the dotard fool would dream
> Who'd turn the leaves with thee—
> The bard who sang by Avon's stream
> Has brighter charms for me.'

At all events, they show practically that scientific works have fewer charms for them than fictions, whether in poetry or prose. From a report on the Lancashire and Cheshire Institutions, it appears that the order in which the books are most read may be thus stated:—'1. Fiction; 2. History; 3. Biography; 4. Voyages and travels; 5. Periodicals;' and in a Yorkshire institution it appears that of every hundred volumes taken from the library, twenty-eight belong to the class of fiction, fifteen to science, fourteen to history and biography, six to voyages and travels, and the remainder to periodicals and miscellaneous works.

The influence of all this reading it is difficult to estimate, but it cannot be otherwise than beneficial. A quarter of a century ago it could not be said, as it can with truth be stated now, that almost every town in England of more than 4000 or 5000 inhabitants possesses a library filled with works, on the whole, of an instructive and useful kind, read with avidity, and available at a trifling charge. Not a working-day passes but thousands of works are issued from the libraries of these institutions to many poor apprentices, who will snatch a little time from their dinner-hours to peruse the treasured volumes; to many wearied mechanics, who will refresh and strengthen themselves after a long day's toil by reading some standard authors; to many poor youths, who will carry home some favourite works to be read aloud in the family circle; and to many young men, far from friends and home, labouring for subsistence amid the crowd of some great city, from whose solitary apartments all the gloom of solitude will be

driven by the great works of the mighty dead. Let no man regard such results lightly because works of fiction are most read. If among the readers are found some who speculate with Hamlet or sympathise with Jeanie Deans, laugh with Sam Weller or follow the wanderings of Childe Harold; there are others who reason with Locke and Whately, or calculate with Newton and Laplace; trace history with Herodotus and Alison, or experiment with Faraday and Liebig. And if among the public there are sensible men who predict harm from the reading of such novels as these libraries contain, let it not be forgotten that many eminent men have predicted good; and that, within the last year, the reading of good novels has been defended by a Scotch sheriff and an English bishop—by Mr Alison at Glasgow, and by Dr Thirlwall at Caermarthen.

One great obstacle to the success of Mechanics' Institutions has been the WANT of ELEMENTARY EDUCATION, prevalent to a considerable extent among that class who were expected to be their principal supporters. To such, scientific lectures were incomprehensible, and to some of them the library was of no use, inasmuch as they were unable to read. It was accordingly found necessary to have evening classes not only for instruction in subjects bearing on trades, but also in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in which the defects of early education might be compensated. Though public lectures are a pleasing, they are not the best, mode of imparting information. To appreciate and follow them some mental training is necessary. John Jones, for example, a young man who has been working hard all the day, goes with wearied legs and arms to a lecture-room, to hear a discourse on science: he knows nothing of the subject; he cannot give that close and continued attention necessary to enable him to understand it; he feels drowsy, and speedily falls asleep. He has had no preparation whatever to enable him to profit by the lecture; many of the phrases used are to him quite unintelligible; his mind is vacant or wandering; and if he should resist the temptation to sleep, he comes away with the most vague and confused idea of what the lecturer has been saying. All such persons must be prepared, by the discipline and instruction of classes, to receive the full benefits of lectures. It is in the class-room that the teacher is brought into close contact with ignorance, and enabled to plant knowledge in its place: in it the interest of the pupil is thoroughly awakened; he can commence at any point; he is not hurried over a subject without properly understanding it; his progress may be slow and laborious, but it is certain and sure. The class-teacher grapples with ignorance hand to hand—the lecturer fights with it at a distance. The teacher's labours are severe, arduous, and trying, but their results are seen and certain—the lecturer's labours are comparatively easy, and their results unseen and uncertain. The great object of every attempt at education should be to bring the teacher and the taught into the closest possible contact, so that the knowledge of the one may be easily transferred to the mind of the other. This can be most readily effected in the class-room; seldom, and with difficulty, in the lecture-hall.

EVENING CLASSES, accordingly, have always formed the more strictly educational part of a Mechanics' Institution. They are not so showy, and perhaps not so profitable in a pecuniary sense, as other departments, and

this has caused them to be to some extent neglected by the managers; but there is no doubt that the influence of the institution on the education of the people is always to be measured by the efficiency of its evening classes. Though it cannot be said that in them are invariably to be found artisans studying the principles of their trades, yet they contain large numbers of diligent and persevering students, receiving general instruction well calculated 'to make the man a better mechanic; the mechanic a better man.' In one class will be seen a number of adults who, if they ever learned to read, have long since forgotten the art, spelling their way through elementary books, or framing their labour-worn hands to form written letters. They are men whose consciousness of ignorance is so painful, that they are formed into a separate class, away from younger students who have long ago acquired those arts which these grown men are now learning. In another class there are apprentices and errand-boys, taken away perhaps at an early age from a free school, to work in factories or shops, or be the drudges in offices, who are now carrying on their study of grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and continuing their practice in writing, thus laying a foundation of knowledge and skill on which hereafter they will rise in the world. In a third class there are engineers, millwrights, and founders, who have been working all day amid the incessant clank of machinery, but are now assembled to study mechanical drawing, and to have explained to them the proportions and modes of working of all the various parts of that complicated mechanism which they are daily engaged in constructing. In another class are joiners, and stone-masons, and bricklayers, learning the proportions and uses of the various orders of architecture, the principles on which houses are built, and the art of making clear and distinct working plans. Painters, engravers, and designers are found in another class, drawing from statues and casts, studying the principles of perspective and the arts of design; while men of all trades and professions are collected in a sixth class, to receive instruction in mathematics, without whose aid the works of the engineer and the architect would be empirical and vain. In a laboratory students are learning chemistry by practical experiments; in one class-room young men engaged in business are learning other languages than their own; and from another comes 'the harmony of sweet sounds' produced by those who are receiving lessons in vocal music. This is a picture not overdrawn of what goes on in almost every institution during at least the winter months of the year. If from such classes does not spring a James Watt or a Christopher Wren, a Simpson or a Davy, yet from them come superintendents of railway works, foremen in foundries and machine-makers' establishments, and 'clerks of the works' at the erection of great public buildings; in consequence of such classes our houses are better built and more skilfully decorated; our machinery better constructed; many accidents from ignorance prevented; articles of ordinary household use made more convenient, and at the same time more pleasing to the eye; work of all kinds in general better done; and the minds and morals of a large part of the population greatly improved.

But the same want of system that is seen in the arrangement of lectures prevails, though not to such an extent, in the evening school. There is no regular course of study compulsory on the student, and he is usually left to make his own choice of a class. The discipline that prevails in a

day-school cannot be enforced here, and accordingly those who have little earnestness or perseverance soon give up the study. Again, it often happens that no class is formed unless a sufficient number of members say they will join it; and a number make the promise who have no desire to prosecute the study, but are attracted by the novelty of the subject. This is strikingly illustrated by the following extract from the report of an institution in Bolton:—'Let an announcement be made that a class is to be formed upon any given subject, and there will very soon be found enough of names of candidates for membership to justify the formation of a class and the appointment of a teacher; and if parties would continue the study long enough, the class would become permanent and respectable. But they do not continue—nay, some of them do not even begin; the whole of their zeal has apparently expended itself in the subscription of their names. The class commences, if it commence at all, in a weakly condition, and speedily dies out.' What remedy is there for such a state of things, except a resort to that which Englishmen will not allow, above all things in education; namely, compulsion?

The general deficiency in elementary education is strikingly manifest from the attendance at the several classes. For example, in a number of institutions in the manufacturing districts, it is estimated that about two-thirds of the attendance is at elementary classes; about one-fourth at those for science and drawing; about one-tenth at music and dancing; and the remainder at those for languages. Many workmen who have when young received what is considered a tolerable education—that is, have been taught to read and write, and to know arithmetic as far as simple proportion—soon find themselves sadly at a loss when they require to execute any description of work involving much calculation. Their knowledge of the four rules of arithmetic is of little service here, and they proceed to the evening class to acquire the necessary information. They cannot afford to wait; they will not submit to pass through the regular gradations of study: what they desire is a rule which they can apply without troubling themselves about the principles on which it is founded. A joiner, for example, wants to know how to calculate the strength of timber; how to ascertain the contents of solid bodies; to know at what angles beams should be placed to be the most secure; and so on. The teacher finds that the applicant knows little of arithmetic, and he is obliged to tell him that he must go back and commence to study fractions and proportion, and then proceed to algebra, geometry, and conic sections. The inquiring joiner is amazed; he laments the neglect of his early years; he is afraid to enter on such a long course of study now, and yet he feels that if he do not, there is little prospect of his ever ceasing to be anything but a mere journeyman. In some cases the study is begun; in many it is not; and the consequence is either that the defects of early education are not supplied, or that the Mechanics' Institution becomes more and more an elementary school.

From every trade illustrations of the same kind may be drawn. The following graphic description was lately given in a lecture delivered by a gentleman long and honourably connected with an institution in one of our seaports:—'The sailor's life and misfortunes exhibit the same necessity for scientific knowledge, and the same want of it. When a boy is too dis-

obedient to be governed at home, too inattentive to learn at school, and too idle to work at "a place," he is then qualified for sea. He perhaps learns whilst *at* sea that a knowledge of navigation would be useful, and he resolves to redeem twelve or thirteen lost years of his life by the desperate efforts of a month. He betakes himself to the Mechanics' Institution, and something like the following dialogue takes place in the mathematical department:—

Teacher. What do you wish to learn?

Sailor. Double altitudes and lunars.

T. You understand trigonometry?

S. No!

T. Do you know anything of geometry?

S. No!

T. Do you understand decimals?

S. No!

T. What *did* you learn when you went to school?

S. I think I went as far as multiplication.

The poor fellow, now nineteen or twenty years of age, is placed in a class of little boys to begin his education anew: he wets his thumb, and counts over 211 pages of "Melrose's Arithmetic;" looks at the thickness of "Norrie's Navigation;" thinks of his five months' voyage and three weeks in port, and abandons the hope of learning navigation—for ever.'

One of the great causes of this general introduction of elementary classes is to be found in the practice of withdrawing pupils at too early an age from school, and in the neglect manifested to an inconceivable extent by many parents as to the education of their children. In the large towns, hundreds of pupils are yearly removed from school, just at the time when instruction is beginning to exert its most beneficial influence; they are sent to work in an office or a mill, at the counter or the bench, and they speedily acquire habits that cause them to forget all the good lessons of the school. Their parents find it much more agreeable to receive a few shillings weekly for the labour of their children than to pay a few pence for their instruction. Nay, in some places their ideas are so perverted on this subject, that they meet the requests of benevolent people that they should send their children to school, by asking how much they will be paid for doing so! That under such influences a large portion of the population should grow up half-educated or uneducated is not surprising, and it is satisfactory to know that when such become sensible of their ignorance and defects, the schools of Mechanics' Institutions are open to receive them. But the instruction there given is very inadequate compensation for that which has been lost. Many things have to be forgotten as well as learned; the mind is not so open to receive impressions as in early years; and the simple task that would be easy to the child is often irksome to the youth. Besides, the attendance at such evening classes is exceedingly irregular: a press of business, a message to an unusual distance, and many other circumstances will interfere to cause the loss of a night's instruction.

Such circumstances have determined the directors of some of the institutions, instead of supplying the defects of early education, to supply that early education itself. Accordingly, day schools have been opened in

connection with many of them. A day school has been established in connection with the London Institution; there is another at Leeds; and in Lancashire nine of the institutions have day-schools, attended by upwards of 2000 pupils. It is reported that they 'not only are the most prosperous part of the institution, but add considerably to the prosperity of other departments;' and that 'there is no new plan which the directors of a Mechanics' Institution could adopt with greater assurance of success than the opening of a day school.' In one or two instances, these schools have been placed under government inspection; the Committee of Council on Education having contributed to the funds for the erection of the building used during the day for the school, and during the evening for the other departments of the institution.

The idea of collecting MODELS of MACHINERY, APPARATUS, &c. has never been to any considerable extent carried out in the way originally proposed. Some institutions have collected a few models, a small quantity of apparatus, and some specimens of natural history, to form the nucleus of a museum, but beyond this little has been done. In another manner, however, the idea has been carried out. At the principal institutions what are called Polytechnic Exhibitions have repeatedly been held, and a prominent place was given in them to philosophical apparatus and models. These were often shown at work, and interesting and instructive experiments made with them. The articles contained in these exhibitions were exceedingly numerous and varied, embracing antiquities and curiosities, paintings, statues, and other works of art, &c. In one of these held in Liverpool, there were more than 1000 paintings, engravings, and statues; about 350 specimens of natural history; 200 autographs; and about 500 curiosities of one kind and another. It was estimated that during the six weeks that this collection was open, it was visited by about 100,000 persons. It would be too much to say that the visitors were educated by the sight, but they certainly were pleased and improved. At every one of these exhibitions, printing presses were at work, from which issued occasionally a description of some particular object in the exhibition, or a programme of the concerts that were from time to time given; and at some, periodicals were printed called 'Exhibition Gazettes.' The character of this literature was not very brilliant, but yet these tiny periodicals called into action a good deal of mental energy, which displayed itself sometimes in a criticism on a class or group of paintings, sometimes in a few verses, and occasionally in such good-humoured remarks as this:—'The latest case of absence of mind is that of a young gent. who went to a public-house instead of the Exhibition, and did not find out his mistake until called on to pay his reckoning.' The proceeds of these exhibitions were exceedingly serviceable to the institutions, for in Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool, more than £10,000 were from time to time realised from them; thus enabling the directors to pay off heavy debts that had accumulated against the buildings.

Though a READING-ROOM appears in the list of objects contemplated at the establishment of the London Institution, yet that seems to have been intended merely as a place where the works of reference in the library could be consulted, not where newspapers could be read. But gradually into almost every institution newspapers have been introduced, not without

long discussions as to the propriety of such a step. It does not appear that in those places where an impartial selection of newspapers has been made any harm has ensued; on the contrary, the result has been beneficial. In many places the institutions would cease to exist but for the news-room and library. In many villages, and indeed in some considerable towns also, the institution news-room, if not the only one, is the best. Occasionally two news-rooms are found, at different rates of subscription; the dear room being always a day ahead of the news of the other. In some the subscriptions are so much for admission during the day, and a less sum for the evening.

In 1837 a proposal was made to form a UNION OF THE INSTITUTIONS in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The object was to obtain, by the offer of combined engagements, the services of lecturers at a cheaper rate than each institution individually could procure; to effect a more combined and systematic working by holding conferences of delegates from the various institutions, at which the experience of all might be available to each; to collect and diffuse information on educational subjects; to assist in the formation of new institutions, and the revival of those that may have fallen into decay. This union was ultimately extended so as to embrace the entire county of York. Other unions were subsequently formed: one for Lancashire and Cheshire, one for the Midland Counties, one for the northern counties of England, and one for Scotland. These unions have exerted a very beneficial influence on the various institutions. It is true that not so much has been accomplished as was at first expected in procuring cheap lectures, in consequence partly of the difficulty of finding subjects and lecturers suitable to the various localities, and more particularly from the small amount that in the majority of the institutions could be expended on lectures. Another great obstacle to the success of these unions has been the indifference of the directors of many of the institutions. This is manifested in all the statistical tables, where the words 'no report' are of frequent occurrence. In one union it appears, that though a number of gratuitous lectures were offered, some of the institutions did not avail themselves of them, not even replying to the letters in which the offers were made. Other boards of directors have held aloof from the groundless fear, that the union would exercise some authority over them, and that they would accordingly lose some portion of their independence. But even if such unions were nothing more than mere organisations for circulating information and statistics regarding the institutions embraced in them, they would be extremely valuable; and it is worthy of consideration whether the plan could not be extended so that even smaller districts than counties might have unions, and a national union formed, on the other hand, to which the smaller might periodically report. The great object appears to be, not to lessen the influence of local committees, but rather to increase it, and to excite them to greater activity by the publication, from time to time, of well digested reports on all the institutions in the country. These should not be mere masses of figures, arranged without much regard to order, but records of progress, statements of difficulties encountered, and the modes in which they had been overcome; descriptions of new plans introduced, and accurate accounts of their results; advertisements of

and criticisms on lectures; lists of cheap books suitable for the libraries, &c. &c. Such reports, issued at seasons when they would be most useful, and read and discussed at the local boards, would be far more serviceable than an annual report, and an annual conference, though these last might still be continued.

The disposition to give way in these institutions to the natural demand for amusement has already been referred to. When an institution gets into debt either by giving education for less than it cost, or from some falling off in the number of members, the expedients for raising money that are immediately suggested are by such exhibitions as have been already described—by bazaars, soirées, concerts, or pleasure excursions. When such measures are adopted to procure money for the erection of buildings, they are not objectionable, as it would appear to be in this country scarcely possible to procure sufficient money, even in some instances for building churches, without resorting to such expedients; but when it is found, as is often the case, that the institution is dependent for a considerable portion of its annual revenue on the proceeds of some annual soirée or festival, the only conclusion is, that that institution is not in a healthy state. The ideas of the nature of the institution given to the public at such meetings are usually very exaggerated, and calculated to convey wrong impressions. A stranger visiting about Christmas a town containing a Mechanics' Institution sees all the dead walls placarded with enormous bills announcing a great institution tea-party, at which distinguished men are to attend, and for which it is significantly announced that some 'celebrated quadrille band' is engaged. The stranger is struck by the advertisement: it must surely be a great institution about which there is such a flourish of trumpets. He goes to the 'soirée,' and finds the room crowded with an exceedingly gay assembly of young and old, male and female, all in holiday attire, and all determined on enjoying themselves. Addresses are delivered, which raise his opinion of the grandeur of the institution; highly philanthropic sentiments are proposed and responded to; songs are sung rejoicing in the 'good time coming;' and the stranger is pleased with all that he sees and hears. After an hour or two thus spent, the speakers cut their orations short with jocose allusions to the anxiety which the ladies must now be beginning to feel for the speaking to end, and the dancing (explanation of the quadrille band) to begin! Next day the stranger visits the institution, and—the spell is broken. He finds it in perhaps an unsuitable building; it contains a pretty fair library; a few people are reading in the news-room; and when he goes in the evening he finds a number of pupils, not nearly so many as he had been led to expect, quietly engaged in study. The total number of members does not exceed half the number of those in attendance the evening previous, and the educational machinery is used by a portion only of those. He cannot conceal his disappointment; but his friend the secretary tells him, that without such entertainments they could not get on, and tries to cheer him by saying that the tea-party has added some ten or twenty pounds to the funds. He finds that education is not so much valued as he thought; and he also learns, that it is just possible that some people may drink tea, listen to songs and speeches, dance quadrilles and polkas till an early hour

in the morning, and then sleep sound on the pleasant thought, that thereby they have been promoting the education of the people.

Or again, here is one of the largest institutions in England getting up, at an expense of more than a hundred pounds, an annual Christmas party, the leading feature of which is a representation in character and costume of the mode of keeping Christmas in 'merrie Englande in ye olden time,' the whole being a pageant fit for the stage of a theatre, if the friends of the 'legitimate drama' do not object. But the public crowd to gaze; twice the number attend the show that attend the institution; and the amount realised is nearly sufficient to pay the yearly salaries of teachers in the evening school. It is true that, like Christmas, it 'comes but once a year,' and to such a spectacle *per se* no objection can be made; but it *is* objectionable that such a display of mumming and misrule, boar's heads and wassail bowls, processions of the seasons and yule-logs, should not only be a great feature in an educational establishment, but that the revenue of the institution should be in the slightest degree dependent on the success of an exhibition altogether extraneous.

It is little to the purpose to say, that the public *will* have such things. By all means let the public have them. Never let it be said that the social feelings of the English people should not be allowed free scope at a festive season like Christmas. But it does not follow from this that the managers of an educational institution are to turn caterers for all the wants of the public, and supply theatrical pageants, miscellaneous concerts, cheap railway trips, and social tea-parties! 'Oh, but,' it is said, 'such plans advertise the institution, and bring new members.' This is quite a delusion. The institution appears before the public not in its real state, but in masquerading attire, that is never attractive to those who really desire instruction. It is like a quack advertisement resorted to unnecessarily. Support thus obtained is never to be depended on: the true support of every institution must come from its own members—from those who are receiving and can appreciate its benefits. All other support is deceptive, and can only lead the institution farther astray. New members may occasionally be obtained in this manner, but such do not become permanent; amusement brought them and amusement must keep them, and the directors are led farther and farther away from the great objects of the institution. The educational part is neglected; novelties are introduced always with the plea that they have some educational influence, until an exhibition of ventriloquism is considered a pleasing mode of teaching acoustics, and games at draughts and chess as effectual in strengthening the mind as the study of the six books of Euclid. The idea arises and is speedily acted on—that to give a man desire to attend scientific lectures, and the habits of thought and attention requisite to understand them, it is only necessary to make him a regular attender at musical concerts. It is useless to argue respecting ideas like this when their practical results are so plain. At an institution in Liverpool such an idea was carried out under the most favourable circumstances. For four years cheap concerts for the people were there given every Saturday evening during six months of the year, so well attended that the average number at the most attractive was 2200, and at the least about 1500. It was thought that four years' work of this kind must have prepared the people to attend and appreciate lectures of an instructive

order. Accordingly, lectures were commenced, not on scientific, but on attractive literary subjects: not long, but short courses, never exceeding three lectures. The charge of admission to each lecture was only one-third of that to each concert—the former being one penny, and the latter threepence. The result was an average attendance of 455 at the lectures, and at some the number did not exceed 100. A few of these might have been induced to attend by their having also attended the concerts; but there is every reason to believe that the audiences would have been equally numerous, or nearly so, had no concerts ever been given. It is perfectly true that the public in the mass are easiest gained by amusement; but it is not true that when they have been gained by amusement they will remain for study. It is hoped that no reader of these pages will conclude from what has been said that the writer is either indifferent or hostile to rational amusement. Far from it. People must have amusement, whether they are high or low, rich or poor. We are not to be chained for ever to hard labour either of the hand or the head; intervals of recreation ought to occur in both physical and mental toil. We must not, when assembled together,

'Sour an' sulky sit, like auld philosophorums.'

No! music and the dance, games of skill, both in-door and out, and many entertainments to excite sound, hearty, good-humoured laughter, must be resorted to. Let facilities for such be multiplied to any extent; but this should be done fairly and honestly. Let music-halls be increased in number, public parks opened, proper arrangements made for dancing; but let there be no grave genius behind all these to come out and say to people thus enjoying themselves:—'Ladies and gentlemen, this is really very delightful, and is certain to elevate you in the scale of rational beings; but I have been obliged to give you these things because I was afraid that if I did not you would go to very bad places for them, and because I expect that you will thus be so much improved as to be induced to come to my school, in which I impart excellent scientific instruction.' It would almost be better if the institution were at once to give itself unbounded license than to spoil sport in this way. If these institutions cannot exist without amusement—if to it the education is to be made entirely subordinate, let the fact be proclaimed, and let them not sail under a false flag.

Again, it was thought that the giving of Saturday-evening concerts at these institutions would diminish the attendance at many of those free concert-rooms, whose influence was admittedly pernicious. No such result has been observed. In Manchester and Liverpool, where the attempt has been made on the largest scale, and with the most effective means, the number of such concert-rooms has increased during the time that the 'counter attractions' have been most active. In the former town, the number of 'public and beer houses' having musical entertainments was, in 1843, when the Mechanics' Institution concerts were begun, 85; the number is now 90. This difference, however, expresses very inadequately the increase; because at first these places had not extensive accommodation for visitors, whereas now large buildings are used for the purpose, and for that purpose alone. During a recent year, when the Mechanics' Institution was losing considerably by *its* concerts, a new 'free concert-room' capable of accommodating about two thousand persons was opened in Manchester.

Indeed it appears probable, that, so far from diminishing, these 'counter attractions' have assisted to increase the attendance at the free concert-rooms.

Such plans are all founded on the erroneous principle of treating grown-up men and women in the same way as children. Many of the old modes of giving instruction were doubtless harsh and repulsive; but other modes suggested of late years have sometimes been in the opposite extreme, and, by too great efforts to make study pleasant, have turned it into little other than trifling. Study must always be laborious, often painful; beset with difficulties intended to rouse the mind, and sharpen its faculties, but not to be whistled aside by mere amusement. To make the pursuit of knowledge agreeable and pleasant to the student, we must begin, not by removing friendly obstacles, or by carrying him over difficulties, or by hanging everything in an atmosphere of fun, but by acting on his spirit, by giving it that tone, and imparting to it those feelings, that will cause it to enter on the pursuit, independent of all extraneous stimulants. In the education of children, it is occasionally necessary to employ a little amusement to induce or seduce them into study; but it is quite inapplicable to the education of adults. People who can judge for themselves are not to be treated in this way. Those who desire amusement, and those who desire instruction, go directly to their object; and all the agreeable and amusing snares laid for them are laid in vain.

On the other hand, the public generally, and especially the working-classes, soon lose confidence in the educational efficiency of an institution whose directors seem to be occupied in other than educational affairs. It is difficult enough to induce many people to suppose that a body of men chosen out of all trades and professions are altogether competent to superintend school instruction; to engage and dismiss teachers; to select properly-qualified lecturers, and to choose suitable books for the library; and it becomes impossible, when it is found that these directors seem to be occupied more in the irregular than the regular business of the institution, and devoting more time to means for raising money, than in improving and rendering thoroughly efficient the establishment under their care.

If the directors of any institution were to come forward and say—'Henceforth this institution is to be purely educational; we think it necessary that facilities for amusement should be provided, but that other places and persons should supply them,' there would at once be formed organizations for supplying rational amusement to the people under proper regulations, while the institution would become a quiet, orderly establishment for education. This was what it was intended to be, and is what it must become. Everything points to the policy of such a course. The present system is confessedly unsatisfactory, and if persisted in, will lead to worse results. The demand for amusement, though great, is temporary, and the subjects constantly changing; the demand for education, though limited, is permanent, and the subjects remain the same. The result would probably be, that the number of members would immediately decrease; but the number of members is not always a measure of the prosperity of the institution. The great question is, not how many members pay, but how many are taught, and the reduction would certainly not be in the

latter. But expenditure would be at the same time reduced; and though temporary inconvenience might be felt, it would soon pass away. Above all, the institution would then take its stand upon firm, true ground; the public would gather round it, and it would take firmer hold of the affections and sympathies of the working-classes.

It would be treating the subject imperfectly to conclude here. Some remarks on making these institutions more efficient, and on remedying the various defects that have been referred to, seem necessary; and the following suggestions, founded on many years' experience of many institutions, are submitted more with the view of indicating the general nature of the policy which the directors should pursue, than in stating particular plans that could not be applicable to every particular case.

1. They should all be PLACED ON A SELF-SUPPORTING BASIS. Hitherto scarcely one institution has been in this position. The amount paid by those who actually used the institution was never sufficient to defray the regular expenditure. The deficiency was usually made up by the subscriptions of 'honorary members,' who almost invariably paid at the highest rate, but who seldom or never attended the institution, and by the proceeds of the soirées, &c. that have already been described. This state of things was neither intended nor desired by the founders of these institutions. The mechanics, it was distinctly understood, were 'to pay as well as they can for the instruction they are to receive;' and so jealous were some of the leading founders of the London Institution of anything like a departure from this principle, that exception was taken to the applause which followed the offer of a gratuitous course of lectures. Under the present system many of the institutions appear to some extent to be charitable; and this circumstance prevents numbers, of working-men especially, who have independent ideas about 'paying their way,' from attending them. Before they will become members, it must be made clear to them that they will receive full value for their money, neither more nor less. This supplementary revenue, again, is always uncertain and variable; because it does not depend on the regular operations of the institution, but on plans whose results are influenced by all the accidents of public taste, the state of trade, &c. It would of course be impossible in unendowed establishments to secure precisely the same amount of revenue each year, but it is possible to make such arrangements that the expenditure might easily contract or expand with the revenue. The institution would then be in a secure position; an occasional soirée might be held to promote kindly feelings among the members, but no pecuniary gain should be expected from it, nor should it be used either to compensate for other losses, or made a leading feature in the institution. It would also be impolitic to decline the assistance of those friends of education who desired to support, though not to use, the institution as honorary members; but their subscriptions should either be collected into a reserved fund, to meet any incidental losses that might, even under the most prudent management, arise; or to defray general expense, such as rent or interest of a mortgage; or to form a fund for assisting poor apprentices and errand-boys who might find it difficult to procure admission otherwise to the privileges of the institution. It would be necessary at the same time to change the

mode of payment and the amount of ordinary subscriptions. At present, it usually happens that a general subscription admits to all departments—classes, lectures, library, and reading-room; but these are not desired by all subscribers, so that many pay for what they do not take. While some specific subscription constituting membership should still be retained, there ought to be instituted separate charges to each department; and in every case these charges should be such as to afford, with the expected number of subscribers, sufficient revenue to cover the current expenditure; while the cost of new books and of actual property could be paid out of the subscriptions of general members, who would thus virtually become proprietors, and should be recognised as such. It is possible that such an arrangement would cause fees in some measure to be increased; but they would be rendered much easier of payment, and the system would be better liked by the great majority of that class for whom the institutions were intended. Above all, the annual revenue would become more certain and secure, and the resort to temporary and often dangerous expedients to raise money be rendered unnecessary.

2. GREATER SYSTEM should be introduced into the plans of instruction. The department requiring this most is the evening school. In it it would appear desirable to have two distinct courses: one *general*, embracing those subjects of knowledge that are the groundwork of all others, and that apply to all men; the other *special*, embracing instruction in those subjects that bear most directly on particular trades and occupations. At present, as has already been shown, little system is observed in this department: one class is not sufficiently made the preparation for another, and time is lost and energy wasted in consequence. With regard to the general section, it would be easy to prepare and adopt a course of study; and with regard to the particular section, conferences not only of the directors of various institutions, but of men practically acquainted with the requirements of various trades, might be held, and a general plan of study prepared. This should be circulated throughout the country, and adapted, as far as local circumstances would permit, to the wants of each individual institution. By a little co-operation, it could be arranged that the tickets of one institution would be available for another, so that if a workingman entered on a particular course of study in one institution, and had to remove to another town before the session terminated, he might, with little inconvenience, and no loss, resume the study at the institution there. With such an arrangement, the course of study, though extending over a period of years, would be rendered highly efficient and systematic. To apprentices, in particular, such a plan would be most valuable; for in the Mechanics' Institution not only would any defects in their early education be compensated, but they would acquire that thorough knowledge of the principles of the trades to which they are apprenticed which cannot be imparted in a workshop, and without which they are not in a position to elevate themselves, or to attain distinction. The value of such studies would necessarily be greatly increased if the certificates or diplomas granted by the institutions were to be recognised by the employers of labour. It sometimes happens that manual skill is found in connection with ignorance or even dissipated habits, but as a general rule, educated workmen receive the preference of employers. The amount of preference to be given to

those holding such certificates would of course depend on the character which the institutions gained for themselves as educational establishments, just as a degree obtained at any college is valued according to the character of the college where it is obtained. It is to be regretted that among working-men generally there is not a sufficiently high idea of the necessity of knowledge obtained *out of* the workshop; and their views will be most speedily changed by any system under which the attainment of this knowledge will be recognised in connection with solid advantages. Nor let the old cry about the spending of all leisure time in amusement be again raised to deter from the prosecution of such studies. If artisans will look closely at those occupations which they envy, because they seem to involve little manual labour, they will find that the labour is more protracted and more severe than in their own pursuits; and they will further find, that in no profession can distinction or great emolument be gained unless by the unwearied pursuit of courses of study bearing on the great principles of such profession at the same time that the student is engaged in the drudgery of its details. It has already been said, that so long as the lectures are to be addressed to the general public, they must be varied and attractive in their subjects; but here also greater attention to system and more regard to completeness of exposition would be very serviceable. Public lectures can never be very effective as modes of thorough education; but they can, and they ought to be, prevented from degenerating either into foolery or trifling. Much of the money now spent on lectures would be much more profitably employed in extending and improving the library. Besides, as in such a plan the system of class-lecturing would require to be adopted with some subjects, others than students might be admitted, so that the members and the public would have even greater facilities than now of attending good lectures giving complete expositions of particular subjects.

3. Wherever it is practicable, a DAY-SCHOOL should be attached to the institution. Without entering into the much-disputed statistics of education, it may safely, and without much fear of contradiction, be said that in almost every town where a Mechanics' Institution is established, an additional day-school would be of great service to the community at large. It has already been shown that some of the most serious obstacles encountered by these institutions have arisen from the defects of early education; and that wherever such day-schools have been opened, their results, pecuniary as well as educational, have been highly satisfactory. The advantages resulting to the institution from the establishment of such day-schools are thus stated in one of the Reports of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union:—'A broader basis is secured; the assistance of better teachers is obtained for the evening-classes; and the pupils of the school, when they grow up to manhood, will be found the best friends and supporters of the institution.'

4. In some large towns BRANCH INSTITUTIONS, established in situations convenient to the working-classes, would be very serviceable. The instruction would then be brought to their own doors, and the objections as to locality removed. The detailed arrangements for carrying out such a plan would soon suggest themselves.

5. Every institution should possess, free from all encumbrance, a BUILD-

ING specially erected for its purposes. At present, the proceedings of a great majority of the institutions are carried on in hired premises, which are often neither comfortable nor well adapted to the purpose. Only about one-fifth of the institutions in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, have buildings which they can call their own. This is a serious defect, and the members should exert themselves, without ceasing, until they have procured sufficient funds for supplying it. Exhibitions, bazaars, soirées, &c. are perfectly legitimate means for accomplishing *this* purpose.

These suggestions are practicable, provided the attempt to carry them out is made earnestly, and with vigour. Difficulties will arise, as in every other human undertaking; but these must be removed, not simply regretted; and when they are realised, these institutions will occupy a position and exert an influence unknown to them before. However much they may have departed hitherto from their original intention, yet it is hoped that the experience of the past has taught this lesson—that an institution which thoroughly instructs a few is more serviceable to society, and more likely to be prosperous and permanent, than one that half-instructs some, and amuses many.

We cannot share the opinions of those who believe that Mechanics' Institutions are destined to decline and die. While the cause of education is making progress, and gaining new friends every day, we cannot suppose that such educational institutions will not make progress with it. That they have not accomplished all that their sanguine founders anticipated, is true; but this should not blind us to the fact, that they have really accomplished much, and given earnest of ability to accomplish more. If the future policy of their directors be guided by past experience—if fooleries are discarded, and SOUND AND USEFUL INSTRUCTION made their end and aim—it is certain that they will soon become one of the greatest modern agencies in improving and extending education among the people.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE biography of a literary man is to be found in the history of his works: startling incident and romantic adventure are not to be expected. The development of the progress of genius can alone supply the record of its existence. That of a poet ranking so high as Thomas Campbell discovers no exception to this general law.

He was born on the 27th of July 1777, in his father's house, situated in the High Street, Glasgow, subsequently demolished. The poet's father was Alexander, the youngest of three brothers, the sons of Archibald Campbell of Kirnan, belonging to a family which had been long settled at a place of that name, on the borders of Inverary. The estate produced a small independent rental, and came by inheritance to Robert Campbell, the eldest son of Archibald, and the poet's uncle, who ultimately sold it, and died in London. The name of the second son was Archibald: he went out to Jamaica as a Presbyterian clergyman, and removing from that island to Virginia, in the United States, died there very much esteemed by all who knew him. Through his descendants a legacy of four thousand five hundred pounds came eventually to the subject of this memoir.

Alexander Campbell went in early life to America. By trade a merchant, he was still connected with that country after his return to Glasgow. Here he carried on his business in partnership with Daniel Campbell, who, though of the same name, was not a relative of the family. This Daniel's sister became afterwards the wife of Alexander, and the poet's mother. Her name was Margaret, and he was married to her at Glasgow in 1756, when he was forty-nine and she had just numbered her twentieth year. The business of the partnership flourished until the American war broke out. In 1775, Alexander, then in his sixty-fifth year, found his house ruined, as was the case with numerous other firms similarly connected with the colonies at the commencement of that unnatural contest. Alexander Campbell was an acute and well-informed man, religiously disposed, and of mild manners. He was sixty-seven when the poet, his youngest child, was born, and he died in Edinburgh, in March 1801, aged ninety-one.

Margaret Campbell, the poet's mother, was born in 1736, and died in February 1812, aged seventy-six. She was a woman of a decided character, in person thin, with dark eyes and hair, comely, shrewd, of a friendly cha-

racter among her neighbours, but at home, and in her family, a firm disciplinarian. She was an excellent domestic manager, and conducted herself with exemplary judgment and good conduct under the severe trial of her husband's failure, two years before the poet's birth, at a time when she naturally looked forward, as well as her husband, to that ease and tranquillity which are so desirable in the downfall of life.

The family of Alexander and Margaret Campbell consisted, according to some accounts, of only ten children, but, more correctly, of eleven, one having died in infancy. The eldest, and last surviving except the poet, named Mary, died in Edinburgh in 1843, aged eighty-six. There were two other daughters, Isabella and Elizabeth, who both died in Edinburgh—the former in 1837, aged seventy-nine; the last in 1829, aged sixty-four. The sons were seven—Archibald, who died in Virginia in 1830, had been a planter in Berbice; Alexander, who returned from Berbice to Glasgow, died there in 1826; John, who having settled at Demerara, died there in 1806; Daniel, who died an infant; Robert, who went to the United States, a merchant, and married a daughter of the well-known Patrick Henry in Virginia, and died in 1807; James, drowned while bathing in the Clyde in 1783; Daniel, born in 1773, who was a cotton-manufacturer in Glasgow, but making little progress in business, went to France, and managed a considerable manufactory at Rouen, whence no account of his death ever reached his family; and lastly, Thomas, the poet, the survivor of them all, and the favourite of his parents.

The poet was named Thomas after Dr Reid, the professor of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow, who officiated at the font. Thomas was the Benjamin of his parents; the more beloved, perhaps, for coming apart from the rest of the family under their fallen fortunes. He was the favourite son of both his parents, whose regrets at their misfortunes his playfulness and active disposition helped them at times to beguile. He was taught to read by his favourite sister, who was nineteen years his senior. In the eighth year of his age, in 1785, he was sent to the grammar school in Glasgow, then under the care of Mr Alison, who was noted for his ability in teaching the classics. A generous system of encouragement was all that was required to give young Campbell an ardent thirst after excellence: he was ambitious in the right way, but highly sensitive. His father assisted him in his tasks; and his progress was commensurate with the sanguine hopes of his instructors; but by the excitement produced through emulation it was found that his health suffered. He was removed, therefore, from school into country air for a short time, which had the desired effect, and he returned to his studies with renewed vigour. His course was highly satisfactory. At eleven years of age he began to compose verses, crude enough, it is true; but among others were stanzas on a parrot, equal at all events to those which Samuel Johnson made upon his duck. Somewhat lame in metre, they indicated the tendency of the youthful mind, but by no means rivalled what others have produced at the same age, giving little promise of the appearance in another decade of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' in which the lines are so exquisitely modulated. His translations from the Greek in his twelfth year are remarkable only for being made at that early age. His attachment to

Greek poetry beginning thus early, he soon obtained prizes for his proficiency in translation—his first being gained in 1789, when he was in his twelfth year.

The father of the poet, as before observed, was strictly religious, and early imbued his son with the same feeling. Young Campbell soon became a reader of some of the more noted divines, and their lessons frequently raised a conflict in his mind between his boyish follies and his sense of religious obligation. He was of a joyous temperament, the sallies of which were often daunted by the whispers of conscience through the impressions thus effected. Even thus young, and under such impressions, he and his schoolfellows would commit lapses occasionally that excited the reprobation of their friends; and getting tired of the long sermons of one of the clergymen under whom they sat, young Campbell and his companions turned some of the good man's repetitions into a lampoon. His schoolfellows were not exempted from his turn for playful satire; some specimens of which, as well as his school exercises and translations, have been preserved through the partiality of friends. They exhibit a great superiority over the productions of the generality of schoolboys at so early an age; marking a certain precocity of intellect, and a power of close application, however desultory, rare in youth of so vivacious a temperament.

In his thirteenth year the poet quitted the grammar school for the university. There he gained three prizes the first year: one for Latin, another for English verse, and a third a bursary on Leighton's foundation. The last was not won without a severe struggle in competition with one considered a good scholar, and very much his senior in years. This struggle involved a competition in construing and writing Latin before the entire faculty. At the university he read some of the more celebrated of the English authors, both in poetry and prose; and bore off prizes for exercises and translations in Greek as well as Latin. These successes were the more extraordinary, as, from his necessities, owing to the scanty income of his parents, he had not only the labour of his own studies upon his hands, but he had to instruct others. His own studies were quite sufficient to try the constitution, and to exhaust the mental efforts of one so delicate in bodily frame; but he was obliged, to the neglecting of several heads of study, to give elementary instruction to the younger lads: to exhaust himself in teaching while he should have been learning. This drudgery reacted upon the poet in after-life, and when he had attained middle age, stamped upon him a reluctance to mental exertion which it was at times impossible for him to overcome.

In the midst of this toil the poet went on with his metrical compositions, both original and translated. It was in 1791, and in his thirteenth year, that he himself confessed to his first published lines, entitled 'Morven and Fillan:' he styled them 'Ossianic Verses.' His next printed production consisted of 'Verses on the Queen of France,' published, he said, in a Glasgow newspaper when he was fifteen; and in his eighteenth year he brought out 'Love and Madness.' The 'Pleasures of Hope' appeared before he had completed his twenty-second year.

Not only was young Campbell successful in gaining classical honours: he obtained a prize in the logic class under Professor Jardine, and was

made one of the earliest examiners of the exercises sent in by the other students in that class. His prose exercises in English were remarkable for their accurate style and manly argument; and he also received a third Greek prize for good conduct. He wrote some verses about this time to the Glasgow volunteers, but they possessed no merit beyond the high patriotic spirit they exhibited. Once asking leave of absence, which was conceded for his good conduct, he walked to Edinburgh, where he was present at the trial of Gerald, who, with Muir, Palmer, and others, was arrested on the charge of sedition. It filled the poet with the same horror it did every other reflecting person, as the parties accused had never uttered a word stronger than had been used by William Pitt himself in parliament. The trial of Gerald made a deep impression upon his mind, and he inveighed against the unfairness with which those processes were conducted, and the indecent conduct of the judges towards the prisoner Gerald. It was some time before he recovered the shock thus received.

Soon afterwards he gained fresh honours in the university by a poetical 'Essay on the Origin of Evil' in English, and a Greek translation of passages from the 'Clouds of Aristophanes.' The latter was pronounced to be the best version ever sent in by any student of the university. The poet now began to think of some employment by which he might attain independence. His inclination led him to a civil rather than an ecclesiastical profession, but here he had to combat the want of the requisite finances. He was of too sensitive a temperament to withstand the sight of a surgical operation, much less take a part in it; and physic was allied too nearly to surgery. A mercantile pursuit suggested itself; and thus perplexed he remained in a distressing state of incertitude. Nor could he find a fixed object whereupon to rest. He was then in his sixteenth year; and while in this painful state of indecision, and thinking about the church, he wrote some lines beginning—

'When Jordan hushed his waters still;'

printed in early editions of his works, but excluded from the later, because he said they were no better than a Christmas carol.

In his seventeenth year the failure of a lawsuit straitened more than ever the circumstances of his father; who being left only a small income derived from certain mercantile annuities, young Campbell felt his dependent position more keenly. His father was now eighty-five years of age, and his family still numerous. Under such circumstances the poet, recommended by several of the professors of Glasgow university, accepted a temporary situation as an instructor of pupils in the western islands, where Mull was his destination for six months. He travelled with a friend as far as Oban, saving a boy from being drowned on the way. Thence he crossed over to Mull, and traversed on foot the length of the island, thirty miles, in one day, and without a guide, to the place of his destination. This was the house of Mrs Campbell of Sunipol near the Point of Callioch. Here, besides attending to his pupils, he continued his translation of the 'Clouds of Aristophanes,' and portions of 'Æschylus,' and composed some of the best lines he had written previous to that

period, entitled 'An Elegy Written in Mull.' These lines have not been printed, so far as we know, in any edition of his works.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
Oh whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers—
The classic haunts of youth for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day—
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye:
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile;
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below,
The dark, blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled,
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild!
Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore,
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

He was attacked for a short time with indisposition and lowness of spirits at Sunipol; yet while there he visited Staffa and Icolmkill. In his correspondence with his friends, he expressed his high admiration of the scenery which he had explored among the Hebrides. It left an impression on his mind to which he often alluded.

At Sunipol, although kindly treated, he appeared to tire, and longed to return to Glasgow. It was during his residence at Sunipol that he wrote his verses to 'Caroline,' a young lady of Inverary, who was there upon a visit. He also wrote some lines to 'A Rural Beauty in Mull;' but neither exhibits aught of passion, though written in love's full age. Both, however, are redolent of gentle admiration and dispassionate tenderness. Here he resided five months, and then returned home. During the winter of 1795–6 he supported himself by private tuition; numbering among his pupils Mr, afterwards Lord Cuninghame of the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. At this period, and indeed throughout life, the poet was a warm advocate of free principles, which were strengthened by his admiration of John Millar, the professor of law in the university of Glasgow, a zealous Whig. Campbell has left the professor's character on record: 'Whether John Millar's doctrines were always right is one question; but that they were generally so, and that right doctrines could not be expounded by a better teacher, I believe is questioned by none who ever listened to him. His writings always seem to me to be imperfect casts of his mind, like those casts of sculpture which want the diaphonous polish of the original marble. I heard him when I was sixteen lecture on the Roman law. A

dry subject enough it would have been in common hands, but in his Heineccius was made a feast to the attention.'

The poet quitted the university in 1796, and became domesticated at Downie. He had previously been a member of a debating society, where the customary class of topics was discussed, and took a part in the proceedings. He gained two prizes for poems this year—one for a chorus in the 'Medea' of Euripides, the other for the 'Chœphora' of Aristophanes.

At Downie he became the tutor of Sir William Napier of Miliken; and here he had some leisure time, which he devoted to reading and writing. Here, too, he composed his lines entitled 'Love and Madness,' on the murder of her lover by a Miss Broderick. At Downie he was near a particular friend, the Rev. H. Paul of Inverary, and became intimate in the family of the 'Caroline' on whom he had written the verses at Sunipol. He and his friends used sometimes to dine together at the Inverary Arms; and on those occasions, as in after years, he exhibited all the joyousness of boyhood. He would talk of turning pilgrim in search of adventures—at that time a favourite notion with him. His friend Paul always prophesied he would be a great poet, saying, 'Thomas, from the way in which poetry is coming upon you, I see that whatever other profession you may try, that will be the one through which you will be distinguished.'

At Downie, Campbell seems to have dwelt upon his favourite pursuit, his first great work in poetry being designed there. Downie is a little way to the southward of the mouth of the Crinan Canal, at the southern end of Loch Fyne. The room which was the poet's study is still shown. From this place he returned to Glasgow in considerable depression of mind, owing to the gloom that rested upon his future prospects, and for a time he became indisposed. After a renewal of his preceding anxieties and conflicts between different professions, and finding reasons but too valid for again rejecting all, he determined to go to Edinburgh with little money in his pocket, but full of sanguine hopes. A wild notion of establishing a periodical, of writing for the booksellers, of getting into a lawyer's office, all passed through his inexperienced mind. He fancied, with that erroneous judgment which is the fruit of inexperience, that booksellers might be found to publish two of his translations from Euripides and Æschylus.

Such were the thoughts with which the poet set out. He reached Edinburgh, and tried his hand at the horrible drudgery of a copying law-clerk. He next obtained a place in another office, somewhat better, and got an introduction soon afterwards through accident to Dr Anderson, who was struck with the verses he had written in Mull, and desired to see their author. Upon this incident turned the after-fortunes of the poet. He was brought to Dr Anderson's house—his appearance, his handsome face and pleasing address, at once won the favour of the doctor, who was a highly-gifted, kind, and good man. Employment was found of a literary nature for the young poet by an introduction to Mundell the Edinburgh publisher. He also received an offer of twenty guineas to abridge Edwards's 'W[illegible] Indies.' To complete his task he quitted his drudgery in the law office, anathematising the law, its peculations, toils, and meannesses. After giving his hearty thanks to Dr Anderson for his kindness towards him, he returned to Glasgow on foot; principally in the hope, which proved to be [illegible]

meeting his second brother from South America, who was daily expected, and whom he had never beheld. He continued to employ himself with plans, always abortive, for literary undertakings, but proceeded with his abridgment of Edwards. In the same winter of 1797 he wrote the 'Wounded Hussar,' which was sung as a ballad about the streets of Glasgow, and which was originally composed for adaptation to the music of some Scottish melodies, for a lady at the house of whose father the poet was on a visit. He went to Cathcart this year, and paid a visit to a family where there were two young ladies named Hill, and Miss Grahame, a sister of the author of 'The Sabbath.' Here he wrote a poetical epistle to three ladies on the banks of the Cart; and about the same time he composed the 'Dirge of Wallace,' in a different manner from that in which it subsequently appeared. He altered, retouched, and made it in all respects a worthy poem in every estimation but his own.

Campbell returned from Glasgow to Edinburgh in his twentieth year, taking leave of his favourite professors at the university before he started, and getting his parents to promise, if possible, to take up their residence in Edinburgh near him. Still uncertain about his future pursuits, he set out on foot upon his journey. He had thoughts at times of going to the United States, of studying the law once more, and even physic again. There are few situations in life more painful than this kind of heart sickness from uncertainty—those conflicts of the spirit: to one of Campbell's sensitiveness this state was doubly grievous. He had now the booksellers' scanty patronage, and one or two pupils obtained in Edinburgh, for his sole dependence. These had been the sum of his prospects, when his attention was again drawn towards emigration by one of his brothers; and he began to prepare himself for taking his departure. The interference of another of his near relatives, however, frustrated his intention, and he turned towards Edinburgh once more, to resume his labour for the booksellers, and to take pupils.

It was now that he proceeded with the 'Pleasures of Hope' again, partly supporting himself by giving instructions in the Greek and Latin languages. He did not remain long without additions to the number of his friends. He became acquainted with Francis, afterwards Lord Jeffrey, who succeeded to the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' upon the resignation of Sydney Smith, with Thomas Brown, Henry Brougham, now Lord Brougham, and with Anne Bannerman. Then began an acquaintance with John Richardson, which ripened into a close and lasting friendship until death terminated it—the closest perhaps of all his friendships excepting that with Mr Thompson of Clithero, who had been his fellow-student, and with whom also he corresponded to the end of life. He renewed his intimacy with Grahame, author of 'The Sabbath,' who died in 1811. His father and mother removed to Edinburgh in 1798.

In the meantime the 'Pleasures of Hope' proceeded steadily. It was first proposed to publish it by subscription; but this design was abandoned, and Dr Anderson negotiated the publication with Mundell and Company. The price was two hundred copies of the work in quires, which would bring the author, if he could dispose of them at the full price, about fifty-six pounds, or, if otherwise, between forty and fifty. The author always said he received only 'fifty *pounds*,' and made no mention of the mode of payment;

but documents signed by himself, and dated July 13, 1799, are in existence, establishing the real arrangement. He had much vanity, which was wounded by a confession that he had received only paper for paper.

Dr Anderson, whose love of poetry and attachment to letters is well known from his publications, introduced the poet to several of his more intimate friends, at the houses of all of whom he became a welcome visitor. Dr Moore, whom he already knew, introduced him to Dugald Stewart; and he became acquainted with Mr Fletcher, an advocate of good standing; and likewise with Leyden. Campbell and Leyden were at first in close intimacy, but afterwards a quarrel arose between them, which terminated in little less than mutual hatred. The cause did not originate with the poet. Some one had said, speaking figuratively, in describing Campbell's first visit to Edinburgh in 1797, that his situation was so desperate that he thought he might as well drown himself. From this arose a report that he had been actually about to commit suicide. An Edinburgh paper reiterated this report after the poet's decease—namely, that Campbell had once been seen going to destroy himself, after having concealed himself, and been reduced to the verge of despair, and had been turned from his purpose by Dr Anderson. This was the revival of an untruth which the poet had contradicted at the time, and traced to its author Leyden, who denied it; but Campbell declared there was the clearest evidence against him. Hence it was that when Scott, who had been introduced to Campbell by Leyden, afterwards repeated 'Hohenlinden' to him, Leyden said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him! But, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years!' Scott conveyed the message faithfully, and got this reply from the poet: 'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation!' This rests upon the testimony of Sir Walter Scott himself. Leyden and Erskine, the latter likewise an acquaintance of the poet's, went afterwards to India, and in literary pursuits were in some way connected there. 'When Leyden returns from the East,' said Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers have torn to pieces!' There is no doubt he felt deeply wounded at the report alluded to. No one was more sensitive, had more latent vanity, or was more tremblingly alive to the opinions of the world about himself and his writings, than Campbell.

It would appear that while composing the 'Pleasures of Hope' he was nervous and restless in no inconsiderable degree; but much more so afterwards, when his success was expected to be complete, according to the evidence of his friends, who were undoubted judges of literary merit. While the work was going through the press, the alternations of hope and fear in his mind made him leap from deep gloom into sudden merriment, from despondency to joy, almost upon a breath. At one time he would think all he had written was worthless—he would be solitary, silent, and downcast. Anon he would be merry, and even uproarious, without any change of circumstances to account for it. Governed by the pressure of the thought that was uppermost at the moment, he yielded until it glided away, and another, perhaps of a character diametrically opposite, took its place. This fitful moodiness accompanied him more or less through life. The work of correcting and passing his poems through the press must have been a grievous task, from a natural impatience and habitual want of atten-

tion to such details. But when, brooding over his uncertain prospects, and the frustration of his former plans, he imagined that his poem might not be judged of by the world as his friends had judged of it, the result was a degree of excitement which could hardly be comprehended by one of a different temperament.

There were various passages in the 'Pleasures of Hope' written two and three times over. The hints of Dr Anderson made the poet exert himself. How much the labour of the author was taxed by the fastidiousness of the critic; how his feelings were elevated and depressed by that imagined lack of merit which is the best proof of its existence: all this must be left to the imagination of the sensitive and refined. At times he was observed sauntering alone, as was sometimes his custom in later years, unobservant of all around him, but evidently in deep thought, and employed in working out his verses mentally, or weaving flattering visions of success—for although possessing little energy, he was far from being unambitious.

The poet asserted, that although he was indebted to friends for their critical opinions, still the ideas and arrangement of the poem were his own —that here he relied wholly upon himself. He composed the different sections of the work separately, as there was no continuous story, and then arranged them in proper order. The 'Pleasures of Hope' began, in the original draught, in a very different manner from that in which it at present appears. In place of

> 'At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
> Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,' &c.

it ran—

> 'Seven lingering moons have crossed the starry line
> Since Beauty's form, or Nature's face divine,
> Had power the sombre of my soul to turn—
> Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.'

The whole of the original draught consists of only 400 lines, and has been preserved by a gentleman in Scotland in the poet's handwriting. Though full of beauty, it is but a mere foil to the printed poem, which exhibits in a remarkable manner the advantage of care and scholarship.

Campbell wanted just three months of completing his twenty-second year when the 'Pleasures of Hope' was published. It was enthusiastically received in the Scottish capital, and was as ardently welcomed in England. The young author found himself at once surrounded with new acquaintances, among the more celebrated characters of the day—Dr Gregory, Telford, Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' the Rev. A. Alison, Gillies, Laing, and others. Scott, whose name is delightful to every lover of literature, and than whom none had a more friendly heart, introduced him into his own circle of friends, all new to him. He was fêtéd and complimented on all sides. Dr Anderson, too, felt how grateful to the spirit is the reward of disinterested virtue: the poet's plaudits he shared, less conspicuously, but with a noble gratification to his own upright heart.

This astonishing success made the low terms on which the copyright had been parted with somewhat mortifying to the author. The conduct of Mundell and Company, the publishers, however, was highly praiseworthy. They presented him with £25 upon the appearance of every edition of a

thousand copies, and in this manner he received £150; nor were these presents discontinued until a misunderstanding arose between them. Messrs Mundell some time afterwards permitted Campbell to print an elegant edition in quarto for his own benefit, by subscription. This, the seventh edition, produced him of itself £600; so that, in the whole, he received little less than £900 for a poem of 1100 lines. In no previous instance did any poet ever derive so much money from his first production; nor would Campbell have done so in the ordinary routine of business.

In the same year Campbell planned a poem to be called the 'Queen of the North,' intended to be highly illustrated; but this came to nothing, like the other innumerable projects of his life. He also composed the verses in his published works entitled 'Gilderoy' in that year. The publication of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and the incense of public praise which followed, cured the poet of all desire to emigrate to America. He complained of his own indolence in the midst of applauses that would have stirred others into activity. But the truth was, that none had ever laboured harder than he had done through youth to manhood, none had been so tried by painful uncertainties, and after such a great success it was but natural that the bow should for a little time at least be unstrung. Such an excuse, however, could be valid only for a season.

Edition after edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope' had sold. He now felt a desire to visit Germany, out of curiosity to see the literati of that country, and because he thought he was not yet able to appear in London to the best advantage. He projected 'writing a few more books' before visiting the British metropolis; and looked forward to delivering on his return from Germany a course of lectures on the belles lettres in London or Dublin, for he expressed his dislike at remaining long in one place. In his disposition he was restless and unsettled. In the pursuance of his design he embarked in June 1800 at Leith for Hamburg. It was only about a year previously that Scott had translated and published Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlinchengen;' and the same author's 'Sorrows of Werter' were still in vogue, full of sentimentality, and not very pure morality. These had no doubt tended to heighten the poet's desire to visit the land from whence they had emanated, and to see their writers face to face. It was the taste of the day: everybody talked of Germany. His friend Richardson was to follow him, and they were to travel in company, visit remarkable places and individuals, and lay the result of all before the public. The 'Queen of the North,' the new poem, was to be finished during this foreign tour, however uncongenial continual movement might appear to poetical composition upon a local subject.

Having several letters of introduction to persons residing at Hamburg, he landed there after a few days' sail. His plan was to proceed to Ratisbon, in which city there was a Scottish college, and he could travel easily from thence to Vienna. He was introduced to the poet Klopstock, just two years before the decease of that veteran in his country's literature. This fine old German, who resided near Hamburg, was then seventy-seven years of age, a plain, unpretending man, of gentle manners, and kind disposition. Their conversation was carried on in Latin. A copy of the 'Pleasures of Hope' was presented to the venerable German by its author.

From Hamburg Campbell proceeded to Ratisbon, where he arrived in the beginning of August. He fell in with a division of Austrian troops on his way, marching into Bohemia, and arrived in Ratisbon only three days before it was entered by the victorious French, who had driven the Austrian general Klenau across the Danube.

At Ratisbon the poet was disappointed of a boat to take him down the Danube to Vienna. He visited the Benedictine monks of St James, who received him kindly, and he witnessed the retreat of the Hungarians covering the retiring Austrian army, heard the distant artillery, and saw some skirmishing between the advanced forces and the Austrian rear. He stood among the monks, and observed a charge of Austrian cavalry made upon the French just without the city walls. Under these a battery of guns drew up, which fired during the action, and several men were killed in the poet's sight. This view of the dead and dying filled his mind afterwards at times with fearful images.

The poet was much pleased with the French officers, whom he described as 'famous fellows,' highly popular among the citizens. They were thus friendly at a time when the English newspapers were describing them as monsters, dishonest, tyrannical, and everywhere detested for their cruelties. The poet made excursions from the city over the ground where the engagement had taken place, and ventured to scale the heights whence, after the last battle, the Austrians were driven over the Danube. He was now in a great measure dependent upon his gratuitous receipts from Mundell and Company, and upon a newspaper correspondence with Perry for the 'Morning Chronicle.' A French field-officer gave him a protection to pass through the army of General Moreau; and he was presented to Madame Moreau when visiting Munich, from whence he returned to Ratisbon by the valley of the Isar, without proceeding, as he had intended, to Vienna. Seeing no chance but of the renewal of hostilities, and not knowing how far his personal safety might be compromised if he proceeded, according to his original intention, or even if he remained at Ratisbon, he returned by Leipsic to Hamburg, and took up his residence at Altona in November.

Once more at Hamburg among the friends whom he had made there when he first arrived, he planned excursions into Hungary and elsewhere which he never made, and literary works which went no further than the ideal outline. During his first visit he had become acquainted with Anthony M'Cann, one of those whom the Irish government of 1798 had driven into exile on the charge of being concerned in rebellion. There were several other refugees there at that time, who often used to meet together and spend a convivial hour. Campbell was particularly struck with M'Cann, who was an honest, upright, uncompromising lover of his country. Seeing him walking low-spirited and pensive near the river, the poet gave the impressions he felt at the sight in those beautiful stanzas, unsurpassed in pathos and touching sentiment, 'The Exile of Erin.' At Hamburg he wrote thirteen or fourteen different pieces of poetry, of which he admitted only four into his published works—namely, 'The Exile of Erin,' 'Lines on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire,' 'The Beech-Tree's Petition,' and an 'Ode to Winter,' which originally appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle.' In that paper, too, appeared 'Ye Mariners of England.'

Of various statements made by the poet relative to the scenes he wit-

nessed during the short space that hostilities continued while he was on the Danube, no connected account can be made out. It was generally said that he had been on the field at Hohenlinden the day after the battle. This could not have been the case, because the poet was in Altona at the time. He had witnessed a battle, however, from Ratisbon, which took place without the walls, as already stated. Hohenlinden might have been mistaken for Ratisbon or some other place; but at anyrate it is indisputable, on the evidence of friends who have survived him, that he spoke of crossing a field of battle on or during snow, and that the vehicle in which he was seated was left by the driver for the purpose of collecting the tails of the horses lying on the field. Having accumulated a considerable quantity of this singular booty, he now piled them on the carriage, and they proceeded. It is certain, too, that he spoke of the different appearances of the bodies on the field, both the Germans and French; and to one friend he mentioned having seen some of the French cavalry wipe their gory swords on their horses' tails. He made several short excursions from the city, besides visiting Munich and Salzburg, and was on the battle-field of Ingolstadt, which place he saw in ruins.

The poet was still at Altona in the beginning of 1801, when Lord Nelson visited Hamburg. He composed his lines on 'Judith of Altona' there, his 'Ode to Content,' and some other pieces. He reckoned upon being soon joined by his friend Richardson, and on setting out upon his travels anew, when he found that hostilities were about to commence between England and Denmark. Nelson with his fleet was already in the Sound. Altona was no longer safe as a residence for Englishmen, and the poet embarked in all haste for England. The vessel in which he took his passage was chased into Yarmouth by a privateer, and landing there, he proceeded to London, having but a few shillings in his pocket. There he called on Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who introduced him to Lord Holland, Sir James Mackintosh, Rogers, and others, at a club to which they all belonged, and he was beginning to congratulate himself upon his good fortune, when he received the news from Edinburgh of his father's decease. Dr Anderson had paid great attention to his father during his latter days, and Campbell gratefully acknowledged his kindness. 'You have known and forgiven many errors of my life, my dearly valued friend. You know withal that my feelings, though turbulent, are sincere. I ever esteemed—I now most deeply *feel*—the value of your friendship. What I would say overcomes my power of expression. To have been the guardian of my dying father, and the comforter of my mother, was more than I deserved, and all that I could have wished from a friend. When my heart has done penance for being so far away from the last duties I owed to the best of men, I shall recover tranquillity.'

The poet next visited Edinburgh, and went by sea. One of the passengers told him that he had been arrested on a charge of high treason, and sent to the Tower; and the disgraceful system of espionage then commonly used by the government had been extended to Campbell. His letters from the continent had no doubt been opened, and sealed up again; for a suspicious sentence in those days was enough to put a man on trial for his life. He found his mother in great fears for his safety; but he went at once to the sheriff, who told him there was a warrant out against him for

high treason—that he had been conspiring with General Moreau and the Irish exiles to land troops in Ireland! Campbell laughed outright, and asked the sheriff if he could credit such an absurdity, as that a youth like himself should conspire against the British empire. The reply was, that he had attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburg, and was a passenger in the same vessel with one Donovan, who had commanded a regiment three years before at Vinegar Hill. The poet declared he had never heard of Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and knew nothing of Donovan until he saw him upon the deck of the vessel. He demanded that the matter should be minutely investigated; and the sheriff fixed the time. The harpies of the spy system at Yarmouth had seized a box which the poet had sent from that place to Edinburgh, and its contents were examined, when among them was found the draught of 'Ye Mariners of England!' The sheriff said something indignantly about Hamburg spies, and a bottle of wine wound up the affair.

Campbell found his mother's circumstances bad, and though with little means of his own, he determined to do all he could to relieve them. Mundell and Company occasionally paid her small sums due to him by his directions. Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle' had paid him with a liberal hand. But however he might straiten himself, he resolved that his mother, and his sisters residing with her, should never cause his conscience a reproach on the score of want of attention. Scanty as his resources were he shared them with his family. He solicited subscriptions for the new edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' which Mundell and Company had conceded to him. He composed some verses under the title of the 'Mobiade,' in consequence of the riots of the fishwomen in Scotland about the high price of bread; but they possessed none of the humour which their author intended. He had no skill in humorous composition, although he would not admit his deficiency. But no one could relate a humorous incident with more effect. He was introduced to Lord Minto by Dugald Stewart, and a friendly intercourse commenced between them, which continued until the peer's decease in 1814. His lordship invited him to his house in London, and Campbell determined to avail himself of so favourable an opportunity to visit again the metropolis of the empire. He set out by way of Liverpool, and there made acquaintance with Dr Currie, and with the justly-celebrated Roscoe. He afterwards reached Lord Minto's house in Hanover Street, and while there occasionally acted as his amanuensis. He had a room appropriated to his use, superintended the printing of his splendid quarto of the 'Pleasures of Hope' by Bensley, and was introduced into the best literary society of the metropolis. He occasionally visited Mrs Siddons and her brother John, the latter of whom he had previously known. His admiration for Mrs Siddons was constant and extraordinary. All the poet's friends indeed were exceptions to the rest of mankind; but Mrs Siddons was supernal. Another intimate friend was Mr Telford the engineer. 'Lochiel' and 'Hohenlinden' were written at this time, intended for his quarto then in hand; but he printed them anonymously, and inscribed them to Mr Alison. It was a remarkable proof of the poet's instability of mind, that when he published his poems afterwards in a collected form he discarded his previous dedications as preposterous things. Yet in his latter years he adopted them again.

In August 1802 he left London on a visit to Lord Minto at Minto in Scotland. While there he wrote to Scott to express his delight at the verses upon Cadzow Castle. His superb edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' in quarto, was still unfinished. His literary labour at this time, besides the task of correction, was the compilation of a prose work called the 'Annals of Great Britain,' in three volumes, for which he was to receive £300. The work was to appear without his name, as he said it was 'written for employment.' This was well, because it was not at all calculated to increase the literary reputation of its author, and fell stillborn from the press. Campbell quitted Edinburgh for London again in March 1803, proceeding first to Liverpool, where he spent ten days visiting his friends Roscoe and Currie. He remained a few days with another friend, Mr Stevenson, at the Potteries in Staffordshire, and made there the acquaintance of the celebrated Wedgewood, to whose taste so much is due for the improvement of British pottery. On reaching London, he first lodged with his friend Mr Telford the engineer, whose quarters were at the Salopian at Charing Cross. From some reason not given, Mr Telford thought that his experience and friendly care might be useful to his young and ardent friend, flung upon a great city without a home.

The poet was not at first reconciled to the noise and never-ending confusion of the metropolis. He complained of headaches and want of rest, in announcing which to his friends in the north, he added that Leyden, with whom he had quarrelled, had been 'dubbed doctor, and had gone to diminish the population of India.' He next took lodgings at 61 South Molton Street, where he completed the correction of his splendid quarto.

Everything now looked bright in the poet's imagination, and marriage alone seemed wanting to complete his happiness. This golden consummation was at hand. He had become enamoured of his cousin Matilda Sinclair, the daughter of Mr Sinclair, once a merchant of Greenock, but then in business in Trinity Square, in the city of London, and he led her to the altar on the 10th of September 1803. She was handsome, lively, under the middle size in person, had fine dark eyes, and something of the Scotch patois in speaking. The newly-married pair lived first at 35 in Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico; where the commencement of the marriage state, domestic comfort, and the novelty of his position, seem to have had a happy effect upon the poet's mind. Horner, his old friend, remarked to Lady Mackintosh, that matrimony had made a great improvement in his manners and temper. Of all men Campbell stood most in need of a home. He had till then been a wanderer, and regular in nothing. He was now fixed, and during the period of his married life he was unquestionably very different in his habits and in the society he kept from what he afterwards became. Horner seems to hint at his bachelorhood being open to the same remarks as his widowhood; and himself spoke of his early Edinburgh indulgences as having been rather too lively, and of his having escaped them in London.

The son who survives him, Thomas Telford Campbell, was born June 2, 1804, in Eaton Street. The description of his child to his friends at this time was full of kindness mingled with apprehension. 'Oh,' said he, 'that I were *sure* he would live to the days when I could take him on

my knee and feel the strong plumpness of childishness waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to enter into futurity so far!' Alas! how differently the poet was destined to look upon that son nearly twenty years afterwards!

He took a plain brick-house at Sydenham in Kent in 1804: it was the last of a row on the side of a hill, and had nothing but its retired situation to recommend it. He was then in his twenty-seventh year. He became indisposed just after his removal, and was advised by Sir James Mackintosh to drink water, and abstain from all fermented liquors, in order to strengthen his nerves. This he did for some time, but found no benefit from the change; for his mental labour, before his frame had been knit into manhood, had been too severe; and this had communicated a certain debility to his nervous system which was never removed, and which his careless regimen did not tend to counteract or diminish. Over-excitement of the mind in youth is continually traced in some form or another throughout life. To this perhaps is to be attributed the early exhaustion of the poet's genius, and his subsequent indolence as to literary labour. He translated the foreign papers for the 'Star' this year at £200 per annum, and wrote in the 'Philosophical Magazine.'

Campbell's second son, Alison, was born upon the 2d of June 1805, just a year after his brother Thomas Telford. He described his two sons—the one about a twelvemonth, and the other a few weeks old—in a letter to Mr Alison in a style of some humour. 'Your beloved namesake is growing a sweet and beautiful child. The elder Telford I am sorry to send you less favourable accounts of. Don't alarm yourself, however, for his health: it is his moral disposition which is become rude and savage. He talks a language like man in his pristine state of barbarity, consisting of unmodulated and indefinite sounds. He is rapacious, and would eat bread and milk until the day of judgment; but he is obliged to stint his stomach to five loaves, and as many pints of milk per diem, besides occasional repasts. He is mischievous, and watches every opportunity to poke out little Alison's eyes, and tear the unformed nose from his face. He had not been christened, but only named, till Alison and he were converted to Christianity together. The watering of the young plants was a very uncommon scene. Telford scolded the clergyman, and dashed down the bowl with one smash of his Herculean arms. He continued boasting and scolding the priest till a wild cry of "Y-a-men" from the clerk astonished him into silence. The first meeting of Telford and his young friend was diverting. Telford had seen no live animal of the same size, except the lambs on the common, which he had been taught to salute by the appellation of *B-a-a!* This was for some time his nickname for your namesake.'

Campbell was offered the Regent's Chair in the university of Wilna in Russian-Poland, and was very near accepting it, as 'the wood and Botany Bay were preferable to *uncertainty* at home:' he was deterred solely by the fear of Russian despotism. It was a singular event that he should, many years subsequently, have had a professorship in the same country at his disposal, which he tended to his literary coadjutor. He remarked of his literary labour at this time, very close to the state of facts with most literary men, 'I get through a tenth of my labour in one day, but innumerable inter-

ruptions occur. What was written to-day, may have to be re-written to-morrow. The grocer who sells a pound of figs and puts a shilling, including threepence profit, into his till, is a more gainful vocation.' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'The Turkish Lady,' and 'The Soldier's Daughter' were written this year; and the 'Battle of the Baltic' reduced to a mere moiety of the original sketch.

He now projected an edition of the British poets; and as Scott had adopted the same idea, they thought of bringing it out jointly. Both insisted upon inserting lives which the booksellers opposed; and this interference put a stop to a most valuable collection of the poets by two distinguished poets—a loss never to be repaired. The men of trade in consequence applied to a hack to bring out an edition for £300, which gave rise to the publication of the 'Specimens of the British Poets' thirteen years afterwards by Campbell alone. In 1805 a collection of Irish melodies was projected by him, which went no farther in his hands, but was afterwards nobly carried out by Moore. In the meantime his 'Annals' were still unfinished, when, in October 1805, it was announced that a pension of £200 per annum had been granted to him, as was generally supposed through the interest of Lord Minto. He imagined it was through Fox and Lord Holland; but Pitt was then in office, and Campbell was an avowed disciple of the Whigs. The minister, on the other hand, only three weeks before his decease, put his name down as a subscriber for the poet's works. Fees and income-tax reduced the pension to £168 per annum. The poet met Fox for the first time the year following at Lord Holland's. The statesman was then in office, and invited Campbell to St Ann's Hill, but died before the latter had an opportunity of accepting the invitation. The poet revised an edition of 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets' this year; and Mr Murray, wiser than his brother booksellers had been before, offered Campbell and Scott £1000 for the lives of the poets on their old plan; but the latter was now too much engaged to undertake any portion of the labour. Campbell, for the most part, lived retired at Sydenham during 1806. He had complained that too much conviviality made him feel worse, and yet company continually led him into it. He remarked that he had had warning he should not be a Methuselah.

The next publication of Campbell's was a step gained in poetical beauty even upon the 'Pleasures of Hope.' It was not so exquisitely worked up and polished; but in sentiment and subject it was superior. The 'Pleasures of Hope' was didactic. It contained touching passages, but had no continuity of story, which, though feeble in 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' enhances the interest of the poem. It may therefore be considered a superior development of the poet's skill: in fact, the highest flight his muse ever essayed. This was his own opinion, although the infallibility of the judgment of writers in regard to the merit of their own productions can never be admitted. In the same volume in which 'Gertrude of Wyoming' was printed, there were included the two noble odes of the 'Battle of the Baltic' and the 'Mariners of England,' together with 'Hohenlinden,' 'Glenara,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' and 'O'Connor's Child;' composing a collection of poetry by one individual so fresh, so varied, and of a merit so rare, that it may be questioned if works

of such enduring excellence ever before appeared at one time in a single publication of any of our poets. The lapse of years since has but confirmed the opinion of the excellence of these poems, which have never diminished in public estimation from the day on which they first saw the light. It may be questioned whether, after such works, destined to exist as long as the language in which they are written—a language becoming almost universally vernacular—enough had not been achieved for the fame of one individual. At anyrate the efforts thus made seem to have exhausted the poet's powers; and some half-a-dozen short pieces more, written during the next thirty years of his life, although beautiful in language, made no approach in power to their predecessors. The diversities of genius upon record show some of its sons destined to continue to delight mankind from youth to age, while others flame out at once, and darken to the end. Waller wrote as well at eighty as at twenty: Dryden wrote nothing worthy of his name until he was between thirty and forty: in Campbell the poetical intensity was ardent for a limited period: all his better works were published before he was thirty-two.

'Gertrude of Wyoming' was completed in 1808, and published in 1809; and a second edition followed the next year. The story is deficient in invention, in which the other works of the poet show that he did not shine. There is enough to carry the simple details required, but no more; and the excellences consist in an all-pervading sweetness and tenderness of handling, in the purity of the sentiment, the richness and splendour, and the pointed vigour displayed in many of the passages. If it does not sparkle like the 'Pleasures of Hope,' or attract so much by its polish and the artifice of its verse, it possesses a wider range of vision, and touches more deeply the sympathies of the reader.

When Jeffrey read 'Gertrude,' he wrote to the author, and with that perspicacity which so well adapted him for the post of a reviewer, said that the poem ended abruptly. 'Not but that there is great spirit in the description,' he added, 'but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages, and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labour and hardness. You have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility. These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct or rather avoid them; for with you they are faults of over-finishing, not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private, for which I am more angry than all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them.' This was a sound advice, friendly, and worthy of the critic. This criticism came home to the poet's faults, which in his better days were too close an adherence to that nicety of verbal polish and disregard of the more manly sense, which are distinguishing traits of university practice in exercise and translation. There were other errors. In the 'Pleasures of Hope' he had introduced panthers on the shores of Lake Erie;

but there is no such animal in the United States—the ounce-like creature the cougar or jaguar, and the puma, in the south, not being the panthers or leopards of the old world, but a distinct species, although the Yankees may confound the names. Then the flamingo, the aloe, and palm-tree of the tropics are placed in the severe climate of Pennsylvania, in which plants that flourish well in England perish during the intensity of its winter. These, however, were blemishes which only served to set off the merits of the poem in other respects. The 'Edinburgh Review' passed high encomiums upon it; Dugald Stewart was delighted with it; Mr Alison conveyed to the author the admiration of his Edinburgh friends in glowing colours. The poet wrote in consequence to a friend—'Alison's letter is a thing belonging to the heart. Poor Stewart's tears are at present no certain test; his great, but always susceptible mind, is reduced, I daresay, to almost puerile weakness, if I may say it with due reverence to his name' (he was suffering under a domestic affliction). 'Now, let me ask, is it very great ostentation to betray the first symptoms of doubtful success to you? To you who are so dear to my heart that you will excuse even its foibles? I must not exclude your family from hearing something of "Gertrude." Ay, ay, I am like the whale in the gulf of Malström, I feel myself getting into the whirlpool of vanity in communicating the puff from Alison. I may roar and repent, but into the gulf I *must* go! But I love you very much, and that is the reason I do not fear you. Say your worst, bating that I am a silly, vain creature—bite my nails, &c.—bray much about Montague Street, when I have dined—and envy Sydney Smith! Except these faults, I defy you to say black is the white of my eye!'

In 1811 Campbell was invited to give five lectures at the Royal Institution, and having consented, set about preparing them. Two were to be delivered before Easter 1812, and three after, for which he was to receive a hundred guineas. He seems at this time to have had as much work upon his hands as he could well get through. His mother's death took place in February. He said that he felt more at the news of her first shock of the palsy than at her decease. 'It is only,' said he, 'when I imagine her alive in my dreams that I feel strongly on the subject.' In the meanwhile the time approached for the delivery of his lectures. The first was on the principles of poetry; then upon Hebrew and Greek poetry, two lectures; the fourth on the troubadour and Italian poetry; the fifth on the French theatre, and on English poets and poetry. Sir Humphrey Davy had borne off the palm from all preceding lecturers at the institution, particularly with the fair sex, principally owing to the illustration of his subject by numerous pleasing experiments; but Campbell came off well, though he felt no little timid anxiety about the result. Describing his first lecture, he observed, 'Archdeacon Nares fidgetted about and said, "That's new, at least quite new to me." I could not look in my friend's face; and I threatened to divorce my wife if she came. All friends struck me blind, except my chieftain's lovely daughter, and now next-door neighbour on the common, Lady Charlotte Campbell. I thought she had a feudal right to have the lecturer's looks to herself. But chiefly did I repose my awkward eyes on the face of a little yellow unknown man, with a face and a smile of approbation indescribably ludicrous.'

The poet now became a visitor at the residence of the unfortunate Queen

Caroline, at Blackheath, danced reels with royalty, attended operas, and for a season was as gay as his nature permitted. He denied that there was anything coarse or indelicate about the queen's conduct. He seems to have thought of her precisely as Canning did. He described her as good-humoured, kind-hearted, acute, *naïve*, and entertaining, but as blundering so comically in speaking English as to be almost equivocal at times. In 1812 he seems to have made the acquaintance of Thomas Hill, at Sydenham. There, too, congregated the two Smiths, James and Horace, Theodore Hook, Mathews, Du Bois, and other choice spirits of the time, the poet being as lively as the gayest of them.

The next year Madame de Staël visited England from Sweden, and took up her residence in Argyle Street. She wrote to the poet from Stockholm, speaking of the pleasure she had derived from reading the Episode of Ellinore in the 'Pleasures of Hope.' He had previously offered to superintend the translation of a work she was bringing out. He greatly feared, about the same time, that a pleurisy with which he was attacked would disable him from proceeding with his lectures; but he recovered, and delivered a second course with great *éclat*. It was observed that he was uneven in his enunciation. 'Campbell,' says Byron of him at this time, 'looks well, seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig.' (He was bald at twenty-four years old.) 'He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment.' Mrs Grant said of him, 'He is one who has suffered much from neither understanding the world nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty but that of being ashamed of his circumstances; in that respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion, and his good, gentle, patient, little wife was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty itself of half its evils.'

It would appear that Coleridge had lectured against Campbell's poetry two or three years before the latter appeared at the Royal Institution, at least such was the statement of Byron, on the authority of Rogers. 'We are going to hear that Manichean,' adds the noble bard. Campbell, who was very sensitive about such attacks, felt little good-will afterwards towards Coleridge, who attacked everything and everybody for the sake of talking. It was wonderful how far Campbell carried this kind of antipathy, nor did he ever trouble himself whether the matter that gave him offence was well or ill-founded. His introduction to Byron took place at the table of Rogers, on whom he had accidentally called, where Moore and Byron had previously been invited to meet, to clear up some misunderstanding. It was rarely that four such men, poets of so high a reputation, had met together and alone.

In 1813 he visited Brighton for the benefit of his health. He kept a light sort of diary upon this occasion, but it had no real humour. Here he met Dr Herschel, and was much struck with some of his hypotheses respecting the heavenly bodies; subjects with which Campbell himself does not appear to have been very familiar, since he mistook the obvious meaning of the astronomer.

When peace returned in 1814 Campbell visited Paris, and found there Madame de Staël, with Mrs Siddons, and her brother John, for whom he had such a strong, unabated friendship. He visited the Galleries of Art; he

dined with Humboldt and Schlegel; and was introduced to the Duke of Wellington as 'Mr Campbell.' The duke passed over the introduction as a matter of course, supposing the poet, as he himself observed, to be one of the thousand of that name; but when he found his mistake he took down the poet's address, stating that he was sorry he was not sooner undeceived. Campbell had numerous conversations with Schlegel, in which they differed considerably upon the mode of studying philosophy; and these friendly contests were afterwards carried on in England, during Schlegel's visits, with the same warmth and the same futility. He was struck with the Apollo Belvidere in the Louvre, and confessed that its busts he had before seen with indifference. This he attributed to his inexperience in art; for although versed in the principles, he was by no means a judge of the details of artistic objects, his ideas having been formed by reading, not by the study of the objects themselves.

Campbell remained in Paris two months, and then returned to London. There is an epitaph to the memory of Mrs Shute of Sydenham, and her two daughters, who were drowned at Chepstow, written by him this year, and engraved on their monument in Monkton Combe, Somerset, which has not appeared in his works:—

'In deep submission to the Will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears,
This stone to the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost, a mourner rears.
One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore, threefold, from his heart the ties of earth:
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
And her who gave them life and taught them worth.
Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate!
My life's companion, and my two first-born;
Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal, paternal, love forlorn—
Oh may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain,
Where friendship weeps at virtue's funeral urn,
That to the pure in heart to die is gain!'

In 1815 Campbell visited Scotland. On his return he used all his interest to patronise Mrs Allsop, the daughter of Mrs Jordan, who had come out upon the London stage. It appeared that she wanted expression on the boards. But through Lord Byron our poet procured for her a stage engagement of considerable advantage.

In 1816 Sir Walter Scott, with that kindness towards his brother labourers in literature which ever distinguished him, suggested a plan to obtain two classes for Campbell in the university of Edinburgh, which might be made lucrative. His plan, however, came to nothing.

Campbell now proceeded towards the completion of his 'Specimens of the Poets' for Mr Murray, which had proceeded very slowly. There was a proposal by Mr Murray regarding the publication of his lectures prior to the 'Specimens.' What became of the lectures alluded to is not clear; but the poet afterwards recomposed them for the 'New Monthly Magazine,' in which it was stipulated they should appear. A very small portion of the seven volumes of the 'Specimens,' which were not published

until 1819, is original matter, and the errors in the first edition were very considerable. Mr Murray had only engaged to give the poet £500 for his labours; but he generously doubled the amount, besides presents of books worth £200 more. Campbell had expected a second edition of this work three or four years after it was published; for it seems he applied to his coadjutor in the 'New Monthly,' when he became editor of that periodical, for a life of Dr Wolcot (Peter Pindar), whom he considered to be one of the most original of English poets, although he had neglected him for want of materials, of which his friend, he knew, had possession. The 'Specimens' did not come to a second edition till 1841, when, on being applied to for the correction of the numerous errors in biographical and bibliographical information which existed in the former edition, the poet refused to make them. The generous conduct of Mr Murray merited a better return. These errors were generally in dates, and about localities, arising from want of care or from oversight. This duty was obliged to be performed by another. But at the time alluded to (1841), the poet's mental powers were in rapid decadence, and his horror of such labour was proverbial. The essay prefixed to the work is one of Campbell's best prose productions.

In a conversation between Scott and Washington Irving, Scott said of Campbell, 'He don't know or wont trust his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages in "Lochiel," but I got him to restore some of them. What a grand idea is that about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight—

"Coming events cast their shadows before!"

It is a noble thought, and nobly expressed. And there's that glorious little poem, too, of "Hohenlinden." After he had written it he did not seem to think much of it—"Damned drum-and-trumpet lines!" I got him to recite it to me; and I believe the delight I felt and expressed had an effect in inducing him to print it. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.'

In 1817 he lost his friend Francis Horner, and this year made an acquaintance with Crabbe at Holland House. Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, afterwards dined with him at Sydenham, making a second repast of a similar character at which four distinguished poets had figured together. The former had taken place at Rogers's, where Byron took the place of Crabbe.

The poet was much attached to clubs, and had belonged to several both in England and Scotland. He proposed one, to be called the Bees' or Poets' Club; but Perry of the 'Chronicle' put an end to the scheme by saying people would call it the 'Wasps.' Campbell, daunted at once by the chance of being made ridiculous, gave up the project.

He wrote some lines in 1817 upon the death of the Princess Charlotte, with which Prince Leopold was much pleased. He continued to work on his 'Specimens' in 1818; Roscoe of Liverpool solicited him to lecture there in 1819. He accepted the terms, went down, and was enthusiastically received. He profited by these lectures to the amount of £350. He also

received £100 for delivering them at Birmingham on his way back to town. At Birmingham, too, he visited the two Watts, father and son; the elder being then in the last year of his useful and protracted life. A younger son, named Gregory, who died early, was the class-fellow and friend of the poet at Glasgow college.

A passage in the 'Essay on English Poetry' in the 'Specimens,' produced a remarkable discussion. Campbell had censured the Rev. Mr Bowles for undervaluing the merit of Pope; and Bowles rejoined in a letter to Campbell, in defence of what were called his 'invariable principles of poetry.' Campbell's usual indolence prevented his replying otherwise than by a note affixed to one of his poetical lectures; but Byron, Roscoe, Gilchrist, and others not so fond of pleading a want of leisure which did not exist, took up the affair; and the original disputant remained an unconcerned spectator of the contest he had provoked and cooled upon, which was always his manner to avoid trouble. The admission of Bowles's theory was to degrade Pope from his high poetical station, and was unquestionably pushed too far. His argument was, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature are more poetical than any drawn from art, and that those passions of the heart which belong to nature in general are more adapted to the higher order of poetry than those derived from transient manners. So far might be admitted; but Bowles travelled further, and intimated that the mere presence of such images was to determine the merits of the poet, with little regard to the skill in working up the materials. In this dispute which Campbell had raised, and then looked upon so quietly as it proceeded, even the old jurisconsult, Jeremy Bentham, mingled himself. It was clear that no system of exclusion could be true. Was the enchanter who called up at his own will the most beautiful visions, and peopled with their own creations the mighty void, to be reduced to the level of him whose only merit consisted in the selection of a happier theme? Under Bowles's principles the Venus de Medicis could not be natural, because that statue is composed of the most perfect portions of the female form, too perfect for existing nature.

Campbell proposed next to extend his lectures, and print them in two quarto volumes, making extracts to aid him at Bonn, whither he intended to go, and where he should find W. A. Schlegel. He completed the delivery of a second course of his lectures in May. He signed a document, binding himself to undertake the editorship of the 'New Monthly Magazine' in December 1820, so as to commence on the 1st of January following; the lectures, or twelve of them, to be inserted without charge, and his salary to be £600 per annum for three years. He then embarked for Germany by way of Rotterdam, and visited likewise Haarlem, Amsterdam, and the Hague. He found Schlegel at Bonn, who gave him a hearty welcome, and introduced him to several other professors of note. At Frankfort he left his wife and son, and proceeded from thence to Ratisbon, over the ground where the battle he saw in 1800 had been fought, and where Napoleon fought a much more important one ten years afterwards. He visited the Scotch College, and found only two of the brotherhood surviving out of a dozen he had known there twenty years before. He left Ratisbon in a boat on the Danube for Vienna. There he hired apartments, nobly furnished, for four pounds a month. He climbed to the summit of St Stephen's

spire, and looked over the field of Aspern and the Isle of Lobau, so renowned in warfare. He was welcomed as a celebrity by the learned of Vienna, and his 'Mariners of England,' and most of his shorter pieces, he found translated into German. He returned to Bonn from Vienna by way of Frankfort—leaving his son under the care of Dr Meyer at Bonn, to proceed with his education—and reached home with Mrs Campbell towards the end of November 1820. Between Dover and London the coach was overturned, and he received so severe an injury in the shoulder, that he was compelled to remain at an inn on the road for several days.

He now began to think of the duties of his editorship. They were of a character wholly novel to him; for although his high acquirements and pure taste enabled him to select the best matter in a literary sense, yet to combine a pleasing variety of articles was to him a formidable undertaking. He wanted tact; and although setting about his task with the ardour which marked his conduct at the commencement of any new undertaking, he became impatient under it. His labours began in December 1820, but it was the middle of the month before anything but his own lecture and poetry was ready. He felt the task confuse him; and as the publisher had promised to provide a sub-editor, the necessary personage was found in Edward du Bois, the author of 'My Pocket-Book,' which had led to a lawsuit many years before, in which Lord Ellenborough and a jury clearly vindicated the rights of literary criticism. This gentleman was well versed in periodical literature. The small print of the magazine was committed to a separate hand—that of Cyrus Redding. In this way the first number appeared. Du Bois, who soon perceived that the poet had had no practice in periodical literature, gave him his opinions too freely upon some points of moment; and although they had been well acquainted, for Du Bois used to make one of the Sydenham guests at Thomas Hill's, Campbell declared he could not proceed with his sub-editor. Mr Redding therefore added to his own previous duties the assistance of Campbell in his portion of the labour; and the periodical proceeded to the satisfaction of everybody concerned during ten years, distancing all its competitors.

The poet, loath to leave it, kept his house at Sydenham for nearly two years after his editorship began, lodging first in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, and then in Foley Place. Here his son returned to him with symptoms of incipient insanity. He resigned, with feelings of considerable regret, his country domicile, so much endeared to him in recollection, and took a house in Upper Seymour Street West, near Connaught Place.

It was a singular circumstance that the poet had never inquired about the politics of the work he had undertaken to manage. These had been Ultra Tory; and many of his old friends, in consequence, evaded giving him assistance when he requested it of them. It was not to be supposed that Campbell would support the old principles of the magazine, but the truth was, that he had thought nothing about them. Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who was an old friend of the poet, never mentioned the subject to him; but told a friend that he must be excused for doing anything in behalf of the magazine, because it had stolen the title of another work for party purposes. Attack sentiments and principles, he said, it was all right. There was a 'New Times' started against the 'Times.' 'How should I,' said Perry, 'like a "New Morning Chronicle" to be started,

evading the law by adding a word for that purpose? I know Campbell had nothing to do with that: it was before his time. He will not, I know, support its old sentiments, but it is sanctioning a bad principle.' Campbell confessed that the matter had never crossed his mind; and this was perfectly in unison with his character. The work flourished notwithstanding, but few of the poet's old Whig friends became contributors. His contributions were comparatively few besides his lectures. These were of high excellence, perhaps too learned for general readers. They were written in that neat and pure style which their author exhibited in prose as well as verse. He was sometimes so assiduous in the perfect completion of a sentence, that there seemed a forgetfulness of connection. He generally perfected in his mind the sentence he thus wrote before committing it to paper, but would sometimes even then repolish and alter, so that composition was exceedingly laborious to him. Besides his lectures, he published about thirty pieces of poetry during his ten years' editorship. Of these 'The Rainbow,' the 'Last Man,' 'A Dream,' and his stanzas beginning 'Men of England,' are the best. Some of these pieces only consisted of a few lines.

The prose contributions of Campbell to the magazine, besides his twelve lectures, were inconsiderable. They consisted chiefly of 'A Letter to Mr Brant, the son of a Mohawk Chief;' 'Letters to the Students of the Glasgow University;' an article on 'The University of London;' two or three reviews, one of which was on Milton's theological tract; another of the four first volumes of Las Casas's Napoleon, 'Hugh's Travels,' 'Moore's Byron and Sequel,' with articles on the 'Civilisation of Africa,' on the 'Sonnets of Shakspeare,' and on 'Flaxman's Lectures.' He also wrote a few small print criticisms, some very hurriedly, and others more carefully. He would also, when a friend died, give two or three lines of memorial for the obituary. Of these articles the paper on Flaxman was the most remarkable, from having been just published and read to Sir Thomas Laurence when that artist was dying. The painter and poet had long been intimate friends, and the latter was much shocked at the intelligence of Laurence's decease, which came upon him unexpectedly on a chance meeting with Sir James Mackintosh, as he was starting with a friend upon a walk to Dulwich. The article in the Edinburgh Review on Flaxman, which gave rise to Campbell's paper, was supposed to be written by some friend of Chantrey the sculptor. The poet defended Flaxman's opinion, that anatomy was a necessary study for a sculptor; but Chantrey undervalued what he had never learned.

In 1824, while connected with the magazine, Campbell published the 'Last Man,' one of his happier efforts. He fancied that Byron, in the poem of 'Darkness,' had stolen his idea. It was singular that he imagined the idea of a 'last man' to be novel, for it is found in a poem printed in the beginning of the century; and in Bishop Horne's sermon on the 'Death of the Old Year,' the same idea occurs of earth being sunk in a molten deluge, and 'one man standing in the world the only survivor.' Yet the poet wrote a letter to the Edinburgh reviewers, in which, because they hinted that he had taken his idea from Byron, he charged Byron with taking it from himself fifteen years before. The idea, however, was so obvious, that it must have struck many persons. This year Campbell also

began to push his scheme for a university in London; and at the commencement of the next year, 1825, after enlisting Mr Brougham, Mr Hume, and others in its behalf, he paid a visit to some of the continental universities, particularly to that of Berlin, to improve his knowledge of such institutions, with a view to the internal regulation of one in London. His subsequent interference in the scheme was little, Brougham taking the lead. On the foregoing visit to the continent Campbell went to Hamburg, where, after an absence of twenty-five years, he saw some of his old friends of 1800, particularly the Exile of Erin, Anthony M'Cann, for whom he had in vain tried to obtain leave to return to his native land.

Our author next began a life of Laurence, the materials being in great part collected by himself: the labour commenced, was quickly abandoned, and the work handed over to a friend. During his engagement with the magazine, he was one day waited upon by a friend of Mr Brant, the son of the Indian chief to whom he alluded in his Gertrude as the Mohawk Brant, charging him with cruelty. The son was an accomplished gentleman in the British service, and a field-officer. The Indian chief, Brant, as it appeared, was not present at the sack of Wyoming; and Campbell attached an exculpatory note to the subsequent edition of his poems, stating that the name of Brant must be esteemed fictitious.

Soon after the resignation of his editorship, Campbell sought for a reconciliation with his brother poet Thomas Moore. There had been a coolness between these two distinguished men from the time the former undertook a defence of Lady Byron in an article in the magazine. He had treated Moore with a roughness by no means merited, and now addressed a letter to him apologising for his vehemence. At the same time he declared, with that latent self-respect which formed a part of his character even to vanity, that his sentiments upon the point of difference 'were unaltered.' He only desired the forgiveness of Moore for his heat. The cause of the difference was owing to that impulsive action for right or wrong, continually preceding reflection, which was a part of Campbell's nature. Of his forgiving temper there were proofs in cases of less moment to others than himself. Hence his character was often mistaken by those who were not aware of his peculiar disposition.

During his editorship of the magazine, Campbell had been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow university, having a considerable majority over the other two candidates—Canning and Sir Thomas Brisbane. He immediately repaired to Glasgow, where a political dinner was proposed to be given to him, which he declined. He delivered his inaugural address in the beginning of 1827, having been elected in the previous November. Ardently attached to his native city, and the place of his education, where he was now so honoured, he carried his feeling of gratification almost to weakness. He annexed to the office an importance, even out of Glasgow, which no one else would have thought of doing, and which it could hardly bear. But his temperament, excited by the recall of early sensations and feelings, rendered this very excusable. He dined with the Senatus Academicus in the room where he had never been but once before in his life, and that was when a youth on a charge of breaking the windows of the college church!

All the documents relative to the university were laid before him, and he was treated with great politeness and cordiality by the professors. He was very popular with the students, distributed the college prizes to them, and after nearly two months' absence, returned home full of almost youthful joyousness. He left London for Glasgow again at the close of the year, and was re-elected in November. Three of his letters to the Glasgow students appeared that year in print, exhibiting proofs of his previous laborious acquirements in their seminary. The diction of these letters was remarkably neat and pure. He left Scotland towards the end of November for London, having that year been absent nearly four months. He came back full of a plan for a classical encyclopædia, to be continued through the assistance of the Glasgow students who were most advanced. This plan shared the fate of the poet's other thousand-and-one projects.

While in Glasgow he was attacked with indisposition, suspected to originate in the liver, but recovered under the influence of medicine. This seems to have been the first time the seat of his disorder was suspected, and which, by care, he might have checked. He was for some time wholly unfit for literary labour. Sir Thomas Laurence now made an offer to him on behalf of the Glasgow students, to paint their Lord Rector's picture for the Great Hall of the Museum at a reduced price; an instance of kindness on the part of Sir Thomas which merits record; but the matter was not proceeded with. In the meanwhile the copyright of the 'Pleasures of Hope' had returned to him by the expiration of the copyright act. He now planned a new and complete edition of his works, to be handsomely printed and illustrated; and had scarcely taken a preliminary step in the matter, when his wife was attacked with an illness which proved fatal on the 9th of May 1828. Two months before her decease, the state of uncertainty in which she lay completely unhinged the poet for any kind of work. Anxious to see a complete edition of his poems, and declaring his utter inability to execute a task at the moment of the utmost importance to his interests, he became impatient and excited. He was attacked with temporary blindness, and was completely incapacitated for business of any kind. His friend Cyrus Redding undertook to bring out the collected edition of his poems in his behalf; but Campbell was in such a state of mind, that he could with difficulty be got to decide whether some of the pieces attributed to him were his own or not. This edition appeared in two volumes, with a likeness of the author, from a portrait by Laurence.

He was invited to stand a third time for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow at the close of that year. This honour was flattering; but Scott was now set up against him, and the voting was even. The casting-vote was then given illegally by the poet's own vice-rector against him; and Scott, with that noble feeling which always distinguished his intercourse with literary men, at once declined the honour. Campbell, therefore, was installed for the third time. He had left London just before his election, prior to which he had given a 'legal' authority to his friend Redding to act as he might see fit about his son under any circumstances that might arise. The condition of his son made him at the moment exceedingly anxious. On arriving in Edinburgh he found his eldest sister ill. 'Everything,' he wrote, 'and every face in Glasgow are a stab to my recollections of the past. I left

my son in a ticklish frame of mind, and I have the prospect of not long possessing the nearest and the dearest of my earthly relations.' This sister survived until the year before his own decease.

About this time a club was founded among the students in the university of Glasgow, called the Campbell Club. His inaugural address this year on his installation was sensible and well-written. It announced two silver and two gold medals: the silver for 'gowned' students, the gold for 'ungowned.' The first was to be for the best English essay 'On the Evils of Intolerance towards those who Differ from us in Religion;' the second, 'On the Comparative Importance of Scientific and Classical Instruction in the General Education of Mankind.' He wound up by recommending to the students, that 'if any feuds had sprung up among them in consequence of the election, that they should bury them all in generous oblivion.' He visited Scotland again in the beginning of April, in a little more than three months after his former journey, and remained about a month. Upon his return from this journey, he changed his residence from Seymour Street West to Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall. There he began to give parties. This did not endure long. His fondness for clubs once more exhibited itself in the formation of the Literary Union. This society, which promised well at first, afterwards degenerated into an ordinary club, and expired of inanition not long before the poet's decease. The original idea was good, but the poet was not one possessing a character of steadiness to carry it out with the needful requisites. His principal desire was to connect it with literary views and objects. He was chairman of the committee, and produced scheme after scheme, which passed away; and though one or two literary papers were read, the institution degenerated into a commonplace thing. The committee even found it difficult to confine their chairman to the routine of the common weekly business. Figures and accounts he held in impatient distaste: he would jest and talk politics, and scarcely attend to business when told time was precious.

In 1831 Campbell and his former coadjutor became connected with the 'Metropolitan.' The poet at first was only bound to lend his name, and to furnish something for the work now and then. He was to receive half the income he had enjoyed from the old magazine, and to reside where he pleased. He had by this time left Scotland Yard, and gone for a time to Hastings, or rather St Leonard's, in Sussex. Soon after the work began, a naval officer, who had been a contributor, thinking the speculation was good, took a large share from the bookseller, and became in law his partner. Unluckily for him he was totally unacquainted with trade, and with the hazard of being involved with a person who might be destitute of capital. Thus imprudent, he offered Campbell a share for a few hundred pounds. The bad state of the bookseller's affairs was unfortunately but too soon discovered, and by an honourable conduct on the part of the individual alluded to, who had involved himself and the poet, the latter got back the money he had advanced; but the unfortunate officer, striving to avoid being made a partner with a bankrupt tradesman, lost his lawsuit, and had to pay some thousands of pounds. The work, which had been pledged to the printer, then fell into the hands of Captain Marryat, the novelist, who bought it with the design of being his own editor, but made no hand of that duty.

At Christmas 1832 the work rested wholly, both property and editorship, with him. Prior to that period it had had contributions from Campbell, Moore, and Montgomery of Sheffield, both in prose and verse; and had it been sustained by proper funds, would no doubt have flourished. Before the establishment of the 'Metropolitan,' the poet had taken up with warmth the cause of the Polish exiles. When he published the 'Pleasures of Hope,' the poem had been speedily translated into several European languages. It had found its way into Poland, was admired there, and the mention of the fall of Polish liberty in the 'Pleasures of Hope' rendered Campbell's name a favourite in the extinguished kingdom. He had kept up a correspondence with some of the leading Poles afterwards, long before the last attempt they made at emancipation.

Besides the Poles, in whose behalf he was incessantly engaged, he began the 'Life of Mrs Siddons' with far more scanty materials than he had possessed for that of Sir Thomas Laurence. He took up his lodgings in Duke Street, St James's, at what were called the Polish Chambers, where the zeal displayed by Mr Bach, secretary to the Polish Association, attached the poet to him strongly: nor was the attachment less strong on the other side. There was a remote attic in the house, where the poet could be as retired and studious as he pleased without the knowledge of any one but his friend Bach. Here, after the poet's decease, under promise of its preservation by the landlord of the house, Mr Bach had a marble tablet placed, with the following inscription so honourable to his friendship:—'In this attic Thomas Campbell, Hope's Bard, and mourning Freedom's Hope, lived and thought, A. D. 1832, while at the head of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, his creation. Divinæ virtutis pietati amicitia, 1847.'

The 'Life of Mrs Siddons' was a difficult task to execute, owing to the paucity of materials. The booksellers would not look at it in less than two volumes. Matter was laboriously collected to eke out the required quantity; but the middle of the year 1834 had arrived before the biography made its appearance. It was printed in type larger than the ordinary size, to make it extend to a second volume. Campbell considered that in completing this undertaking he was fulfilling a sacred promise to one whom he had long known and esteemed. The work did not go off well. The public expectation had been too long upon the stretch of expectation, and curiosity had subsided. Besides, the style was indifferent; and the author was not fitted for the task by any acquaintance with the small-talk of the theatre.

This biography being published, the poet visited Paris after twenty years of absence. There the Polish Literary Society gave him the honour of a public dinner, at which Prince Czartoyisky presided. He began, too, while there, but soon dropped, a work on the 'Geography of Classical Literature.' He then proposed to visit Italy; but the mention of Algiers caused him to change his direction to Africa, and his impatience made him embark at Marseilles in a crazy merchant-vessel, which fortunately arrived safely. The result of his visit he published in his 'Letters from the South.' He was kindly treated by the French military, and visited Oran and Bona in turn; but was much affected in health by the climate. While he sojourned in Africa, the death of his old friend Telford took

place. He left the poet £1000. Campbell returned from Algiers in 1835, and arriving in Paris was presented to King Louis-Philippe.

After his return home he proceeded with the publication of an illustrated edition of his poems. He also visited Scotland the next year, where he was entertained at the Campbell Club in his native city, together with Professor Wilson, and other distinguished friends. No difference in politics ever interrupted the friendship between Campbell and Wilson. In Scotland the poet launched his anathemas against the despot of Russia, as was his custom in London and Paris, both in public and private society. At Edinburgh he was presented with the freedom of the city. Campbell made a speech here, in which he paid a pleasing tribute to Professor Wilson as a genius of the highest order, of whom Scotland might well be proud. He visited Edinburgh again in the following year, and took the chair at a Printers' Festival in that city on the 7th of June. Towards the close of this year he edited an annual, these ephemera being then nearly gone out of vogue. This, in his better days, he would not have done, or lent his name to do. He was getting senile, and when he wanted money less than before, he became more eager to acquire it. He had left his chambers in St James's Street before he went to Scotland. On his return he took lodgings in Alfred Place, Tottenham-Court Road; and then removed, towards the end of 1837, into chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He squandered considerable sums in these changes. He could not do without his books and furniture, and every change required fresh fittings and cases. While complaining of the narrowness of his income, now never less than £600 or £700 per annum, he did not put down these expenses, almost annually incurred, as of any moment, for he was a bad financier.

The engravings for his illustrated works still proceeded. Turner executed twenty-five of the drawings. It sold very well, as did a cheap edition published by Moxon the bookseller. In 1838 he placed his name to a life of Shakspeare, which he overlooked; but his name was the only advantage the edition derived from his connection with it. He was past all literary labour requiring research and thought. The Queen accepted from him the present of his works; and the poet, in grateful acknowledgment, went to court. Her Majesty soon afterwards did him the honour to send him her picture. This picture, and the silver goblet presented him by the students of the Glasgow university, became so much his favourites, that he afterwards made allusions to them with a frequency that too surely indicated the change which time had wrought upon him, and how small a thing called out a display of the vanity he would have concealed in earlier days. Notwithstanding, he began a 'Life of Petrarch,' or rather a dressing up of Archdeacon Cox's Life, while in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Upon this subject his friend Foscolo had years before told him that nothing new could be said. It could not add to his reputation, much less could a small volume of poems he afterwards published in 1842, the principal of which was called the 'Pilgrim of Glencoe,' and which was far below mediocrity. A retrospective glance at the poet's former glorious works made the world feel the change that had occurred in the valueless character of this volume more strongly. With the advance of years, that pride of feeling, that lofty self-respect which marked the poet's career for

two-thirds of his life in literature, had disappeared. The incitement of money made him go even further, and he subsequently placed his name to a 'Life of Frederick the Great,' as being compiled under his revision: a poor effort in biographical composition.

Even in 1839 his appearance had greatly changed in the eyes of those who saw him only at intervals. In 1840 this change was more strongly marked; yet he talked of founding a club, to be called The Alpha, and of new designs. He seems after his short residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields to have become tired of the spot. He had been a wanderer after his wife's death. He had tried the same kind of domestic establishment for a year or two, and could not find his former comfort. His son he had sent to an asylum at Epping. He then went from lodging to lodging, visited and journeyed, but was still far from discovering a rest for his feet, as of old. He spent time in company which he would otherwise have passed at the domestic hearth. After all his desultoriness, he came back in 1840 to what he hoped would give him domestic life again. He bought the lease of a house in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and sent to Scotland for Mary Campbell, a niece, the daughter of his second brother. He corrected the last proofs of 'Petrarch' here, and promised himself once more that peace from which he had been long estranged. But he could not revive the past. His health, not mended, made him still whimsical and restless. He had seen a pretty child one day as he entered the Park, and its face haunted him. He fancied a second sight would be gratifying, and he actually advertised for this indulgence, relying upon his own description for a success, which, it need not be added, he did not find.

In an ailing state of body he paid a visit to the baths of Wiesbaden, but returned with his health no way amended. It was evident that he was rapidly declining throughout 1841 and 1842; yet amidst all he never lost sight of his usual pursuits. In 1842 he talked of publishers and their exactions, as if they were new to him, and projected fresh undertakings. We are all reluctant to wound our self-love by giving credit to any diminution of our ability. This year he made his will, and bequeathed all he might leave behind him to his niece, Mary Campbell. His son was provided for by the interest of the legacy from the Ascoy estates, being the interest on £4500, about £200 per annum. He became as unsettled, restless, apprehensive, and even irregular as usual. His countenance exhibited anxiety and bodily decay. His former neat appearance vanished, and he was negligent in his dress. Sometimes he lit up in a mode that recalled what he had once been, but this was seldom. Yet his kindness to his friends suffered no diminution, and he was still active in his habits. He visited Cheltenham, but without any benefit.

In 1843 he lost his only surviving sister, and by this the sum of £800 came into his hands. He had an idea that even with his pension of £300 a year, the interest of the legacy from the Ascoy estates, and the profits of his works, between £600 and £700 a year at least, he might still find himself want. He therefore insured his life injudiciously, and lost £500. This made him think of going to the continent, to live frugally, disregarding the heavy expenses of removal with his library, and a certain loss on the lease of his house, which would balance any saving. Undetermined

for some time whither to proceed, he fixed upon Boulogne. At the commencement of October 1843 he removed there. His house was in a bad situation. It was cold, and the severity of the winter soon acted perniciously upon his debilitated frame: he then talked of removing more to the southward as soon as he was able. Day by day he complained of the chilliness he felt, at the same time not paying any attention to his mode of life. In February 1844 he was too weak to write even a few lines without pain. He complained that the climate made him torpid. In April he seemed to revive for a time with the softening atmosphere. Through May this improvement did not continue.

At the commencement of June it was seen that his case was utterly hopeless. For a long while he held no conversation with any one, and his appearance was more altered. When questioned about his health, he either complained of weakness and chilliness, or replied in a general way 'tolerably well.' His countenance betrayed great anxiousness, and he was usually in a state of half slumber to appearance, but retaining the full use of his mind. A few days before he departed, in order to try if he was sensible, the question was asked near his bed, if some one, giving a name, had not written 'Hohenlinden.' The poet calmly and distinctly replied, 'It was one Tom Campbell!' They talked of taking him to the seaside if he grew better, but he gave a *look* incredulous of that possibility. His respiration now became impeded, but he talked a little at intervals. This was at the end of the first week in June. Œdema of the right ancle was at this time perceived. He was calm, and said his mind was quite easy; that he had entire control over it. On the 8th of June he exhibited œdema of the left leg and foot. Some one saying he was better, he observed, 'I am glad you think so.' In reply to a communication, he requested his niece to write to Cyrus Redding, his old literary coadjutor, the state of his health, with his kind remembrance. On the 10th of June every favourable symptom had disappeared. He complained of his strength sinking, but had still a perfect command over his mind, and was quite calm. It being observed that he had great patience, he said, 'I *do* suffer.' The next day he thought he felt stronger, and he had a look of cheerfulness, but this was succeeded by difficulty of breathing. He repeated that his mind was quite easy. The next night was passed easily, and the following day but one, the 13th, while his breathing was more laborious, he was still quite sensible, and listened attentively to all going on around. A friend from London arriving, the poet said he was glad to see him. On the 14th he spoke with some effort inarticulately, saying 'tolerable!' to all inquiries. His respiration now became more hurried, but he was still conscious. His lips were firm, as if he were disposed to meet the last struggle with manliness. At one time appearing to sleep, his lips were observed to move, and he said in a slow distinct whisper, 'We shall see —— to-morrow,' naming a departed friend. He appeared to be losing the consciousness and self-possession which marked him before from that time. On giving him something he said, 'Thank you—much obliged!' These were the last words he uttered clearly and intelligibly. The next day was the poet's last: he answered a question put by his niece with much difficulty, but with great kindness, and soon after slumbered. There was no more restlessness; his appearance was serene, except when convulsive

breathings took place as he reposed upon his side. Two hours after noon he opened his eyes, and then closed them for ever. He expired without a struggle at a quarter past four P. M.

The foregoing statement is mostly from that of his medical attendant and executor, Dr William Beattie, who was at the poet's bedside when he expired, and who, with every professional attention, united the kindly concern of a friend.

The task yet remains to assign to Campbell that place in the ranks of the British poets to which his works entitle him. One proof of his merit is that he has been quoted more than any modern poet in the senate, by public orators, and by cotemporary literati. He had, too, the rare happiness of living to see his fame fixed upon an unshaken basis. His verses cannot be mistaken for those of any other English poet; his odes do not resemble those of Dryden, Collins, or Gray: they stand alone. His manner was singular: Scott said he could imitate all the modern poets but Tom Campbell; he could not imitate him, because his peculiarity was more in the matter than the manner. Whatever niche in the temple of fame is hereafter assigned to him, his works are such as fame will not easily let die.

The remains of the poet were brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey by the side of the ashes of Sheridan, on the 3d of July 1844. The funeral was numerously attended by the titled and untitled, by the literary and non-literary. The Rev. Mr Millman read the burial service; and at the hour of noon, the dust of him whose works had so long been the delight of his native land was left to its last long repose.

END OF VOL. III.

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PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

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CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE BOURBON FAMILY.

IF the moral portraiture of the founders and progenitors of distinguished families had been drawn with but moderate truthfulness and skill, the 'boast of ancestry' would long since have been seen to be, in the immense majority of cases, one of the silliest vaunts of vainglorious humanity, and really significant of nothing but the folly of the boaster. The 'Bourbon' especially is one of the most illustrious names—a sunbeam on the stream of time, if we are to believe the historiographers of the celebrated race. One of the most enthusiastic of these, M. Désormeaux, whose book was printed at the 'Imprimerie Royale,' Paris, in 1788—how brief a space before Santerre's drums drowned the voice of one of the best and gentlest of his line, vainly struggling in the grasp of masterful violence!—recounts in an ecstasy of loyal exultation, that from the parent stock of this great family there had already proceeded thirty-five kings of France, thirteen of Sicily, twenty-three of Portugal, eleven of Navarre, four of Spain, four of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia, seven emperors of Constantinople, one hundred dukes of Burgundy, Brittany, Anjou, Lorraine, Bourbon, and Brabant, besides crowned and ermined vassals of the royal house without number; an enumeration of thrones, principalities, and powers enough to take away the breath of any less enthusiastic man than the historian of the famous house, who had yet power to exclaim exultingly, as he concluded the glittering muster-roll, *Tu regere imperio populos, o Galle memento!* But, alas! the lettering and gilding of the Imprimerie Royale will not, carefully and elaborately as it is executed, bear exposure to the common light of day, much less rude and irreverent handling. The long list of high, dread, and puissant lords and princes, of serene and august ladies and

princesses, is one for the most part rather to blush for than exult over—to excite grief and indignation rather than reverence or respect. Yet not without pure and bright passages are the leaves which bear the impress of the fightings, victories, perjuries, massacres, by which the Bourbon race distinguished themselves in an age when such things were accounted glorious or venial. Let us not, while glancing over histories which record many acts at which humanity shudders, forget to bear in mind that the world made withal great and real progress during the period in which these men and women reigned—that wonderful results were achieved in their time upon which our own higher civilisation is mainly based and reared. To dwell only upon the vices and failings of governments without looking to discover if there is no bright side to the dark and troubled picture, is only less absurd and disingenuous than the practice of carefully enumerating the persecutions and cruelties perpetrated in the name of outraged Christianity, while the overwhelming balance on the other side—the multitude of broken hearts it has bound up, the tears it has wiped away, the hopes it has kindled and purified, the lives it has redeemed and exalted, and the deaths it has soothed and sanctified—is ignored or overlooked.

The towering fortunes of the Bourbon family, like those of most other royalties, arose out of the natural working of the feudal system—a system which, originating in the necessities of conquest, fell naturally before the advancement of the great body of the people in knowledge and its consequence, power. The kings, or rather military chieftains, who reigned in Europe after the destruction of the Roman Empire, chiefly owed their continually-disputed supremacy either to their actual fame and prowess as warriors, or to their individual possessions in land and command over vassals holding directly from them by the tenure of military service. Private war being permitted, though strictly confined to possessors of fiefs on knightly tenure—contests by the great feudatories, sometimes against the crown, but chiefly among themselves, in conjunction with alliances by marriage, alternately elevated or depressed the relative power of the sovereign and the individual barons. The state was rather, in France and Germany especially, an aggregation of petty sovereignties, a federation of essentially independent despotisms, than a homogeneous kingdom. Every gentleman who held a fief on knightly tenure legally exercised the right of pillaging and imprisoning whomsoever was not sufficiently powerful to resist his authority; and even that of 'gallows tree,' held in strict legality to be a jewel of the royal or imperial crown, he not unfrequently usurped and exercised. The people, where they had a choice, generally sided with the monarch against the tyranny whose name was legion; and it is curious to remark how mainly king and people were aided in putting an end to the grosser enormities of the feudal system by the invention of such apparently-unpromising aids to civilisation as gunpowder and fire-arms. So long as knights and barons could issue from their castles, generally built in a naturally strong position, clothed in armour which the arrows of the serfs and common people could not penetrate, and their foray over, retire within their impregnable fastnesses, it seemed difficult to set limits to the duration of such knightly pastimes.

Combats of that period are recorded in which a few score knights routed and slew, without loss or danger to themselves, thousands of naked serfs and common people. But when the naked serf, possessing only the skill to point an iron tube, was placed upon a physical equality with the most redoubtable knight in Christendom, and cannon knocked the impregnable castles about the ancestral ears of the barons, it was time to think of other devices to secure or retain power, and of less violent means of livelihood; and, as Froissart pleasantly remarks, the baronage perforce ceased to rob on the highway ('Cessèrent de voler sur le grand chemin'). One of these great feudatories, with whom war was a pastime, and the attainment of extended power over the community an end which justified any and every species of fraud and violence, was Robert the Strong, Count of Paris, and Duke of France. He had gradually built up his ducal house till it overshadowed the dwarfed and sinking throne of the Merovingian kings of France; and Hugh Capet, his grandson, availing himself with skill and boldness of the feebleness and contempt into which the successors of Clovis had fallen, seized the crown, and by arms and policy so strengthened himself in his usurped seat, as not only to secure the regal authority to himself and immediate descendants, but to transmit it through the Valois and Bourbon branches of his house to our own time—the sceptre of France having been continuously wielded by his posterity, with the exception of less than a quarter of a century which elapsed between the death of Louis XVI. and the accession of Louis XVIII., till the Revolution of 1848. Hugh Capet was crowned at Rheims on the 3d of July 987. The Valois line of his house succeeded to the throne on the 1st of April 1328; the eldest Bourbon branch on the 2d of August 1589; and the younger Bourbons on the 9th of August 1830.

Neither the race of kings in direct line from Hugh Capet, nor those of the Valois branch of the royal house, who descended from a brother of Philip the Fair, need detain us long. Their histories for the most part are chiefly records of fightings, treacheries, intrigues, of no possible interest to the present reader. One great name, however, gleams out of the crowd of mediocrities, and claims a passing notice. We, unimaginative peoples of the north, have, it is well known, a constitutional objection to saints, insisting upon their being strictly confined to the primitive age of the church; and this may perhaps be the reason why the name of St Louis has been so depreciatingly treated by certain English writers, for it cannot be seriously or justly denied that St Louis was in every sense a great monarch, and a wise, enlightened man, ruling his people with a courage, sagacity, firmness, and gentleness of which the world has seen but few examples. Louis XI., too, of whom Sir Walter Scott in his 'Quentin Durward' has stamped so vivid and revolting an impression upon the reading world, however individually hateful or contemptible, was a great monarch: he governed France wisely and well; and spite of his *Plessis-les-Tours* atrocities, and his wretched superstitions, must ever be accounted one of the ablest, as unquestionably he was one of the most popular, kings that ever ruled the destinies of the French people. The nobles, it is true, detested him; for he curbed their insolence, and restrained and curtailed their privileges. Louis XI. not only disliked, and, as much as possible, avoided war, but refused to allow the seigneurs of France the unlimited right of chase over everybody's grounds,

to which they held themselves entitled by right of birth! 'A terrible state of things,' remarks Philip de Comines, 'for men who knew only how to hunt and fight.' No marvel the king should only esteem himself safe from such gentry within his castles, and surrounded by his Scottish guards! His life, amidst all his gloomy grandeur, was, as one might expect, a most unhappy one. 'I knew him,' writes Comines, 'and served him in the flower of his age, and in his great prosperity, yet never saw I him free from toil of body and trouble of mind.' It may be doubted if governing, to any man really capable of it, and of estimating its terrible responsibility, can be other than a burthen to him—his diadem but a crown of thorns, his life an unceasing, thankless martyrdom! Louis XI., on whom the title of 'Most Christian King' was first conferred by the Pope, was succeeded by Henry VIII., a boy so imbecile that his father declared he should be satisfied if his son could only attain such a degree of learning as would enable him to translate and rightly comprehend the Latin sentence, *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.* Anne, the young king's eldest sister, and the wife of the Sire de Beaussu, who afterwards succeeded to the titles and estates of the Duke of Bourbon, governed the kingdom with remarkable ability during Henry's minority; not as regent, for the states-general, summoned to decide between her and Louis of Orleans, who had married Jeanne, Louis XI.'s youngest daughter, right to that office, did not confer the title on her; but 'Madame,' as she is called, remained possessed of, and exercised with great benefit to the people, the royal authority.

The chief efforts of the sovereigns of France, it may be briefly stated, were directed during many years to fuse the disjointed feudalities, duchies, of the realm, into one compact and harmonious whole. They gradually succeeded. Normandy was broken into subjection to the French crown, and ultimately all the independent jurisdictions of Brittany, Burgundy, Bourbon, and others, were annexed to the monarchy. The pretensions of the English kings to the diadem of France, spite of the dazzling efforts of our Edwards and Harries, the names of whose 'glorious' victories still survive in song, and the sacrifice of innumerable 'vulgar' lives, for whom Fame has no trumpet, not even a wooden one, were finally set at rest; and at the accession of Francis I., contemporary with our Henry VIII., Calais alone remained to England of all that had been so dearly purchased, and, as we now perceive, so fortunately lost. Very sacred and precious in the eyes of the English people seems to have been this slight trophy of persevering and stupendous folly; for it may be doubted if the persecutions of Mary, in whose reign it was regained to France, contributed to her unpopularity in any degree like the loss of that place—the gate of France, as it was called. So keenly did the impressionable heart of Mary feel the stroke, that she declared the name of Calais would at her death be found written on it!

The reign of Francis I. is mainly remarkable in the eyes of the observant student of history for the spectacle it exhibits of the almost total absorption of the feudal, by the process we have previously glanced at, in the monarchical power. Standing armies raised by the authority of the king now first constituted the chief force of the realm, instead of the more or less independent levies of the barons. Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany, successfully pursued the same policy. Francis still

holds a somewhat conspicuous place in the galaxy of French kings; but warlike, rash, volatile, he left slight beneficial impress upon the nation he was called to govern. It was in this reign that the branch of the royal house with which in these pages we are more immediately concerned came into especial notice. This branch, that of Bourbon, was descended from Robert, Count de Clermont, sixth and youngest son of St Louis, who married Beatrice of Burgundy, heiress of John of Burgundy, Baron of Charalois, and Agnes, Lady of Bourbon, daughter of Archambault, Sire de Bourbon. The great accession of property acquired by this marriage, together with his appanage of Clermont, rendered him the most powerful feudatory in the kingdom. The family name of Bourbon he assumed as the patronymic of his race. Louis, the eldest son of Robert, was the first who bore the title of Duke of Bourbon, which figures so prominently in the annals of France. Peter, the sixth duke in descent from Louis, dying without male issue in 1503, the estates devolved, by virtue of the original entails, on Charles, Count de Montpensier, head of the collateral line of Bourbon-Montpensier, then only fourteen years old. It had been the object of the deceased duke to get these entails modified in favour of his daughter Susannah, who was betrothed to the Duke d'Alençon—a prince of the blood in close proximity to the throne; but after his death, to avoid the disputes that would have ensued from conflicting claims, his widow, Anne of France, gave Susannah in marriage to the young Montpensier, who immediately assumed the style and dignity of Duke of Bourbon. This is the celebrated Constable Bourbon, who, living in an age crowded with memorable events—the disruption of the papal power by Luther; the gigantic efforts of Charles V. to bring the continent of Europe under his sway—made himself heard and felt for a brief space amidst all the din and tumult of the world. His military talents were of a high order, and these were devoted to the service of France as long as its rulers sufficiently rewarded the devotion of the successful soldier. But when the king—instigated, as some have it, by his mother, the Duchess d'Angoulême, whom Bourbon, we are told, treated slightingly—dismissed him from his command, and otherwise injured him, the celebrated hero turned his sword against his country, and helped Charles V. to win the battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. was made prisoner, suffering afterwards a long confinement at Madrid. But the action which shines with the greatest brilliancy of war-tinsel in this Constable of Bourbon's history, was his march through the Apennines upon Rome, at the head of a large army of ruffians of various nations—Germans, Italians, Spaniards ('Bourbon's Black Banditti')—after plundering and desolating other parts of Italy. Arrived before the walls of a city incapable of successful defence, and of which the weakness, if not its great memories, ought to shield from violence, the chivalrous Bourbon ordered an assault, which was successful, though himself was struck down by a musket-shot as he ascended a scaling-ladder. The instinct of conquest could only in him be extinguished with life; and fearing his soldiers might be dispirited if they heard of his fall, he ordered a cloak to be thrown over his body, so that his death might be concealed. Murder, pillage, every species of violence and outrage, followed the storming of the city of Rome—the last and greatest exploit of the 'renowned' and 'illustrious' Constable of Bourbon. The science of

proper names, there can be no doubt, is as yet in its infancy. Lord Byron in his 'Deformed Transformed' makes a hero of this Charles de Bourbon. One of the *dramatis personæ*, Arnold, says the Constable 'o'erlooked the world, and saw no equal;' while the devil, who, in the disguise of the deformed Cæsar, is another of the noble poet's personages, says 'Good-night, Lord Constable; thou wert a man!'—and one, we should think, very much after the speaker's own heart.

Of all the branches of the royal family, time had only respected those of Valois, Alençon, and Bourbon; and at the death of the great Constable, Charles, Duke of Vendôme, who had married one of the co-heiresses of the Duke d'Alençon, became the head of the House of Bourbon. From his eldest son, Antoine de Bourbon, descend the Bourbons of France, Spain, and Naples, including the Orleans branch; and from his youngest son Louis, first Prince of Condé, the now extinct line of Condé and Conti.

Antoine de Bourbon espoused Jeanne, daughter and heiress of Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, and a Huguenot or Calvinist. A son was the issue of this marriage, who, after many years of desolating warfare, became, by the extinction of the male line of Valois, and his own solemn renunciation of the reformed faith in which he had been reared, Henry IV. of France, and the first of the Bourbon kings. The memory of this monarch, one can hardly tell why, is still held in some respect in France, and not solely by Legitimists. The present titular Henry V. invokes the memory of his ancestral namesake much more frequently than he does that of St Louis; and the famous air of the once national song, 'Vive Henri Quatre,' was greatly relied upon by the restored family to keep alive the fainting loyalty of the troops sent to oppose the advance of Napoleon on his return from Elba. The success of the exertions of the regimental bands was not, as we are all aware, commensurate with their zeal and industry. One verse of this same song gives the character of Henri Quatre very pithily—

> 'Ce diable à quatre
> A le triple talent
> De boire et de battre,
> Et d'être le vert galant!'

Of such stuff were the heroes made whom France, in the sixteenth century, delighted to honour. If, however, the life of this king was chiefly spent in drinking, fighting, and courting, he had the sagacity to discern and employ an able minister—the illustrious Sully—whose administration of the business of the kingdom was marked alike by moderation, energy, and prudence. For upwards of thirty years previous to Henry IV.'s accession in 1589, France had been the theatre and prey of anarchy and strife: Catholic and Protestant warred with each other in the desecrated name of One who ever returned cursing by blessing, and who never stretched forth His hand but to heal and save! This was the era of the war of the League—of the massacre of St Bartholomew, one of the darkest spots in the annals of France. The personages who stand out most prominently in the foreground of the hideous hurly-burly, are Catherine de Medicis, the Guises, the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., Coligny, and the Prince of Condé; and twice we discern the graceful form and beautiful face of Mary, Queen of Scots, flit across the troubled scene—once in her bridal robes as

Queen of France and spouse of Francis II.; next in the insignia of widowhood, on her return to Scotland, escorted by her uncles, the Guises. The king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were the chief leaders of the Huguenots; neither of them reflected any honour on a struggle for the rights of conscience. The monarch's character has been already sufficiently intimated; and Condé appears to have been a duodecimo edition, physically considered, of his stalwart sovereign and kinsman, both in his pursuits and in his popularity. A quatrain published at the time thus speaks of him—

> 'That little man so pleasant looks—
> Always chatting, always joking,
> And always kissing where he can.
> God save from ill that little man!'

How lamentably a near view detracts from the brilliancy of the halo which at a distance appears to encircle such high-sounding names as Henri Quatre, Condé, and similar heroes! Those who love to dwell amid illusions should be careful not to disturb the 'awful hoar' which time, with charitable tenderness, strews over the memories of such men: they should leave them alone with their glory.

Jeanne d'Albret of Navarre, Henry IV.'s mother, appears to have been a woman of firmness and principle; and these qualities in such an age of venality and crime excuse the apparent bigotry with which they were associated. To the intreaties of Catherine de Medicis that, for her son's sake, she would conform to the religion of the great majority of the French people, Jeanne replied: 'Madame, if I had my son and my kingdom in my hand, I would throw them both to the bottom of the sea sooner than go to mass!' Her son, we have seen, was made of less determined stuff; but his solemn conformation to the Catholic church did not, it appears, efface from the minds of some of the more zealous fanatics of the communion he had hesitatingly joined the memory of his original heresy; and he was stabbed to the heart in his coach on the 14th of May 1610, by one Ravaillac, who was instigated, it was said, to the crime by the Jesuits. Ravaillac was put to death by the most frightful torments.

Henry IV. was succeeded by his son Louis XIII., a boy of nine years of age, whose mother, Mary of Medicis, held the office of regent during his minority. During this reign France was governed for many years by the masterly genius and iron will of Cardinal Richelieu, who carried on the work commenced by Louis XI., of crushing the nobility into subjection to the crown, and establishing one great, overwhelming, irresponsible authority in France—that of the monarch. That Richelieu effected a great service in even partially trampling under foot baronial and knightly jurisdictions there can be little doubt; his error or his crime was, that he did not provide for the permanence and beneficial operation of his work by bucklering the just authority of the crown and the liberties of the great body of the people with the power of a representative assembly, of which a sufficient model existed on this side of the Channel. The great cardinal did but half his work; and the *noblesse*, crowding into the antechambers of the king, soon regained by sycophancy and intrigue the power to oppress and dominate the people, which they had temporarily lost. This mistake of Richelieu—for there can be no question that he was sincerely devoted

to what he believed to be the glory and interest of France—proved ultimately as fatal to the monarchy and *noblesse* as to the people. The once-celebrated parliaments of Paris were reduced by the cardinal to worse than insignificance, for he coerced them into becoming the most contemptibly-servile adulators of the occupant of the throne it is possible to conceive. On the occasion of holding, 13th August 1631, a 'bed of justice,' as it was termed—that is, a sitting holden to register the royal decrees—the president of the parliament thus addressed his majesty: 'Sire, kings are the visible gods of men, as God is the invisible King of men! God is seated on high, to protect those who are below, and also to command them: His functions are identical with those of the kings of the earth!' In Richelieu, the cardinal of Rome was equally conspicuous as the minister of the French crown. The Huguenots were repressed with a stern, inexorable severity. The siege of Rochelle, their head-quarters, which the English Duke of Buckingham so disgracefully failed to relieve, was urged and concluded under the personal superintendence of the ubiquitous minister. Richelieu greatly embellished Paris—the Palais-Royal, so long the residence of the Orleans family, was built by him. He also founded the French Academy, with the view, it is asserted—but the motive appears to be as inadequate as it is preposterously contemptible and absurd—to elicit an adverse criticism on the Cid; Corneille having been heard to express a slighting opinion of a youthful dramatic folly of the cardinal. The infant printing-press during Richelieu's rule could only put forth its nascent powers under his guidance and direction; and to the last moment of his existence every faculty of his mind was exerted to curb and bend alike nobles and people under an unreasoning, haughty, irresponsible, but, as he understood it, paternal and beneficent despotism.

Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII., bore her husband a son in the twenty-third year of their marriage. This event, which the nation had ceased to hope for, was esteemed an especial favour of Divine Providence, and the child was greeted with the appellation of 'Dieu-Donné' ('God-Given'). This Heaven-born son succeeded to the throne in 1643, when only five years of age, under the title of Louis XIV. Anne of Austria's second son, born not long after her first child, was the progenitor of the present family of Orleans. The regency of the kingdom devolved during the minority of Louis XIV. on Anne his mother; but her authority was disputed, the country was again distracted by civil tumult, and the war of the Fronde—a blind, misdirected effort chiefly of the people of Paris to rid themselves of an unqualified and onerous despotism, which appeared to them to be incarnated in the person of the hated minister Condé—desolated a considerable portion of France. It was at last appeased. The chiefs made the best bargains for themselves they could; and all the people gained by the strife was a large addition to the hoarded elements of hate and vengeance slowly accumulating for a great and terrible day of final reckoning. This great Prince of Condé held his allegiance to his country as lightly as did the illustrious Constable Bourbon. In order to avenge real or supposed injuries and affronts offered him by the court, he made no scruple to ally himself with Spain, and make war upon France. He was forgiven—the French people whose relatives he had slain were of course not consulted—and he was employed with the famous Turenne to illustrate the glory of

France by making war upon her less powerful neighbours. He had the pleasure of seeing how Cromwell's veterans fought at the taking of Dunkirk, where about 4000 of those iron soldiers overthrew the then celebrated Spanish infantry almost without an effort, and carried at a run an entrenchment which the great Marshal Turenne had a few hours previously pronounced impregnable. This Dunkirk, Oliver, an entirely practical man, kept for the pains he had taken in its acquirement. Charles II. afterwards sold it for a certain number of pounds sterling. The unprincipled ambition of Louis XIV., seconded by the warlike energy of the French people, and the genius of his famous marshals, continued triumphantly in the ascendant for many desolating years; and it was not till Great Britain, under the leadership of Marlborough, entered resolutely into the contest, that the aggressive tide was effectually turned, and the haughty invader of other states was taught to tremble for the safety and integrity of his own. The victories of Malplaquet, Ramilies, and Blenheim, broke the military power of France; and it was only by a change of ministry in England, brought about by the agency of Abigail Masham, Queen Anne's waiting-woman, that Marlborough's apparition upon the heights of Montmartre was prevented. Louis obtained a peace much more favourable to France than her ruler had a right to expect; but the false glitter of his reign was effaced, and as the phantasm of glory faded from before the eyes of the French people, they awoke to a sense of the incalculable evils of a reign which, having endured seventy-two years, left the country, after all its prodigious expenditure of blood and treasure, in debt to the then almost fabulous amount of £140,000,000 sterling. Louis XIV., once so idolised, expired amidst the scarcely suppressed murmurs and execrations of his subjects, bequeathing an inheritance of danger and difficulty to his successor, which nothing but the wisest forethought, the most consummate prudence could hope to dissipate or overcome. These qualities were not found in his grandson Louis XV., and the throne of the Bourbons visibly tottered to its fall. Louis XIV. raised the permanent taxes of France to the enormous annual sum of 750,000,000 francs, or £30,000,000 sterling. He also organised and perfected the destructive system of constantly maintaining an immense military force, whereby a correspondingly onerous necessity is imposed on all surrounding states; so that since his time peace has been only an armed truce between nations—a policy well-nigh as injurious to the finances, and consequently to the prosperity and progress of a people, as actual war. This Louis is known in the histories of legitimate France as emphatically 'Le Grand Monarque.'

One of the motives which excited the hostility of Great Britain against the French monarch remains to be explained. The ceaseless craving for personal aggrandisement which characterised Louis XIV.—for France, in the arrogant king's opinion, was synonymous with himself—'L'Etat! C'est moi!'—induced him to aim at compassing by every art which unscrupulous rulers believe themselves privileged to employ for the furtherance of an ambitious purpose, the substitution of a Bourbon for an Austrian dynasty on the throne of Spain. This darling object was at last accomplished. The last king of Spain of the Austrian line nominated, by a will extorted from him by the menaces and cajoleries of Louis, and the solemn councils of the pope, the

Duke of Anjou, Louis XIV.'s grandson, to succeed him as king of Spain. The actual accession of the Duke of Anjou, under the title of Philip V., naturally aroused the fears and kindled the resentment of statesmen accustomed to look upon the conservation of the 'balance of power' in Europe as the best means of securing the independence of its several states. Louis XIV. gave colour to the fears which beset the minds of men who regarded the more or less intimate connection of royal families as an essential element in the union and friendship of nations, by a sentence in his speech to his grandson, when the new king of Spain took public leave of him: 'Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!'—('The Pyrenees no longer exist!') exclaimed the vainglorious monarch; and war was eagerly waged to prevent the realisation, or to resent the utterance, of one of the silliest boasts that ever fell from the lips of self-glorifying vanity. The ultimate result was, that in the final treaty of peace it was solemnly agreed that one prince should not be at the same time king of France and Spain. Lord Palmerston, in his protests against the Spanish marriages, gives a wider signification to the conditions of the treaty. He insists that its essential intent and meaning was to forbid any future more intimate connection than what already existed between the French and Spanish Bourbons; and spite of M. Guizot's clever special pleading, there can be little doubt that the British minister is right. Whether it was worth while to discuss with so much heat and seriousness an incident which, in the present age of the world, could scarcely have any serious result, is of course another affair. M. Guizot certainly proclaimed at the French tribune that the marriage of M. de Montpensier with the Spanish Infanta was the grandest thing France had, unaided, effected for many long years; but a less sagacious man than Lord Palmerston, one would suppose, might have contented himself with a quiet smile at such a vaunt instead of flying into a passion about it.

The ambition of the Bourbon family was not even satisfied by the acquisition of Spain. The crown of the Two Sicilies was obtained by war for Philip V.'s second son, Charles; so that France, Spain, and Naples had now become the dominion of this aspiring race! At the death of Ferdinand VI. without issue in 1759, the crown of Spain devolved on his brother, already king of the Two Sicilies. That monarch, setting aside his eldest son as imbecile, nominated his second, Charles, to succeed him in Spain, and bestowed the crown of Naples on Ferdinand, his third son. The treaty of Vienna had provided that the crowns of Spain and Naples should remain separate; and by that of Aix-la-Chapelle the duchies of Parma and Placentia were confirmed to another personage of the same fortunate family, Don Philip, who had espoused Marie, daughter of the duke of those petty territories. The Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons are therefore the lineal descendants of Louis XIV. through his grandson the Duke of Anjou, the first Bourbon king of Spain.

Louis XV. succeeded his grandfather on the French throne while still a child. The regency, during the king's minority, was conferred on Philip, Duke of Orleans, son of the late king's brother. The mask of outward decency which the superstitious instincts—they cannot be called religious sentiments—of Louis XIV., and the prudery of Madame de Maintenon, had obliged the court to wear during the latter years of the previous

reign, was during this regency cast contemptuously aside; and a spectacle of unblushing profligacy was exhibited, to which the annals of civilised society afford no parallel. This, too, was the era of Law's famous Mississippi juggle. A universal torrent of venality and corruption threatened to sweep away every vestige of nobleness and virtue, and to convert the palaces of the Most Christian King into haunts of the lowest, the most demoralising licentiousness and vice. We forbear even to recapitulate the names of the persons who figured during this regency and the succeeding reign as the coroneted, diademed incarnations of the scandalous manners of the time. It is a spectacle from which we gladly avert our eyes; but in order to show those who may still be deceived by the ornate eloquence which has been employed to gild over the licentiousness of a state of society in which we are told 'vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness,' we supply a few passages from the 'Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.,' by the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the regent, published after her death. She thus speaks of the magnificent king himself, Louis the Great, as he is usually styled:—'Louis XIV., as all the rest of the family, with the exception of my son, hated reading. Neither the king nor Monsieur had been taught anything: they scarcely knew how to read or write. He (the king) had natural wit, but was extremely ignorant; and so much ashamed of it, that it became the fashion of his courtiers to turn learned men into ridicule.' The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a natural consequence of the superstitious bigotry of this great Bourbon. 'It is impossible,' writes the duchess, 'for a man to be more ignorant of religion than the king was. I cannot understand how his mother the queen could have brought him up with so little knowledge on this subject. That old Maintenon and Père la Chaise had persuaded him that all the sins he had committed would be pardoned, if he persecuted and extirpated the professors of the reformed religion, and that this was the only path to Heaven. The poor king believed it fervently, and the persecution commenced. He was earnest enough himself, and it was not his fault that hypocrisy reigned at court.' One or two extracts will sufficiently illustrate the *refinement* of manners prevalent in the '*vielle cour*:'—'The Duchess of Bourbon can drink very copiously without being affected: her daughters would fain imitate her, but they soon get tipsy, and cannot control themselves as their mother does. Madame de Montespan and her eldest daughter could drink a large quantity of wine without being affected by it. I have seen them drink six bumpers of strong Turin Rosa Solis, beside the wine they had taken before: I expected to see them fall under the table; but, on the contrary, it affected them no more than a draught of water.' 'Three years before her death the dauphiness changed greatly for the better: she played no more foolish tricks, and left off drinking to excess. Instead of that untameable manner which she had before, she became polite and sensible, kept up her dignity, and did not permit the younger ladies to be too familiar with her by dipping their fingers into her dish, rolling upon the bed, and similar elegancies.' Law, it appears from these memoirs, had submitted his scheme to Louis XIV.; but the tempting bait was rejected, not from any penetration of its impudent absurdity by the king, but, as his majesty himself assured the duchess, 'because Law was not a Roman

Catholic, and therefore he ought not to confide in him.' Mined and hollow as was the ground under the French court and aristocracy, the thin surface upon which they danced, frolicked, laughed away their lives, gave as yet no token of the volcano slumbering beneath. 'Mr Law,' says the Duchess of Orleans, 'has taken refuge in the Palais-Royal. The populace have done him no harm, but his coachman has been pelted on his return, and the carriage broken to pieces. I heard the people talking. They said nothing against my son, and bestowed benedictions on me.' If this be true, a more patient, long-suffering, charitable people than the French—of this period at least—could nowhere be found.

The reign of Louis XV. was one continued downward progress towards utter confusion and ruin in every department of the state. Imprisonments in the Bastile, and other of the king's castles—to use Mr Burke's respectful expression when writing regretfully of the violent destruction of that place of sighs—ordered by royal *lettres-de-cachet*, or sealed orders from the king, grew and multiplied: the use of these letters *ad libitum* was one of the most valued privileges of the favourite lady of the court. The noblesse, as in the rampant days of feudalism, claiming entire exemption from the burthens of the state, except military and naval service, the chief grades of which they monopolised, preyed upon the people, who bore all the public charges, without let or hindrance. Unfortunate people! so truly described in those days as one 'taillable et corvéable à merci et à miséricorde;' whose wives and daughters were to be frequently seen yoked like oxen to the plough, whilst the sons and daughters of idleness and vanity were trifling away their lives in the perfumed atmosphere of a corrupt and licentious court; and still more unfortunate, that there appeared to be no peaceful issue from the gulf of misery and degradation into which they were trampled; and that the only course left, if they would not remain plunged therein for ever, was, like that of Milton's Evil Spirit towards Paradise, through Chaos accompanied by Sin and Death!

This king was not without able advisers, who, had he listened to them, might perhaps have averted the ruin which all men clearly saw was swiftly gathering for the near future; but the Bourbon race seemed doomed—'Ephraim is given to idols—let him alone!' Choiseul, a sagacious man who had endured much, could not submit to the Dubarry domination, and threw up his employments in uncontrollable disgust. The catastrophe was at hand. The small-pox carried off Louis XV. after a brief illness: his body was hurried, without the slightest royal pomp or ceremonial, to the tomb; and his grandson, Louis XVI., encumbered and weighed down by the debts and sins of his predecessors—of the two last especially—ascended the Bourbon throne. A king more unsuited to the evil days on which he had fallen than this amiable, well-intentioned sovereign, never assumed the diadem. The necessities of his position required a man of inflexible will, of eagle discernment, of iron courage and resolution; and he, unfortunate prince! was plastic as wax, weak as infancy itself in the hands of those he esteemed and trusted—of his wife especially. And Marie Antoinette, with all her early foibles and vanities, if compared with those who had preceded her in that court—or indeed judged by any standard, for it is an insult to the memory of the royal and most unhappy wife and mother to suggest such a comparison—was a pure-hearted, high-

minded woman, upon whose memory, spite of the malignant industry of her calumniators, there rests no imputation save that of a thoughtless gaiety of speech and manners—very bitterly expiated!

We need not recount the steps which led swiftly and directly to the abyss. Cooler and wiser heads than those of Louis XVI. and his consort would have lost their balance amidst the tumultuous and hourly-increasing rage and fury of the at last uprisen people. Many causes have been assigned by ingenious commentators to account for this sudden frenzy, as they term it, of the French nation. The comedies of Beaumarchais, the mocking persiflage of Voltaire, the Contrat-Social of Rousseau, the speculations of the Encyclopedists, were, we are sometimes gravely told, the agencies which brought about the terrible convulsion. Without denying that these writings might have produced some effect upon those who read them, it seems difficult to comprehend how they could have stirred and inflamed the passions of the raging multitudes who *really* made the revolution, not one in a hundred of whom could read, or had ever heard of them! No—it was not irreverent persiflage, it was not dreamy speculations upon the origin of society, which kindled that consuming fire: it was the squalor of the ragged peasant in contrast with the effeminate splendour of the privileged noble—the pallid faces and wasted forms of the innumerable wretches who, according to the testimony of all impartial witnesses, prowled, famine and fever-stricken, through the highways and byways of the land—the hopeless, helpless degradation and poverty of the great body of the French people—the corruption and heartlessness of the mass of the privileged orders in both church and state—this was the burning irony, this the bitter writing traced in characters as huge as death and ruin, which the multitude read with flaming eyes, and sprang madly, blindly to their feet to revenge and to efface—

> 'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us.'

Yet, except it were a crime in Louis XVI. that he was wanting in the energy and ability required to even partially atone for and repair the errors and follies of his race, *he* had done nothing worthy of bonds, much less of death. He had not, like Charles I. of England, made war upon his people, sought to destroy their liberties, endeavoured to convert a constitutional crown into an absolute one! But this is not the place to discuss the general question of the French Revolution: the personal fortunes of the Bourbon family mainly concern us in these pages. The trial of Louis, passively defending himself before the executioners of the Convention by a mild placidity and benevolence of aspect against which the epithets of 'tyrant,' 'despot,' strike blunt and innocuous, appears, viewed by itself, a sad and terrible position for the head of so illustrious a race to be placed in; but in comparison with that assumed by another Bourbon, Philip, Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis-Philippe, who ascended the tribune of the hall of judgment, and with unfaltering voice said, 'I vote for death!' it is one to exult and glory in. Egalité would have added *reasons* for his judgment—did, it is said; but they were unheard amidst the abhorrent murmurs of an assembly who, albeit they sympathised with Marat and Maximilian Robes-

pierre, had hearts, many of them at least, that yet vibrated to *some* touch of human feeling.

The death of the king was followed by the still more utterly inexcusable and detestable execution of the queen; and then justice was done upon D'Orleans. His son, the young Duke of Chartres, involved somewhat in Dumouriez' intrigues, happily escaped; and the only Bourbon remaining in the power of the revolutionists was the youthful son of the slain monarch, and on him was inflicted their fullest measure of vengeance, by the hands of a ruffian whose mission it was to dwarf, debase, and crush the mind and spirit of the young prince: happily in the process the frail tenement of earth gave way, and the husk and shell of what had once been the heir of France alone remained in the power of the brutal jailor.

Upwards of twenty years of exile had passed over the heads of the expatriated Bourbons, when the reaction consequent upon the devouring ambition and unprincipled violence of Bonaparte drove that remorseless despot from the French throne, and replaced the Bourbons in the vacated chair. During the long interval that had elapsed since the execution of Louis XVI., only one incident in the fortunes of the French Bourbons requires notice in this place: this was the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, seized in the neutral territory of Baden by order of Bonaparte, and, by that potentate's directions, shot at the castle of Vincennes the night after his capture. For this atrocity not the slightest excuse of any worth has ever been offered by the Emperor's apologists; and in sooth it was scarcely worth while to attempt a defence; for what matters *one* spot more or less on the crimson imperial robe? This young prince—he was thirty-two years of age—is said to have been a very amiable person, and to have entertained in a high degree the admiration of the conquering exploits of the French ruler, which still faintly lingers in the world. With him the race of Condé became virtually extinct, although his father, the Duke of Bourbon, survived till 1830. The military council nominated by Murat, by whose immediate order he was slain, was presided over by one Guiton, a general of brigade. The chief accusation against the unfortunate young man, in support of which no evidence whatever, written or oral, was produced, was, that he had leagued himself with the English government—'enemy of France'—to assassinate Bonaparte, and to assist in the invasion of that country by the said government —'enemy of France.' This phrase varies in the act of accusation from the old style, which used to be, the English government as incarnated in Mr Pitt, 'enemy of the human *race*' (ennemi du genre humain). Its general inimity had, it seems, become localised. The Duke d'Enghien died in the twelfth year of the Republic, month Ventose—that is, March 1804.

'There is only one Frenchman the more!' said Louis XVIII., when he again found himself at the Tuileries; and truly, if to place *him* there had been the object of such gigantic effort and waste of gallant lives, an end less worthy of the means employed could scarcely be conceived. But in truth the replacement of the Bourbons on the throne of France formed no part of the policy of this country in the determined, immitigable war which it waged against Napoleon. The object of the war was pithily indicated in Lord Eldon's reply when asked what England had gained by the result

of the contest? 'England has gained,' replied the learned lord, 'all that she has not lost.' It was not only an enormous indiscretion, therefore, but a puerile vanity in the Bourbons to represent the attack upon France as having been undertaken with no other purpose than to thrust *them* upon a reluctant people. Their succession was the incidental consequence of the expulsion of Bonaparte; but, assuredly, to reinvest them with the sovereignty of France formed no part of the war-policy of Great Britain. Being there, however, by the grace of circumstances, it behoved them, if they could, to maintain their position. Unfortunately, before Louis XVIII. had well settled himself in the unaccustomed seat, Napoleon returned, and the Bourbons were compelled to set out on their travels once more. Only one member of the family, the Duchess d'Angoulême—the sole man among them, Bonaparte used to say—made any courageous effort to withstand the torrent which was once more sweeping them into exile. The duchess—a daughter of Louis XVI.—harangued the troops at Bordeaux, and passionately invoked St Louis, Henri Quatre, and other glories of old France. It would not do: the days of chivalry were gone: no swords leaped from their scabbards in answer to her eloquent appeals, and the royal lady perforce embarked once more for England. But the eagle's flight, audacious as it seemed, was this time feeble and transitory. Waterloo, the grave and monument of the imperial fortunes, was lost and won; and Louis XVIII., the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Berri, were once more in Paris. Louis XVIII. has the reputation—how acquired it would be difficult to say—of ability, or at least cleverness. At all events he was not quite so unteachable by experience as other members of his family, as the charter he promulgated (*la charte octroyée*) sufficiently testifies. The representative government established by that celebrated instrument was not so broadly based as might have been wished; still, it was an immense advance from the leaden chains and fetters of the imperial régime, gilded as they might be by the rays of a false and fantastic glory. In his foreign policy Louis showed himself to be as selfish and incorrigible as any of his race, and anxious rather to promote the power and splendour of his House than the interests, prosperity, and freedom of France. The Spanish people having, as they unquestionably had a right to do, improvised a new constitution, the French armies advanced into the Iberian peninsula in 1822 to the relief of Ferdinand the Beloved, monarch of that country, in whose opinion the new constitution was subversive of many of his royal Bourbon rights. The invading troops were commanded by the Duke d'Angoulême; and the hero of the Trocadero, besides emblazoning that great victory upon the roll which records the military triumphs of France, had the satisfaction of restoring his absolute crown to the Spanish Bourbon. This scandalous violation of national independence was defended and excused by the showy periods and shining sophisms of M. le Vicomte de Châteaubriand, at that time French minister for foreign affairs.

Previous to this military exploit two events occurred which alternately depressed with sorrow and elevated with joy the elder Bourb and their partisans. [illegible] Duke de Berri, [illegible] d Carol of [illegible]ries, sister to Maria Ch [illegible] pre [illegible] leave of his wife at [illegible] left, and

was himself returning to his seat, when he was stabbed with a stiletto by a man of the name of Louvel. The unfortunate prince was carried into one of the saloons of the Opera-House, where he soon afterwards expired in great agony. This event occurred on the 14th February 1820. Louvel was secured, and subsequently executed. On the 29th of September in the same year the widow of the murdered prince gave birth to a male child, whose advent into the world was hailed with delirious joy by the Royalists, whose exultation took several extravagant forms of expression. Like Louis XIV., the infant was hailed as the especial 'Gift of God;' and at the baptismal font, in addition to his first name of Henri, he received the appellation of Dieu-Donné. His precise designation, as given by the orthodox Almanach de Saxe-Gotha, is Prince Henri-Charles-Ferdinand-Marie-Dieu-Donné d'Artois, Duc de Bourdeaux. This event was nearly contemporaneous with the death of the ex-emperor at St Helena, and a number of the diplomatic body, in an address to his grandfather, afterwards Charles X., were pleased to style the young Duke of Bordeaux the 'Child of Europe'—inasmuch as he was, in their judgment, a pledge of monarchical stability, and a guarantee against any future revolution in France. It will be long apparently before diplomatists cast aside the traditions of their craft which connect the peace and stability of states with the births, marriages, and deaths of princely families. The Royalists recorded their satisfaction in a very substantial and gratifying manner: they subscribed to purchase an estate for the infant prince, the name of which has lately supplied him with a convenient title—that of the Count de Chambord.

Louis XVIII. died in 1824, and was succeeded by his brother Charles X. In the month of July 1830—after a protracted parliamentary struggle, initiated by the king's appointment of an ultra-royalist ministry, at the head of which was the Prince Polignac—the famous ordinances appeared in the 'Moniteur,' by which the constitution granted by Louis XVIII. was revoked by a stroke of his successor's pen, and a government of pure, kingly *will* sought to be established in its stead. After three days' bloody but unavailing struggle in the streets of Paris, Charles X. with his family withdrew, escorted by the troops remaining faithful to him, to Rambouillet. The Parisians followed, and at first appeared anxious to attack him there. The king, to his honour be it said, refused to permit his troops to assault the people; feeling, doubtless, that no triumph he could achieve in such a combat could permanently win back his crown, and that it was useless to spill more blood in a vain effort. A negotiation ensued, and the dethroned king, who—with the sanction and concurrence of the Duke d'Angoulême, who declared that he renounced all worldly pomps and dignities at the foot of the cross—had previously abdicated in favour of the Duke de Bordeaux, agreed to leave the country by stated marches in a given direction. He did so, leisurely and slowly. There is an air of dignity in this deliberate departure of the gray, discrowned king, holding his grandson by the hand, supported on the arm of the heroic daughter of Louis XVI., and escorted by his household troops, which contrasts favourably with a more recent royal flight. The young prince, only about ten years of age, it is minutely recorded, was greatly affected by the weight of the shadowy crown thus devolved upon him, shed a flood of tears, and did not during the entire day partake of any of his ordinary amuse-

ments. The captain of the guard received his orders, by the direction of Charles X., from the juvenile and imaginary sovereign, during the remainder of the journey.

The march was withal a very melancholy one. The contrast between the compelled adulation which had been offered not long before to the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, when journeying in royal state through the very portion of France they were now traversing with lingering steps and slow, with the always sullen, and not infrequently openly insulting, aversion manifested by the populace, surprised and saddened the duchess. 'Ah, mon Dieu!' she frequently exclaimed; 'quelle différence!' The lesson came too late.

The ex-king's escort took leave of him at the place of embarkation; and Charles, with his family and suite, proceeded to England, where he for a short time took up his abode at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, spontaneously placed at his disposal by the generous feeling of Mr Weld, an English Catholic gentleman. He did not remain there long, in consequence, it was said, of nervous apprehension lest—Lulworth Castle being so near the sea-coast—the youthful heir of France should be seized and spirited away. This morbid anxiety was not relieved, the 'Sherborne Journal' remarked, by the presence of a police officer, who had been latterly appointed to watch and counteract any project of the sort that might be entertained by the usurping government of France. The dethroned monarch, the Duke de Bordeaux, and suite, next embarked at Poole for Scotland, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where they resided in the palace of Holyrood for nearly two years. While sojourning in this northern capital, the young Duke de Bordeaux was constantly surrounded by a body of attendants, who, whenever he appeared abroad, clustered round him in real or affected dread of a design to assassinate him, charitably attributed to Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and then possessor of the recently-vacated throne of France, under the title of Louis-Philippe, the first King of the French.

The life of the remarkable personage who had thus, as it were, picked up the tarnished diadem of France from amidst the dust of the streets of Paris, had before this crowning event been one of considerable vicissitude. Trained in his boyhood by the unreal and sentimental formularies of Madame de Genlis, his youth found him gazing in terrified amazement, and reluctant, half-voluntary admiration at the volcanic outburst of the Revolution. Whether to flee from or attempt to make friends with the prodigy that had sprung up, as it were, from the bowels of the earth, would have puzzled—looking at the magnitude of the stake at issue—wiser heads than his father's or even his own. They both at length resolved to be friends with the monster; and doffing their coronets, stretched out trembling hands in token of friendship and esteem. Their advances were civilly received. Egalité, as he was self-entitled, entered the Convention, where we have seen him; the Duke de Chartres obtained a commission in the Republican army, and served with reputation at the cannonade of Valmy and the combat at Jemappes. The death by guillotine of his father warned the future King of the French that the air of France was dangerous to royalty, trick itself out as it might in the trappings of republicanism, and the prince wisely gallopped across the frontier—his only present

resources a stout heart, a fair education, and habits of industry. In order to live till a supply of money could be obtained, the youthful Duke of Orleans taught mathematics in the college of the Grisons, Switzerland. From thence he was after a time driven by the jealousy of the French Directory. So it is said; but the probability is that he voluntarily discontinued teaching the instant he had received remittances from the wealthy and powerful members of his princely family, still seated on the thrones of Spain and Naples, and otherwise occupying splendid positions in the world. Louis-Philippe now set off on his much-talked-of travels; and here we must observe, for the encouragement of the sensitive reader, that there is nothing in the slightest degree alarming or dangerous in the youthful adventures of his majesty Louis-Philippe; and but for the rank of the wandering prince, nothing at all in them interesting, novel, or exciting. He visited Sweden, Denmark, Norway, looked at the famous Maelström, and reached in a northerly direction to within thirteen degrees of the pole. In 1796 he crossed over to the United States in company with his two younger brothers, and explored it in various directions. He saw and conversed with Washington, and paid a visit to the Duke of Kent at Halifax. He then returned to Europe, and took up his abode—a very pleasant one—at Twickenham in England. There is evidently nothing in all this to excite the tear of sensibility. It has, on the contrary, rather an inviting aspect, tempting those who have the means to go and do likewise. While residing in England, the Duke of Orleans sought and obtained an interview with Stanilas-Zavier, Count of Provence, then titular, and afterwards *de facto*, Louis XVIII. of France. This prince had taken up his abode at Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, after having been expelled, in consequence of the treaty of Tilsit, from the territory of the emperor of all the Russias, where he had resided at Mittau in Courland. In fact Great Britain was the sole refuge in those days left to persons distasteful to the French Emperor; and it is a proud boast that this country never, amid the compelled and general subserviency of Europe, stooped for an instant from her defiant, unquailing attitude—

> 'Still, as in olden time,
> Sheltering within her dreadless arms
> Exiles of every clime'—

albeit that she stood alone and amid ruins. A curious and significant anecdote relative to this interview found its way a few days ago into the public prints. The 'London Morning Chronicle' of June 12 published the following extract from a memorandum purporting to have been written by the late Duke of Buckingham:—'When Louis XVIII. was at Stowe, the then Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe), whom he had not admitted to his presence since the period of the Revolution, came to Stowe, and saw his uncle for the first time. My father and I were present at the meeting in the library. We, too, stood at the fireplace near the print-room. Louis and his nephew walked up and down the library conversing for some time. At length, just as they came opposite the table near the print-room door, we heard a clatter and noise, and turning round I saw the Duke of Orleans, on his knees before his uncle, seize his hand, and I heard him say, "Ah, *mon oncle!* I ask pardon of my king, of God, and man, for

having worn that accursed (maudit) national cockade." Louis XVIII. raised him up saying, "C'est bien mon neveu, c'est bien je te pardonne." I can point to the very spot on the floor where this happened.'

Lord Nugent, the brother of the late Duke of Buckingham, wrote on the following day to the 'Chronicle,' impugning the authenticity of the memorandum, chiefly on the very questionable ground that Louis XVIII. and the Duke of Orleans could never have addressed each other as uncle and nephew. True; but it does not therefore follow that the Duke of Buckingham, while accurately relating the substance of what occurred, might not have committed such a blunder. Lord Nugent, from his own recollection, gives another version of the interview. 'Louis XVIII.,' his lordship says, 'did not walk up and down the library with the Duke of Orleans; for at that time Louis was little able, from infirmity and corpulence, to walk farther than from one room to another, and that with difficulty and rarely. I remember perfectly that when the Duke of Orleans entered the room Louis rose from his chair, and the Duke of Orleans dropped on one knee to kiss his hand, in total silence. The king raised him, saying, "Levez vous, mon cousin. Mes malheurs me font pardonner tout." Although I was in my boyhood when I was a witness to this scene, the whole of it, and especially the words used, remain fixed on my memory; so that I can now speak distinctly to the correctness of the statement I am now making. And what impresses above all on me the conviction that my brother could never have given this memorandum as a true narrative of what passed is, that often, and many years after, in talking over the scene with him, I found that we agreed entirely in the contrast we drew between the discretion of the Duke of Orleans in saying nothing, and the exceeding bad taste and feeling of Louis XVIII. in a phrase which implied that it was his misfortunes only that made him forgive his kinsman.'

There is no very important difference in the two versions. The cold dislike and aversion of Louis XVIII. for the Duke of Orleans is more apparent in his lordship's account than in that of the Duke of Buckingham; but one does not well see how the words 'Mes malheurs me font pardonner tout' could have been addressed to a man who did *not* apologise for some real or supposed offence. Whether the duke really expressed *vivâ voce* his hatred of a symbol which must have been as detestable to himself as to the head of the elder House of Bourbon, is of slight moment. It was of course implied, whether spoken or not. At all events, the antipathy constantly manifested by Louis XVIII. to the astute chief of the younger branch of Bourbon was not, as his after-conduct very abundantly proved, in the slightest degree modified by this simulated reconciliation. The distaste of the unwieldy monarch for his comparatively youthful kinsman is by Louis-Philippe's friends stigmatised as an unreasonable prejudice; by the partisans of the elder house it is held to indicate a keen appreciation of character.

After a not very lengthened abode at Twickenham, the exiled duke removed to Malta, with the hope of prolonging the life of his surviving brother, who had been attacked by the fatal disease of consumption. This hope frustrated, he proceeded to Sicily, where his sister Adelaide was residing under the protection of the Neapolitan Bourbons. He there married, on the 25th of November 1809, his amiable consort, Amélie,

daughter of the king of Naples, and thenceforth chiefly resided at Palermo, which he did not finally leave till the overthrow of Bonaparte restored him to France, and placed in his possession the vast domains of his family, which fortunately had not been 'nationalised' during the Revolution.

Certain rather important passages in the life of this prince, while residing in Sicily, familiar to few English readers, have been held by persons not friendly to him to throw a strong and unfavourable light upon his character. The people of Sicily have been long accustomed to look towards Great Britain for ultimate deliverance from the yoke of the Neapolitan Bourbons, always submitted to with profound reluctance. The commercial intercourse between England and Sicily is very considerable; but the circumstance which has of course chiefly directed the attention of Sicilians anxious or actually struggling for freedom towards this country, is the geographical fact of Sicily being an island, and its independence and liberation being therefore to be effected by a serious word from the mistress of the seas—a consummation which no continental state, however powerful on land, could prevent. Various considerations—chiefly, we fear, selfish ones—have from time to time induced successive English ministries to favour this disposition of the Sicilian people; and especially during the terrific struggle with Bonaparte, against whose overwhelming power it was found necessary to sharpen every available weapon, was this not very honourable coquetting manifested. The patriotism of the Sicilians was stimulated, at the instance of Lord William Bentinck, by the promulgation of a constitution, after the approved British pattern of king, lords, and commons. There was of course a vehement struggle between the Absolutists, actively favoured by the court, and the Reformers, or Constitutionalists. Thanks, however, to the British influence, freely exerted by Lord William Bentinck, and especially to the active enthusiasm in the national cause of the Duke of Orleans, who from his position was so able to soften or remove difficulties, the popular cause triumphed. The exultation was unbounded, and in the first blush of it, it was proposed to increase the dowry of the Princess Amélie, then Duchess of Orleans, to nearly five times the amount usually bestowed in such cases—namely, from 5000 to 24,000 ounces, or 300,000 francs (£12,000) per annum. This enormous revenue from such a people was decreed almost unanimously. There were, however, dissentients to this policy amongst the liberal or constitutional party, who expressed themselves with great freedom upon the subject. 'You are the dupes,' they told their chiefs, 'of a liberalism assumed for the occasion (libéralisme de circonstance). The Duke of Orleans cares no more for the Sicilian charter than he does for that of China—if the Celestials have one—and has merely simulated devotion to the only party which could effectually help him to the coveted 300,000 francs per annum; and,' they added, 'to expect a Bourbon to be a real friend to liberty and charters is an absurdity.' All this was pronounced to be ungenerous, and calumnious. A change was, however, at hand. The destruction of Napoleon's army in 1813 appearing to render the friendship of Great Britain no longer a question of life or death to the Bourbon royal family, the famous Caroline, queen of Naples and Sicily—her husband was a cipher in the government—directed her energies towards the destruction of the new order of things: a constitution being to her as hateful as

Bonaparte. This is the lady who, whilst her husband's council was sitting to deliberate upon Nelson's request to be permitted to revictual his fleet in the Neapolitan ports—which, from apprehension of the vengeance of the French republican government, towards whom such an act would be a defiance, they determined to refuse—gave Lady Hamilton the written order granting the admiral's request, which so much rejoiced Nelson, and but for which the battle of the Nile could not have been fought. This energetic princess, it is said—but we think erroneously, for she had sense and method in her rage—attempted to organise a plot for the assassination of the English garrison in Palermo, a sort of second edition of the Sicilian vespers, which was discovered and baffled by the English minister. That which is quite certain is, that by a series of well-got-up popular *émeutes*, or riots, she effectually put down the constitutional party, and abrogated the charter. As soon as the crisis became imminent, the chiefs of the liberal party naturally looked for assistance to the Duke of Orleans. They looked in vain; for, unfortunately, at that precise moment his royal highness determined on a voyage to the Ionian Islands. He embarked with his family in a British vessel, and did not return till all was thoroughly over. The comments of the Sicilians upon this inopportune departure were of course angry and vehement, possibly unjust. As to the English ministry —towards whom the Constitutionalists turned in their extremity for help— they also were not just then 'i' the vein.' Lord Castlereagh announced that, albeit the British government wished well to Lord William Bentinck's Constitution, they could not undertake to guarantee or to enforce it. And thus the matter for the time ended.

The reputation the duke thus acquired, perhaps unmeritedly, for practical sagacity and aptitude for intrigue, did not cause Louis XVIII. to look less coldly upon him. He appears, however, to have given no tangible cause of offence till the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, which, by destroying his hope of succession to the crown through the failure of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, elicited an explosion of passion which but too clearly intimated that if his ambition apparently slept, it was not for that the less dangerous and virile. Statements, of which the source was sufficiently obvious, appeared simultaneously in several English and foreign journals, impugning the genuineness of the Duke de Bordeaux's birth, and quite enough transpired to keep alive the jealousy of a less suspicious man than the then king of France. However, the rumours on the subject gradually died away; and on the accession of Charles X. the Duke of Orleans reappeared at court, and maintained with that personally-amiable monarch the most friendly relations up to the day of his dethronement. The name of the Duke of Orleans soon became, whether with or without his sanction it is perhaps difficult to say positively, the rallying cry of the liberal party; and when the success of the resistance offered to Charles's despotic measures was assured and complete, the leaders of that party turned their regards instinctively and simultaneously towards his royal highness. The duke was first appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and a day or two afterwards he was called to the throne, under paper conditions, which Lafayette and others told the people would assure to them the best of all possible governments—namely, 'a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.'

The only active repugnance manifested in any part of France to the new authority was by a portion of La Vendée, and that was so speedily and thoroughly pacified with fire and sword by General Lamarque, that when the Duchess de Berri, entering some time afterwards that province in disguise, endeavoured to excite the peasantry to rise in favour of her son, she found them not at all disposed to renew a quarrel in which at all events *they* could be no gainers. The romantic enterprise of the duchess, as it was called—mad, or foolish, would be a better term—failed egregiously; and M. Thiers purchased the secret of the weak lady's retreat from a Jew, to whom it had been intrusted. Louis-Philippe locked up his royal kinswoman in the castle of Blaye, and General Bugeaud condescended to be her jailor. There she was kept till her frailty, concealable no longer, was confessed, and published by the king to the whole world. The duchess stated that she had been privately married to Count Luchessi Palli; and after such newspaper publicity had been given to the affair as to obliterate utterly any sentiment of chivalrous compassion which the struggle of a brave mother for what she believed the right of her son might have naturally produced, the duchess was sent home to her husband. Policy, we suppose, justifies such acts as these in the ruler of a state; but apart from policy a more ungenerous proceeding can scarcely be imagined.

The government of Louis-Philippe gradually acquired by its continued success in keeping down domestic faction, and maintaining the friendly relations of France with foreign powers, a high reputation for wisdom and firmness. The peace of Europe was supposed to be in the French king's hands; and men congratulated themselves that so vast and important a trust should be grasped by a monarch at once so able and so honest. The resources of France by the mere force of its internal and external tranquillity rapidly developed themselves, and the enterprise of the French people appeared to be at length directed to worthier and higher objects than triumphs, ruinous alike to the victor and the vanquished, in fields of strife. The epithets of 'Nestor,' 'Ulysses,' and other flattering designations, were liberally bestowed on the citizen-king by persons who, now that events have pronounced against their once much-extolled hero, seem disposed to deny him the possession of a fair average of common sense and judgment. It is useless complaining of this fickleness of opinion, for the world always has judged, and probably ever will judge, of ability by its apparent success; and it would be perhaps impossible to supply a better general test, albeit the exceptions to the rule are numerous and striking. That Louis-Philippe was an astute, sagacious ruler, it would be absurd to deny, but his sagacity unfortunately was of that order which in certain lights and circumstances looks very like *cunning*. His majesty was skilled in diplomatic craft; and it became notorious that the ostensible agents of his government were thwarted at foreign courts by persons who held their mission directly from the king. Louis-Philippe aspired to govern as well as reign; and, much worse than that, he was determined—we have the Prince de Joinville's word for it—that everybody should know and feel that he personally governed. This is a very dangerous course for a constitutional monarch to pursue, for it concentrates on his own head the griefs, disappointments, and resentments, which would else dis-

charge themselves upon the ostensible and responsible government. A sovereign must ever exercise immense influence on the action of the executive; but the less that influence is flaunted in the eyes of the nation, the better for the peace and security of the monarch. It began also to be hinted that his majesty of France was much too clever; and such an adept, moreover, at the game of mystification, that the real policy of his government could in nowise be predicated from its expressed intentions. This feeling, shared by the representatives of all the great powers, led to the apparently rude exclusion of France from all participation in the forcible settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question—an exclusion which she so fiercely resented, and which at one time seemed likely to plunge Europe into a general war. M. Guizot, who was the ambassador of France at the English court at the time, declared afterwards in the Chamber of Deputies that nobody believed one word he said as to the intentions of the government he represented—gave no credit whatever to any assurance he offered in its name. 'They heard me with politeness,' said M. Guizot; 'smiled, bowed, uttered words of course in acknowledgment, but I saw I was not believed.' This general impression could only have been produced by a course of policy which, however clever it might seem, was certainly not wise. In affairs of state, as in ordinary life, a frank and simple honesty is of infinitely more worth than all the craft in the universe. Nevertheless, the throne of Louis-Philippe continued up to the moment of its fall to exhibit many of the external marks of firmness and durability. The suddenness, the completeness of that fall shook continental Europe to its centre; and the scorched and blackened soil still heaves and trembles with the shock. It has since become the fashion to assert and repeat that the government of the French king was overturned by a 'surprise'—that if men could have had time to recover from the unaccountable panic with which they were seized, all would have been well. It will not be difficult to show that this view of the matter is anything but an exact or correct one. But previous to doing so, we must recur for a brief space to the Spanish Bourbons.

The descendants of Hugh Capet have not proved an unalloyed blessing to the people of Spain any more than to the people of France. There have been drawbacks in both countries. Ferdinand VII., remarkable for skill in petticoat embroidery, if for nothing else, married Maria Christina, sister to the present king of Naples, and of the Duchess de Berri. This lady, by her beauty and blandishments, prevailed on her royal husband, to whom she had borne two children, both females, to annul the Salique law, which prevailed in Spain as in France, and to bequeath his sceptre to his eldest daughter Isabella, and failing her, to her sister Dona Luisa the Infanta. This was done; and the ancient Cortes of the kingdom were summoned to recognise and swear fealty to the heiress of the throne. By the same instrument Maria Christina was appointed governing queen, or regent, in the event of Ferdinand dying before Isabella had attained her majority. The Cortes, a merely ceremonial body, possessing no deliberative functions whatever, gave a formal assent to the arrangement; and on the death of her husband Queen Christina assumed the direction of the government, which she successfully held—with the exception of the brief interval when

pierre, had hearts, many of them at least, that yet vibrated to *some* touch of human feeling.

The death of the king was followed by the still more utterly inexcusable and detestable execution of the queen: and then justice was done upon D'Orleans. His son, the young Duke of Chartres, involved somewhat in Dumouriez' intrigues, happily escaped: and the only Bourbon remaining in the power of the revolutionists was the youthful son of the slain monarch, and on him was inflicted their fullest measure of vengeance, by the hands of a ruffian whose mission it was to dwarf, debase, and crush the mind and spirit of the young prince: happily in the process the frail tenement of earth gave way, and the husk and shell of what had once been the heir of France alone remained in the power of the brutal jailor.

Upwards of twenty years of exile had passed over the heads of the expatriated Bourbons, when the reaction consequent upon the devouring ambition and unprincipled violence of Bonaparte drove that remorseless despot from the French throne, and replaced the Bourbons in the vacated chair. During the long interval that had elapsed since the execution of Louis XVI., only one incident in the fortunes of the French Bourbons requires notice in this place: this was the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, seized in the neutral territory of Baden by order of Bonaparte, and, by that potentate's directions, shot at the castle of Vincennes the night after his capture. For this atrocity not the slightest excuse of any worth has ever been offered by the Emperor's apologists; and in sooth it was scarcely worth while to attempt a defence: for what matters *one* spot more or less on the crimson imperial robe? This young prince—he was thirty-two years of age—is said to have been a very amiable person, and to have entertained in a high degree the admiration of the conquering exploits of the French ruler, which still faintly lingers in the world. With him the race of Condé became virtually extinct, although his father, the Duke of Bourbon, survived till 1830. The military council nominated by Murat, by whose immediate order he was slain, was presided over by one Guiton, a general of brigade. The chief accusation against the unfortunate young man, in support of which no evidence whatever, written or oral, was produced, was, that he had leagued himself with the English government—'enemy of France'—to assassinate Bonaparte, and to assist in the invasion of that country by the said government —'enemy of France.' This phrase varies in the act of accusation from the old style, which used to be, the English government as incarnated in Mr Pitt, 'enemy of the human *race*' (ennemi du genre humain). Its general inimity had, it seems, become localised. The Duke d'Enghien died in the twelfth year of the Republic, month Ventose—that is, March 1804.

'There is only one Frenchman the more!' said Louis XVIII., when he again found himself at the Tuileries: and truly, if to place *him* there had been the object of such gigantic effort and waste of gallant lives, an end less worthy of the means employed could scarcely be conceived. But in truth the replacement of the Bourbons on the throne of France formed no part of the policy of this country in the determined, immitigable war which it waged against Napoleon. The object of the war was pithily indicated in Lord Eldon's reply when asked what England had gained by the result

of the contest? 'England has gained,' replied the learned lord, 'all that she has not lost.' It was not only an enormous indiscretion, therefore, but a puerile vanity in the Bourbons to represent the attack upon France as having been undertaken with no other purpose than to thrust *them* upon a reluctant people. Their succession was the incidental consequence of the expulsion of Bonaparte; but, assuredly, to reinvest them with the sovereignty of France formed no part of the war-policy of Great Britain. Being there, however, by the grace of circumstances, it behoved them, if they could, to maintain their position. Unfortunately, before Louis XVIII. had well settled himself in the unaccustomed seat, Napoleon returned, and the Bourbons were compelled to set out on their travels once more. Only one member of the family, the Duchess d'Angoulême—the sole man among them, Bonaparte used to say—made any courageous effort to withstand the torrent which was once more sweeping them into exile. The duchess—a daughter of Louis XVI.—harangued the troops at Bordeaux, and passionately invoked St Louis, Henri Quatre, and other glories of old France. It would not do: the days of chivalry were gone: no swords leaped from their scabbards in answer to her eloquent appeals, and the royal lady perforce embarked once more for England. But the eagle's flight, audacious as it seemed, was this time feeble and transitory. Waterloo, the grave and monument of the imperial fortunes, was lost and won; and Louis XVIII., the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Berri, were once more in Paris. Louis XVIII. has the reputation—how acquired it would be difficult to say—of ability, or at least cleverness. At all events he was not quite so unteachable by experience as other members of his family, as the charter he promulgated (*la charte octroyée*) sufficiently testifies. The representative government established by that celebrated instrument was not so broadly based as might have been wished; still, it was an immense advance from the leaden chains and fetters of the imperial régime, gilded as they might be by the rays of a false and fantastic glory. In his foreign policy Louis showed himself to be as selfish and incorrigible as any of his race, and anxious rather to promote the power and splendour of his House than the interests, prosperity, and freedom of France. The Spanish people having, as they unquestionably had a right to do, improvised a new constitution, the French armies advanced into the Iberian peninsula in 1822 to the relief of Ferdinand the Beloved, monarch of that country, in whose opinion the new constitution was subversive of many of his royal Bourbon rights. The invading troops were commanded by the Duke d'Angoulême; and the hero of the Trocadero, besides emblazoning that great victory upon the roll which records the military triumphs of France, had the satisfaction of restoring his absolute crown to the Spanish Bourbon. This scandalous violation of national independence was defended and excused by the showy periods and shining sophisms of M. le Vicomte de Châteaubriand, at that time French minister for foreign affairs.

Previous to this military exploit two events occurred which alternately depressed with sorrow and elevated with joy the elder Bourbons and their partisans. The Duke de Berri, who married Caroline of Naples, sister to Maria Christina, the present queen-mother of Spain, had taken leave of his wife at the entrance of the Opera-House, which she had just left, and

was himself returning to his seat, when he was stabbed with a stiletto by a man of the name of Louvel. The unfortunate prince was carried into one of the saloons of the Opera-House, where he soon afterwards expired in great agony. This event occurred on the 14th February 1820. Louvel was secured, and subsequently executed. On the 29th of September in the same year the widow of the murdered prince gave birth to a male child, whose advent into the world was hailed with delirious joy by the Royalists, whose exultation took several extravagant forms of expression. Like Louis XIV., the infant was hailed as the especial 'Gift of God;' and at the baptismal font, in addition to his first name of Henri, he received the appellation of Dieu-Donné. His precise designation, as given by the orthodox Almanach de Saxe-Gotha, is Prince Henri-Charles-Ferdinand-Marie-Dieu-Donné d'Artois, Duc de Bourdeaux. This event was nearly contemporaneous with the death of the ex-emperor at St Helena, and a number of the diplomatic body, in an address to his grandfather, afterwards Charles X., were pleased to style the young Duke of Bordeaux the 'Child of Europe'—inasmuch as he was, in their judgment, a pledge of monarchical stability, and a guarantee against any future revolution in France. It will be long apparently before diplomatists cast aside the traditions of their craft which connect the peace and stability of states with the births, marriages, and deaths of princely families. The Royalists recorded their satisfaction in a very substantial and gratifying manner: they subscribed to purchase an estate for the infant prince, the name of which has lately supplied him with a convenient title—that of the Count de Chambord.

Louis XVIII. died in 1824, and was succeeded by his brother Charles X. In the month of July 1830—after a protracted parliamentary struggle, initiated by the *king's* appointment of an ultra-royalist ministry, at the head of which was the Prince Polignac—the famous ordinances appeared in the 'Moniteur,' by which the constitution granted by Louis XVIII. was revoked by a stroke of his successor's pen, and a government of pure, kingly *will* sought to be established in its stead. After three days' bloody but unavailing struggle in the streets of Paris, Charles X. with his family withdrew, escorted by the troops remaining faithful to him, to Rambouillet. The Parisians followed, and at first appeared anxious to attack him there. The king, to his honour be it said, refused to permit his troops to assault the people; feeling, doubtless, that no triumph he could achieve in such a combat could permanently win back his crown, and that it was useless to spill more blood in a vain effort. A negotiation ensued, and the dethroned king, who—with the sanction and concurrence of the Duke d'Angoulême, who declared that he renounced all worldly pomps and dignities at the foot of the cross—had previously abdicated in favour of the Duke de Bordeaux, agreed to leave the country by stated marches in a given direction. He did so, leisurely and slowly. There is an air of dignity in this deliberate departure of the gray, discrowned king, holding his grandson by the hand, supported on the arm of the heroic daughter of Louis XVI., and escorted by his household troops, which contrasts favourably with a more recent royal flight. The young prince, only about ten years of age, it is minutely recorded, was greatly affected by the weight of the shadowy crown thus devolved upon him, shed a flood of tears, and did not during the entire day partake of any of his ordinary amuse-

ments. The captain of the guard received his orders, by the direction of Charles X., from the juvenile and imaginary sovereign, during the remainder of the journey.

The march was withal a very melancholy one. The contrast between the compelled adulation which had been offered not long before to the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, when journeying in royal state through the very portion of France they were now traversing with lingering steps and slow, with the always sullen, and not infrequently openly insulting, aversion manifested by the populace, surprised and saddened the duchess. 'Ah, mon Dieu!' she frequently exclaimed; 'quelle différence!' The lesson came too late.

The ex-king's escort took leave of him at the place of embarkation; and Charles, with his family and suite, proceeded to England, where he for a short time took up his abode at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, spontaneously placed at his disposal by the generous feeling of Mr Weld, an English Catholic gentleman. He did not remain there long, in consequence, it was said, of nervous apprehension lest—Lulworth Castle being so near the sea-coast—the youthful heir of France should be seized and spirited away. This morbid anxiety was not relieved, the 'Sherborne Journal' remarked, by the presence of a police officer, who had been latterly appointed to watch and counteract any project of the sort that might be entertained by the usurping government of France. The dethroned monarch, the Duke de Bordeaux, and suite, next embarked at Poole for Scotland, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where they resided in the palace of Holyrood for nearly two years. While sojourning in this northern capital, the young Duke de Bordeaux was constantly surrounded by a body of attendants, who, whenever he appeared abroad, clustered round him in real or affected dread of a design to assassinate him, charitably attributed to Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and then possessor of the recently-vacated throne of France, under the title of Louis-Philippe, the first King of the French.

The life of the remarkable personage who had thus, as it were, picked up the tarnished diadem of France from amidst the dust of the streets of Paris, had before this crowning event been one of considerable vicissitude. Trained in his boyhood by the unreal and sentimental formularies of Madame de Genlis, his youth found him gazing in terrified amazement, and reluctant, half-voluntary admiration at the volcanic outburst of the Revolution. Whether to flee from or attempt to make friends with the prodigy that had sprung up, as it were, from the bowels of the earth, would have puzzled—looking at the magnitude of the stake at issue—wiser heads than his father's or even his own. They both at length resolved to be friends with the monster; and doffing their coronets, stretched out trembling hands in token of friendship and esteem. Their advances were civilly received. Egalité, as he was self-entitled, entered the Convention, where we have seen him; the Duke de Chartres obtained a commission in the Republican army, and served with reputation at the cannonade of Valmy and the combat at Jemappes. The death by guillotine of his father warned the future King of the French that the air of France was dangerous to royalty, trick itself out as it might in the trappings of republicanism, and the prince wisely galloped across the frontier—his only present

excusatory letter addressed by Louis-Philippe to the Queen of England, a copy of which was found amongst the ex-king's papers, and published by the Provisional Government of the French Republic. Isabella II. was married to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, at the same time that M. de Montpensier espoused her sister the Infanta. M. Guizot himself, whose general honour and integrity are unquestioned and unquestionable, does not appear in a very advantageous light in this transaction. Perhaps, as he boasted the Spanish match to be the greatest thing France had for years effected by her unaided resources, the magnitude and splendour of the object to be gained dazzled and bewildered for a moment his perceptions of rectitude and honour. Any person knowing how celebrated M. Guizot is or has been as a philosophic historian, will scarcely believe his eyes as he reads that gentleman's triumphant gratulations on M. de Montpensier's nuptials. He must class them in charity with the many 'follies of the wise' which at various times have startled and amused the world. The natural desire of a father to connect his son advantageously pleads strongly in extenuation of the conduct of Louis-Philippe. The Infanta is said to be a very amiable and charming person, and her dowry, moreover, amounted to the magnificent sum of two millions of francs. This lady has already borne an heiress to the united honours of the French and Spanish Bourbons; and happily for the peace of mind of Lord Palmerston, Isabella is, it appears, likely to provide a direct successor to the throne.

Thus much for the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon. Its offshoot in Naples appears to be in a state of great contentment since the suppression of the insurrection in Sicily, and the restoration of government by executions there. King Ferdinand, Christina of Spain's brother, is, by virtue of the loyal devotion of his affectionate lazzaroni, as absolute a monarch as heart could wish, although he has not as yet, we are informed, put the paper constitution in the fire which the Paris insurrection of 1848 induced him to sign rather hastily. These twigs disposed of, we return to the mightier limb of the family tree in Paris.

The jubilations on the royal marriages over, and the snubbing of Great Britain as complete as could be desired, the French people suddenly found leisure to bethink themselves that a great government like theirs might turn its energies to better purposes than the adroit management of court intrigues: might, for instance, endeavour to devise means for safely, and in a really conservative spirit, widening the basis upon which the institutions of the country, so constantly and vehemently assailed, rested; might, furthermore, contrive to at least equalise the national expenditure and receipts, instead of contracting loan upon loan to make up for the annual deficit, and this in a time of profound peace and a greatly-increased revenue! Means, too, of extending the commerce of France with foreign nations, so contemptible in extent for a nation so rich in resources of natural wealth, industry, and skill, might surely be attempted by a really able and patriotic government. These aspirations—it seems to us quite reasonable ones—were very moderately expressed. Progress was prayed for—progress in the right direction—not headlong haste and change. To all these representations and prayers Louis-Philippe and M. Guizot remained obstinately deaf, blind, silent. The actual electors for all France amounted to only about 80,000

persons; and the means in the hands of government of corrupting a majority of these were, it was urged, so enormous as to be utterly destructive of the principle of representation. Would the minister promise to take the subject into consideration? M. Guizot gave no sign, would make no promise! And herein we perceive the radical defect of this gentleman's character as a statesman. He is essentially a theorist, or rather, if we may use the phrase without offence—a system-monger. He studies, arranges, accepts a theory of legality, which, the premises admitted, is logically unassailable; and by that theory he will abide unswervingly to the death! That highest, most difficult art of government, which consists in knowing when and how to yield, M. Guizot never studied, or at all events has never learned. Probably he does not rank 'yielding' as an art; believes it, we daresay, to be a weakness, and nought else. He has also a remarkable theory upon the English revolutions of 1640–88, which, as he is not likely to be a minister of this country, is not of much interest to us, except as an illustration of logical fallacy. M. Guizot appears not to have understood the character of his own countrymen any better than he does that of ours. The slightest yielding, the merest minimum of reform, would have satisfied the enlightened, moderate—moderate because enlightened—citizens of France. These are the natural supports of a constitutional throne, and to indispose them towards the government is simply to place that government at the mercy of the first accident which may cross its path. M. Guizot and the king *did* by their unreasoning obstinacy—*firmness* they called it—alienate and indispose the natural supporters of the government; and the cry against it increased daily in energy and wrath: it was a government of corruption men said. A minister, M. Teste, it was proved, had received an enormous bribe to prostitute the powers of his office in favour of the briber; and a growing suspicion that corruption, rottenness, was at the heart of the administration, pervaded almost all classes of men. Then the dreadful tragedy of the Praslin family revived in the public mind the French instinct of dislike to a titled noblesse. It was a time of unquiet, suspicion, uneasiness. Still a word of concession, of conciliation, would, it is plain, have saved the government; but that word the government would not speak. Its attitude was silent, calm, observant—the calm, silent observance of resolute contempt which has counted its bayonets, and knows—or thinks it knows—how greatly it may dare with perfect safety; an attitude and expression the most irritating that can be imagined to a high-spirited, sensitive people like the French. The king and ministry believed the proposed Paris Reform Banquet to be illegal, though the law was admittedly doubtful; and the men of system prohibited it—Europe feels and knows with what result. And now, forsooth, the Orleans dynasty was overturned by a 'surprise!' Call it so if you will; but at the same time you must admit that all the obstacles to the success of such a surprise had been perseveringly, obstinately cast aside by the king and his ministers; and *that* conceded, as it must be, the 'surprise' appears marvellously to resemble a natural consequence! No; spite of all the special pleading that has been wasted upon the subject, this much is certain, that history will not acquit M. Guizot and Louis-Philippe of the charge of having rendered the Revolution of 1848 not only possible, but comparatively easy of accomplishment.

The personal conduct of the men of the House of Orleans who were in Paris at the outbreak was not of a very heroic character. Of the hasty flight of the aged king we will only say that all testimonies agree that Queen Amélie displayed a dignity and self-possession which her husband's example did not call forth. M. de Montpensier was, we believe, at Vincennes when the tumult began; but at all events he did not abandon the Infanta: they escaped together. M. and Madame de Nemours saved themselves each in the best possible manner, and were fortunately reunited in England. The widowed Duchess of Orleans appears alone to have displayed the heroic qualities supposed to be hereditary in illustrious families. Her appearance, holding her son by the hand in the Chamber of Deputies, amidst all that hideous uproar and commotion, standing unblenched there whilst ruffians levelled muskets at her—turned aside by French gentlemen, some of them of the humblest class—was a touching spectacle. It is wonderful how Lamartine, a poet, could, in the presence of that woman and child—weakness, innocence, and grace in their most affecting forms—have given his potential voice for a republic.

The Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale were in Algeria. Many persons believe that had they been present the insurrection would have had another issue. However that might have been, it is certain that the numerous and popular family of Louis-Philippe were always regarded as the most efficient safeguards of his throne. His eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, who married a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was, from his engaging and popular qualities, an especial favourite with the nation. Unfortunately a fatal accident terminated his life on the 13th July 1842. This much-lamented prince was returning from Neuilly, when the horses of his carriage took fright, and he, in a momentary panic, attempting to jump out, his foot caught either in his sword or his cloak, and he fell on his forehead in the road. Congestion of the brain resulted, and his death soon after. Two sons had been born to him—the first on the 24th of August 1838, whom Louis-Philippe created Count of Paris, reviving a pristine title of the family for the especial gratification of the Parisians. The second son, born in 1840, was created Duke of Chartres. They reside with their mother, the widowed duchess, to whom the French National Assembly have recently restored the revenue, with its arrears, apportioned to her by marriage settlement. Louis-Philippe and the Duc d'Aumale, we may also here mention, are again in the enjoyment of their vast properties. The Duke de Nemours, the second son of the King of the French, and the proposed future regent, should his majesty have died before the Count of Paris attained his majority, was perhaps the least popular of all the king's sons. He married a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, a cousin of Prince Albert, the consort of the Queen of England. The Prince de Joinville, admiral of the French navy, was a great favourite of all classes of the people. He is said to be an expert seaman, though one must suppose that the extreme deafness with which he is afflicted cannot but greatly impair his efficiency as a naval commander. His name a few years since acquired considerable notoriety in England in consequence of his pamphlet on the French Navy ('Brochure sur la Marine'), which was strangely represented by a portion of the English press, that certainly could not have

read it, as a glorification of the French war-navy at the expense of that of Great Britain, and an incitement to the French government to use their sea-force to burn the towns and villages on the English coasts. There could not be a more preposterous misrepresentation. The aim of the pamphlet was evidently to arouse the attention of the naval authorities of France to what De Joinville asserted to be the utter incapability of the French marine to contend, upon anything like equal terms, with that of Great Britain or of any other great maritime power. It should be read as a corrective of the Jeremiads published on our side of the water upon the weakness and inefficiency of the British navy. There is not a line in the *brochure* inciting to ill-will towards the British people, or, fairly taken with the context, provocative of jealous or angry feeling. De Joinville is married to a princess of Brazil, sister to the queen of Portugal; the Duke d'Aumale, who has succeeded to the estates of the now extinct Condé branch of the Bourbons, married a daughter of the Sicilian Prince of Salerno; the youngest son, M. de Montpensier, as we have already stated, is the husband of the Infanta of Spain. All these marriages have been fruitful in progeny, so that should France ever decree the restoration of the House of Orleans, there will be no lack of heirs to avail themselves of the invitation. The two surviving daughters of Louis-Philippe are married—one to the king of the Belgians; the other to Augustus, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Madame Adelaide, Louis-Philippe's tenderly-beloved and attached sister, whose counsels he is said to have greatly deferred to, died not long before the catastrophe of 1848.

The extinction of the celebrated line of Condé in the year 1830, by the death, without surviving issue, of Louis, Henry, Joseph de Bourbon and Prince de Condé, must not be omitted in this brief glance at the history of the Bourbon race. He committed suicide at the Castle of St Leu, by hanging himself with his handkerchief in his bedroom on the 27th of August 1830, being then seventy-five years of age. There have been various causes assigned for the insanity which prompted the dreadful act. The prevalent opinion is, that his mind, never a very strong one, was harassed by the conflicting claims to his allegiance of the elder and junior branches of the Bourbons—whether he should swear fealty to the monarch *de facto*, Louis-Philippe, or follow the king, *de jure*, according to orthodox legitimacy, into exile. Incapable of deciding, he hanged himself. More than half a century before his death—in 1776—this prince fought a duel with the very Charles X. who had just been driven from the throne; and as an illustration of the princely manners of the time, it may be as well to subjoin an account of it. Charles, then Count D'Artois, was walking with a lady, both being masked. The Duchess of Bourbon, desirous, doubtless, of ascertaining the count's identity, pulled his mask by the beard; the strings broke, and he was discovered. Enraged at this, the Count d'Artois seized the duchess's mask, and broke *it*. The Duke of Bourbon, it appears, thought that the sex of the duchess ought to have shielded her from retaliation, and challenged the count to mortal combat. The combatants met in the Bois de Boulogne, where they fought with swords, till the Chevalier de Crussal, imagining that the count's sword passed under the arm of the duke, and that he was therefore wounded, stopped the fight; and the redoubtable knights, the honour of each of

them as free from wound or scratch as his body, left the ground. The will of the Duke of Bourbon testified to a weakness or aberration of intellect quite sufficient to account for his unhappy death. An Englishwoman, Sophia Dawes, once a bar-maid, but created Baroness de Feuchères, was living with him at the time of his death. To her he bequeathed 2,000,000 francs in money, and for life the château and park of Saint-Leu; the château and estate of Boisny with all their dependencies; the forest of Montmorency and dependencies; the château and estate of Morfontaine and dependencies; the Pavillon occupied by her and her servants at the Palais-Bourbon, as well as its dependencies; the furniture of said Pavillon, and the horses and carriages appertaining to the lady's establishment—all free from costs or expenses chargeable upon bequeathed property. The residuary legatee was the Duke d'Aumale. After some litigation, an arrangement was effected with Mrs Sophia Dawes, and the Duc d'Aumale now possesses the vast property.

Thus briefly, and, as we believe, faithfully, have we traced the rise, progress, and present condition of this remarkable family, which, it will have been observed, even in its present condition of comparative humility, still, in addition to enormous wealth, reckons crowns and coronets in considerable number divided among its members.

The dethroned monarch of the elder Bourbons, Charles X., has long since passed to his account; the Duke d'Angoulême has followed him; but the duchess, the widowed daughter of Louis XVI., still lingers in her earthly pilgrimage. She awaits her summons from this, to her doleful and unintelligible world at Froshdrof in Germany, where she dwells in strictest retirement. Early on the morning of each anniversary of her parents' execution this daughter of sorrows secludes herself in a chamber hung round with the insignia of death; and with the black silk vest in which Louis died, and other relics of the martyred king and queen before her, remains in solitary prayer and meditation till the midnight chimes announce that another anniversary of a fatal day has passed into eternity.

The Duke de Bordeaux, Count de Chambord, or whatever title may please him best, is now the cynosure of the legitimate eyes of France. This young prince, who is said to be very amiable and intelligent, married in 1846 a daughter of the late Duke of Modena. The lady was possessed of what is considered on the continent an immense fortune; but the union has not yet produced any possible successor to the regal honours of the elder line of Bourbon. The Duke de Bordeaux, nursed as he has been in the illusions of legitimacy, as it is very incorrectly termed, naturally regards all that is now passing in France as the phantasmagoria of a wild, but, as he trusts, passing hallucination, to be succeeded at no distant day by the solid reality of a Henry V., *Dei gratia, et cetera.* The Duke of Bordeaux has a sister a year older than himself, who is now the wife of the reigning Duke of Parma. She left pleasing impressions of her beauty and affability among many of the inhabitants of the Canongate, Edinburgh, when she resided there during the sojourn of the royal exiles at Holyrood.

The Bourbons shine in exile. Men differ as to the character and merits of King Louis-Philippe, but not the slightest diversity of opinion exists as to the amiability of disposition and dignified propriety of conduct

exhibited by the Comte de Neuilly and the distinguished family who now chiefly reside at Claremont. May the count—spite of the sinister forebodings for some time rife in the public ear—and his venerable consort yet live many happy, useful years, each as it flits diminishing their natural regrets for the loss of a crown! Their family cannot, we think, fail to read a lesson in what they witness here which, rightly pondered and laid to heart, will perhaps—for the unrolled scroll of futurity may have characters little now dreamed of engraved upon it—prove hereafter of inestimable service to them, or to some *one* among them. It is this: 'That the safety of a throne consists not in the multitude of its armed and disciplined guards, nor in the astute devices of kingcraft, but in so reigning that no man shall feel a wish, a desire, to pull down or assail a crown which presents only towards the people an aspect of sympathy, kindness, and respect.'

It may be perhaps expected that we should offer an opinion upon the struggle still going on in France between the parties into which that great country is divided; and as to whether the Bourbons, and which branch of them, have, as we read the future, a chance of regaining authority over the French nation. We confess our utter inability to reply satisfactorily to questions so interesting. We do not profess prophecy; and in place of an unavailing attempt at prediction, beg to present the reader with an anecdote of fact, related by a French writer, Paul Louis Courier, Ancien Canonier à Cheval et Vigneron, as an illustration of the only infallible mode of acquiring a reputation for sound judgment in French politics; premising only that, not having the book at hand, we quote from memory:—

'There was a village,' says Courier, 'in the wine districts of France, which, lying quite out of the high road of the great world, its inhabitants only came into contact with any considerable portions of it upon great occasions, and these were fortunately rare. These simple people had been accustomed, at all public displays where they chanced to find themselves, to shout "Vive le Roi!" It was an old respectable tradition this "Vive le Roi!" of which these quiet folk did not profess to penetrate the inner meaning, if it had one. Enough for them that their fathers and fathers' fathers shouted as they shouted "Vive le Roi!" Well, it happened that all at once my country friends found themselves very roughly compelled to drop "Vive le Roi!" at a moment's warning, and to commence learning quite a new creed—"Vive la République, une et indivisible!" This was difficult, for the phrase was long, and our primitive friends were no scholars. Still, being very docile, they set to work with a good heart, and were getting on very well, when—*halte!*—they were all wrong. They should, if they were honest citizens and good Frenchmen, cry "Vive le Premier Consul!" All this, you may depend upon it, was very perplexing; and I doubt if they ever quite understood the "Consul," which was, they were informed in strictness, "one and tripartite;" a depth of mystery of which they did not attempt to skim the surface, much less to fathom the bottom. They were, however, beginning to get used even to consul, when another, and this time very peremptory injunction was issued, commanding all men to repeat, at all possible opportunities, the only orthodox confession of faith—namely, "Vive l'Empereur!" It was a long time before my friends, who, I confess, are rather slow—no wonder, poor fellows! living so far as they do from the capital

tains. They intercept the moist, warm breezes of the Atlantic, deluge the coast provinces with dews and rains, and allow only dry freezing winds to pass over their summits to the wild and little explored deserts beyond. These form a basin 500 miles in diameter, framed in by lofty ridges, sprinkled with grassy oases, lakes, and woods of pine, and threaded with numerous streams which wind along its margin, and attract large hordes of the Indian population to dwell on their hospitable borders. Most of the rivers that water this great desert basin rise periodically from fountains in the sand. At certain seasons, small streams burst from the earth, increasing in volume until the summer begins to glow, when they shrink, and, as the heat increases, gradually dwindle and dry up, while the vegetation which they create and nourish vanishes with them, and is renewed with their reappearance. The central expanse of the interior region, so far as it has yet been explored, is covered with bleak and naked hills, with craggy peaks, with plains without a vestige of green, and with wide dismal valleys undecked by a single tree. A few of the loftier hills in this region are covered with forests whose shades afford retreat to the black deer, and flocks of mountain sheep, with a few wandering aboriginal families. On the banks of the lakes, scattered at wide intervals over this arid expanse, collect tribes of fishermen whose simple lives recall the picture of man's condition in the primitive ages of the world.

As the country was ages ago, it is now; but our present purpose being to describe the progress of the gold regions, we recross the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, and find ourselves in a new climate, with warm skies overhead, green lands around, and forests, lakes, and plains, valleys and hills blending their varied beauties in the landscape; busy towns and crowded seaports studding the shores, the blue Pacific beyond, and deeply-laden ships passing in and out of the harbours. At the northern extremity of Alta California the Rio Sacramento takes its rise among the Snowy Mountains, and pouring its fertilising waters along a wide valley for 250 miles, forms a junction with the San Joachim, which flows an equal distance from an opposite direction; and these two rivers, having thus irrigated an unbroken valley 500 miles in length, pour their united streams to San Francisco, and there roll into a harbour which, some writers say, would shelter the united fleets of Europe.

The valley, which during the course of the San Joachim is about 60 miles broad, widens as it borders the Sacramento. The eastern side is the most fertile. It is veined with numerous streams, and spreads in undulating slopes of land, wooded with the white oak, and occasionally encroached upon by the rounded spurs of the Sierra Nevada. In many parts of California are to be found landscapes of singular beauty. In one spot seven small oval lakes reflect the surrounding scenery, and are linked by narrow channels, bordered by rock and verdure, which wind through a dense shrubbery, and complete a picture full of variety and interest. The lands bordering the sea are as varied, but less verdant. The fertile expanses are broken by patches of arid and stony soil, especially where the sandy gullies and clusters of rock border the Sacramento, and receive in their hollows the deposits of gold that have for many ages annually floated from the hills unnoticed, to accumulate into a vast natural bank, whence at the present hour thousands are drawing fortune without

paying for it the price of long labour or ingenious industry. Small forests are scattered over the undulating surface of the ground, and the energy of settlers from Spain and America has added towns, hamlets, groves, gardens, and plantations to impart vivacity to a scene which even in the unbroken repose of nature would be exceedingly attractive. But the profuse graces of the earth are infinitely more delightful when blended with flocks, herds, cultivated fields and gardens, hamlets, and populous cities. The silence of the primeval earth was grand; but the mingled and multiplied sounds of industry form sweet music to the ear of those who delight in the growth of mankind in civilisation and consequent prosperity.

South of the San Joachim, lies a large tract of country, where a rich cultivation and several towns display the wealth of the region; but towards the interior, all is barbarous and wild, though formerly, in the flourishing days of the missions, vineyards and plantations were thickly scattered over all the southern parts of California. Since then wealth and energy have tended to the north, where settlers from the United States are multiplying with astonishing rapidity.

Numerous rivers pour down from among the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada into the Sacramento and San Joachim. Between these and the sea lies a broken range of less elevated hills, which cradle among their summits the sources of other streams that flow directly towards the shore, and discharge their tribute into the sea, at intervals along the whole coast. The region is therefore profusely watered, and the richness of the soil in some of the interior valleys is not surpassed by any in South America. The Sacramento, as we have already said, is bordered by fertile lands, adapted for the growth of wheat, oats, Indian corn, sugar-canes, and indigo, with numerous fruits and vegetables, whilst forests of cedar, pine, and oak, shade the lower slopes of the mountain. The occasional expanses of rough, rocky, and sandy ground are bare of vegetation, but in their naked aridity are more wealthy than the most luxuriant slopes of the valleys. The district of San Juan is known as the Garden of California, producing a great variety and abundance of grains, and affording pasture on its woody borders to flocks and herds, while among the forests swarm multitudes of animals whose skins once formed a material of considerable traffic. This branch of industry, with all others, had become almost wholly withered before the Americans arrived, though at one period numerous merchants traded on the coast. At San Francisco, a moderate commerce was carried on, and vessels from Europe were laden with hides, skins, tallow, wheat, dried salmon, and other productions, in exchange for cloths, cotton fabrics, velvets of bright colour, silks, brandies, wines, and teas. Monterey, San Diego, New Helvetia, San Gabriel, the City of Angels, and San Buenaventura were the other chief towns, and each of these, through the trade fostered by European energy, rose to a certain stage of prosperity.

The Reverend Father Friar Geronimo Boscana, the 'apostolic missionary' at San Francisco, wrote a historical account of the Indians of the Agachemen nation, who may be taken as the general type of the Californian aborigines. They sprang from the same stock as the widely-scattered family that was once the sole population of the West, both in its islands and continents. The manuscript is extremely curious, and has been

well translated by an American writer. It runs over the progress of the created world from the first dawn of light over the infant earth to the foundation of the mission. The Indian records furnish the basis of the earlier periods, and the whole of them are therefore lost in the obscurity of fantastic and incongruous fable. Nearer our own times we find the savages worshipping a strange god called Chinigchinich, whose representation—the image of an animal rudely carved in wood—was placed in each of the numerous temples of rough and primitive construction that were raised in the woods, among the rocks, and in the forests of Upper California. To him they paid reverence, and from him they sought protection. Owning the dominion of one great chief, they dwelt in separate communities, each subject to a captain; and this chief was elected by his tribe amid loud and general rejoicing. Scars won in battle, the barbarous trophies of savage warfare, or fame acquired by skill in hunting, or eloquence in the forest meetings, or supposed favour with the spirits—these were the circumstances that usually determined their choice. Subject to this social discipline, they lived in primitive simplicity, breaking the monotony of life by festivals, and peopling the woods, rocks, and caves, the air and the sea, with that host of preternatural agencies which the savage mind finds necessary to explain their phenomena.

The fashion of the aboriginal Indian's life was strange, and perhaps peculiar to California. Their villages were clusters of rudely-constructed huts, built with little care, and frequently burned on account of the vermin which infested them. However, their life was a happy one. They collected stores of provisions, and remained in their dwellings until these were exhausted, revelling in abundance, dancing, singing, and performing the strange ceremonies of their faith. When the granaries were empty, the captain proclaimed a hunt and a forage. He shared in the enterprise like the rest; for no compulsory tribute was exacted, although the generosity of his tribe generally supplied his wants to profusion. Labour was divided between the men and the women. Old and young of both sexes thronged into the plains and woods, leaving the village wholly deserted. The warriors manufactured bows and arrows, and hunted deer, rabbits, squirrels, and rats, whose flesh was dainty food, and whose skins were used as clothing. The old men fished with nets, manufactured domestic utensils, wove baskets, and carried light burthens; while the children devoted themselves to a thousand little employments, in which the offspring of the savage, nursed in necessity, become skilful and ready, each striving with an enthusiasm of emulation to surpass his companions. But upon the women fell the most laborious lot. The meanest and most harassing toil was always set apart for them. With capacious baskets strapped with rude thongs upon their shoulders, they were compelled to roam over the waste savannas in the damp morning to collect the seeds of the grass, supposed to be more fruitful when wet with dew. These were carefully rubbed into the baskets, and made into cakes or pottage. Others searched for herbs, or grubbed up roots, or plucked the ripe fruits from the trees—gathering, indeed, all the ready gifts which nature provides gratuitously in such regions for those whom knowledge has not taught to prize the earnings of industry.

The civilisation of a race may be measured by its treatment of women.

The lordly savage of California, plunged in the lowest barbarity, regarded his wife as his slave. Often when after a long day of toil she returned with the reapings of her industry, there was no fire to cook with, no wood to make one, and she was driven, tired and hungry, to search for the necessary fuel. The man lolled on his couch of leaves and clay, and the woman, after her daily labour, prepared the evening meal. She suffered in uncomplaining apathy, and was frequently condemned, as the reward of her constant devotion, to the most rigorous punishment, often to death, for the most trifling offence. Children were kindly treated. The ceremonies of marriage, as among most barbarians, were extremely elaborate, and the contracts made at an early age. These customs the Indians observed long after they became nominal converts to Christianity; and not thirty years ago the Father Geronimo married at St Juan Capistrano a most interesting couple. The bridegroom, when betrothed, was two years old, and the chosen wife of his bosom was an unweaned infant of nine months. But these occurrences are not frequent, for the Californians often left the conduct of the affair to the young persons themselves, in contradiction to the habitual practice of savages. The young man was conducted by a gay procession to the house of his betrothed, singing and praising the munificence of the bride's family. Then he led his wife to her home, whence she was enjoined by her friends to fly if not well treated. The interior of one of these dwellings presents a spectacle of much comfort. The walls rise two or three feet on either side, and then mingle with the broad, overarching roof, which is thickly thatched, and stoutly ribbed, and supported along the centre by one heavy beam resting on upright trunks of trees, with two or three branches left to increase the solidity of the whole. A fire is kindled on the hard floor of beaten clay, and the inmates sit around engaged in their several occupations, or dreaming in idle listlessness of the happy hunting-grounds. Among the Indians of one tribe—more savage than the rest—it was formerly the custom for the chiefs to marry men, who were selected for the purpose during infancy, clothed, instructed in all womenly practices, taught to dance, and fitted for 'the proper duties of a wife,' which the Indians interpreted to mean toil without ceasing, and endless service without honour or reward. The native state costume, in its original simplicity, was picturesque. It consisted of a coronet of feathers, and a short shirt formed of the broad plumes of certain large birds arranged in rows, and closely sewed one to another. They plucked out their beards with bivalve shells, and thus prepared and decorated, assembled to celebrate the feasts and dances that broke the monotony of their lives. Congregating at night on the summits of the hills, they lit fires, and revelled in uncouth orgies, with yells and clamour, until the dawn, and then throwing themselves on the ground, rested amid the smouldering embers of their bivouac, and slept on the scene of their tumultuous enjoyment.

When enmity arose between tribe and tribe, the captain summoned a secret council, gave orders that arms should be collected, provisions stored, and every arrangement made with the utmost secrecy, that the purpose of their preparation might not be noised abroad. The whole community then assembled, the object of the expedition was explained, the column of attack was formed, the captain put himself at the head, the warriors ranged themselves in ranks behind, and the women, laden with st-

brought up the rear with the children. The march was swift and stealthy, the attack was silent and sudden; and the enemy's village, surprised in the dead of night, was left desolate before morning, or strewn with the bodies of the invaders. No conflict was of long duration, one side or the other vanquished after a brief struggle; and the victors were again on the war-path exulting in the trophies of their triumph—scalps to adorn their feasts, and women and children as slaves. The influence of the missions on many of these wild tribes was complete; but numerous others mingled an infusion of Christianity with their original heathen practices. Many ascribed whatever misfortunes occurred to them after the arrival of the missionaries to their witchcraft, and this injurious belief took root, and spread widely among them. 'What I conceive is this,' says the good Father Geronimo, 'that the devil did it all, that but few should escape from his hands!'

The good monk paints the Indian character in sombre colours. They are idle, thievish, hypocritical, insolent, ungrateful, vindictive, selfish, improvident, faithless, treacherous, and malignant. They may be compared, he tells us, to a species of monkey. They excel only in copying the antics of the white men, and their eyes are never uplifted, but, like those of the swine, always cast to the earth. This universal reprobation of the whole Californian race should be received with reserve, since no nation is so utterly depraved, so entirely destitute of virtue, honour, and human feeling. It may be taken as an axiom, that when whole tribes are confounded in one general accusation, prejudice rather than knowledge signs its condemnation. Indeed the accounts of late travellers tend to show that there is much of good, as well as a great proportion of evil, in the Indian character. Duflot de Mofras, member of the French legation at Mexico, describes them as a people amiable by nature, but corrupted by intercourse with strangers, who have taught them to despise industry, to hate order, and to revel in the use of fiery liquors. The Californian, he tells us, is seldom seen without his flask of *eau de vie*. 'The bottle for a friend, and arms for an enemy,' is their maxim; and acting upon it they are hospitable, generous, and often frank, although the disposition to thieve and defraud prevails widely among them.

But the immense stream of immigration which even then was flowing through different channels into the country, reduced the character of the population to the lowest ebb of morality. The indiscriminate mixture of outcasts, whether voluntary or not, in a country where each man is relinquished to the license of unbridled will, produces a state of society as corrupted, depraved, and debased as that which is the fruit of the worst extreme of tyranny. Racing, cock-fighting, bear and bull-baiting, with drunken revels, endless dances, and gambling associations, obliterated the taste for industry; commerce left the ports, vessels rarely appeared on the coasts, and the country sank in a rapid decay. The tribes that formerly roved in savage simplicity among woods and lakes, became addicted to gaudy dress and the pleasures of the appetite. That agriculture was neglected was a necessary adjunct to this state of affairs. Around the missions of former days wide circles of prosperity had spread, but when the tribes were again dispersed, the production of grain, the rearing of cattle, and the general culture of the soil, were weakly

and partially carried on. In 1841 so little corn was sown, that a large importation was necessary to ward off the approach of famine. Formerly numerous cargoes of wheat were shipped from the ports of Alta California, and formed a principal feature in its commerce. The fisheries were all abandoned, and the mines known for many ages to exist appeared to be forgotten. Besides the gold, rich silver ore is abundant in the mountains of the interior; lead and sulphur are plentiful; and valuable fields of coal have been discovered. Quicksilver, also, may be added to the list of materials that form the natural wealth of California. There is one mine near San José which is considered, in point of value, the third in the world. Its deposits are immensely rich. Two hundred tons of ore have at one time been piled to await the smelting process, and the cinnabar yields an average at least fifty per cent. of pure quicksilver. A few labourers, with two common iron kettles, extracted from this mine to the amount of 200,000 dollars. The mineral wealth of the region, however, in this as in other particulars, lies completely undeveloped.

The whole history of the country, from its discovery to this day, is a narrative of vicissitude and change. About the year 1530, Hernan Cortez, or his favourite pilot, discovered the extensive peninsula of Lower California. Its aspect was rough, mountainous, and sandy, with few indications of fertility, though, scattered over the more arid expanses, were several rich oases. The conquering navigator considered it an island, and resolved at once to attempt its subjugation. Numerous circumstances combined to defeat his enterprise, which completely failed; and it was nearly a hundred and fifty years before a Spanish admiral laid the foundation of his national authority in the country. Its unpromising aspect, the savage nature of its population, and above all, the other widening fields which then exhausted the energy of Europe, preserved the lower region from conquest. In 1541 Cabrillo discovered New California, which lay neglected for sixty years, until a Spanish expedition arrived to survey the coast. It was found to possess many commodious harbours, while the maritime provinces appeared fertile and full of promise. The settlement of San Diego was then established near the junction of the peninsula of Old, and the mainland of New California, and the conquest of the region was vigorously commenced and steadily pursued. To follow the track of Spanish enterprise would be to lead the reader through a labyrinth of details. The adventurous navigators of those days were not so skilful in subjugating as in exploring; but in all cases they took nominal possession of the countries they discovered. Drake visited the shores of California, and gave the name of New Albion to the whole region; but the claim he thus set up was never sought to be supported; though Pinkerton, in an account of his voyage, declares that he made discoveries precisely similar to those recently made on the banks of the Rio Sacramento. These he describes in the florid language of the time: 'the land is so rich in gold and silver, that upon the slightest turning it up with a spade or pickaxe, these rich metals plainly appear mixed with the mould.' In 1602 Sebastian Visconio by chance touched at the harbour of Monterey, and there proclaimed the neighbouring provinces to be Spanish territory; but these titles to possession were seldom recognised by rival powers; and

the nations that in those times held the supremacy of commerce, struggled for the possession of California, though with weakness and vacillation. At length it appeared as though the contending powers had exhausted their vigour, and with it abandoned their ambition. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the whole country was yielded to the Jesuits, who took possession of it with the design of extending their conquest by the easy, safe, and gradual means which, to their subtle discernment, appeared far better than the rough and speedy plan pursued by sailors and military navigators.

They carried no arms with them, they built no fortifications, and displayed none of those instruments of war with which civilised men have habitually sought to inspire with awe the minds of barbarian races. The subtlety of the Jesuits has passed into a proverb; and in no period of their history do we perceive this characteristic so deeply marked as in the policy they pursued during the period of their dominion in California. With gifts, promises, and soothing encouragements, they attracted the Indian's affection; with mysterious rites, with solemn pomp and grave discourse, they inspired him with respect; and thus with a soft hand drawing the aborigines within the circle of their influence, they held them there with an iron grasp until the whole country fell under their sway. They had sown the seed; it was now their pleasant task to reap the harvest. Missions were established, and around each of these a district was marked out, where the lands were put under cultivation, and the soil was speedily so productive, that the Jesuits had great reason to rejoice in their acquisition. A flourishing commerce was opened. Ships from the old world came to be laden with the riches of this favoured region, and gradually a lucrative trade was established and circulated through the magnificent harbours that abound along the coast. Valuable pearl banks were discovered, and the rich lands of Alta California, crowned with peace and plenty, well rewarded the skilful energy that was expended on them; though they still kept the secret of that exhaustless mine of wealth which would long ago, if known, have peopled California with an avaricious population of needy adventurers brought from the four quarters of the globe.

The Jesuits rose to prosperity in their Californian territories, and were little disposed to share the spoil with any rivals. To secure, therefore, the monopoly which was so profitable to them, they disseminated through Europe, by means of their industrious agents, accounts which represented California as a land of thirsty aridity, with an ungenial climate, a savage, intractable population, and a soil poor almost to utter barrenness. Those who circulated these reports were generally the masters of ships, that, deeply laden with the riches of California, sailed home by a circuitous route, and contained in their well-stored holds the substantial contradiction of such false assertions. Yet the Jesuits, while they laboured to monopolise the wealth of their territory, carried on at the same time a humanising process, which at least prepared the aboriginal population to receive the impress of a pure and enlightened civilisation. They wrought the soil, they sought for precious gums, and woods, and metals; but at the same time they taught the Indians: and under their influence the country was changed from a vast wilderness of rank vegetation to a fruitful, well-culti-

vated land; and the Indian tribes, allured from their savage haunts, became orderly, industrious communities—each gathered about a missionary establishment, and subject to the temporal and spiritual control of a Jesuit father. At length Lord Anson, in the course of one of his buccaneering cruises, made prize of a richly-freighted ship sailing from California. This capture revealed the hidden avarice of the Jesuits; and a series of circumstances originating in that incident led to their expulsion from the country. It was then by a revolution transferred into the possession of the Dominican monks of Mexico and the Franciscan friars, who shared authority between them, and working in fellowship, divided the reward.

Alta California had not progressed so well as the lower country, which already contained numerous villages; but from this period forward its superior fertility and attraction placed it first. Settlers multiplied, and the germs of small towns sprang up and grew rapidly. Before 1803 eighteen missions were planted, and to each of these was attached a tribe of Indians, sometimes of more than 1200 in number. They enrolled themselves under the protection of the monks, and laboured in the lands belonging to the mission. Sometimes a refractory Indian family was captured, compelled to adopt the name at least of servants, and forced to labour for the mission; but in return it was treated with hospitality and kindness. The neophytes increased in numbers, and as the reward of their industry, the monks clothed them well, fed them, and elevated their condition to a degree of comfort to which, through ignorance, they had never before aspired. It is not remarkable that they easily abandoned their independence for a servitude that was at once so easy and so profitable. Industry and population rise together. In eleven years from 1790, the number of inhabitants in Alta California rose from 7748 to 13,668; and in another year was increased by 2000. The wheat raised increased from 15,000 to 32,000 bushels, and the oxen from 25,000 to 60,000. From this it will be seen how thinly peopled the country originally was, and what a beneficent effect was produced by the exertions of these few European settlers. The process continued until 1835, when troubles broke out, and the form of government was changed. A council of administrators ruled the affairs of California; the priests, whose energies had been so productive of good, were permitted no longer to exercise any other than the functions of simple pastors; and the Indians, disgusted with the change, forsook the civilisation that no longer afforded them assistance or protection, or added to their comforts; and retreating once more into their native woods, became lost in a darker barbarism than ever. The savage once reclaimed and again degenerated is as far below the original level of untaught humanity as that level is below the elevation of civilised society. The reason lies on the surface. He abandons all the good, and clings to all the evil; for it appears impossible to teach barbarians the amenities of civilised life, without inspiring them with the love of those polished vices that corrupt us, even in the highest stages of our existence.

A war commenced between the Indians and the new conquerors of their land. The administrators were tyrannical in the true sense of the word. They plundered the country instead of developing the resources of its soil, and robbed the natives instead of profiting by their protected and productive industry. The Indians retaliated, making frequent and fierce incur-

sions into the mission lands, laying them waste, and cutting off whatever enemies they could surprise. To punish them, a body of Mexicans marched into their territory, wasted their valleys, burned their villages, massacred their old men, and bore away their women and children into a hard and hopeless servitude. California, from the shore to the Sierra Nevada, from Cape Mendocino to the point of the Lower Peninsula, was the theatre of a miserable and harassing contest, in which defeat was followed by no submission, and success acquired for neither party either honour or profit.

Mexico wanted either the ability or the will to pacify her subjects in California. The whole region relapsed into perfect anarchy; the missions that formerly stood in the midst of thriving and populous districts were now deserted and left tenantless, surrounded by solitary wastes; ruins covered the country, and the whole region was rapidly sinking into its original savage state. The United States, however, had long looked towards the valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joachim as outlets for the enterprise of their energetic population; and from time to time bands of emigrants had proceeded over the Rocky Mountains, across the Desert Basin, and over the Sierra Nevada, into Alta California, where they settled and became wealthy on the improvement of the soil; felling timber, erecting mills, building storehouses, and clearing the lands. Others came round Cape Horn, or across the Isthmus of Panama; and the evidence of their activity was seen in small prosperous oases studding the country. The States were now at war with Mexico; and in the pursuit of their hostilities might have invaded the shores of her Californian territory, or sent a force to penetrate their mountainous ramparts on the east. But this, in the early years of the contest, was not the policy of the United States. There was a cool precaution in their proceedings which was marked by somewhat of Macchiavellian prudence. Two years before they actually took possession of the country, it was virtually subject to them. Mexico, in name, was supreme; but the united republic was in reality the chief authority. Towards the end of the summer of 1845, the enterprising traveller Fremont, after an exploration of the wild regions lying between the Rocky Range and the ridge of the Snowy Hills, suddenly encamped on a low green hill in the neighbourhood of Monterey. Its pleasant scenery tempted him to remain. The fields, the plantations, the well-built and brightly-painted houses, the church, and the groves that studded the meadow-lands in the neighbourhood, formed altogether a scene of peculiar charm.

Captain Fremont is a singular man. He has but one eye—a tall, spare figure, and bony limbs, and wears a costume as uncouth as the winter habit of a Laplander. His companions, the backwood trappers, belonged to what in America is called the Loafer class—gigantic men, attired in loose and shapeless coats of deer-skin, and mounted on horses whose prodigious power and strength made up for the absence of symmetry. This band of picturesque travellers galloping through Monterey attracted the attention of its inhabitants, who watched them until, after a very brief sojourn in the neighbourhood, they rode away, and re-entered the wilderness whence they had recently emerged. In a short time they again made their appearance, and located themselves on the slope of a shady hill; but their familiar appropriation of buffaloes and other provisions irritated the inhabitants,

who ordered them to quit the vicinity, and drove them to the hills of the interior. Fremont, however, was soon again in their neighbourhood. He arrived in a vessel from the United States, and anchored at Monterey, probably to take a secret survey of the harbour, for the Americans were now resolved to annex California to their immense dominions; and Mexico, weakened by a long struggle, had not the power to resist them effectually. Nor were the people of the country at all inimical to the change that threatened to pass over their destinies. Some of them openly professed themselves friendly to the United States, while others proposed to declare for independence; and a Mormon prophet endeavoured to rally round his rebellious standard a sufficient band of followers; but few indeed were those who were for clinging to Mexico. The Americans allowed no long time for consideration. Two vessels of war were despatched to the ports of San Francisco and Monterey; and in July 1846 the whole territory, by a bloodless conquest, was annexed to the possessions of the great North American republic.

Alta California, in fortune and prospect, was changed. The Indians once more ventured from their forest wilds; industry was again awake; old villages were re-tenanted; new ones were built; the wasted lands were covered with fresh cultivation; towns that had fallen to ruin, with grassy streets and harbours wholly silent, became full of active life; and indeed the entire region presented the appearance of a country reviving from a long and lethargic apathy to new energy and prosperity. The industry of a numerous class was devoted to the culture of wheat, maize, and rye, the valuable fisheries on the coast were actively prosecuted, and the pasture lands were again crowded with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen.

We have said that during a considerable time North America had been linked to California by a chain of immigration, slender but continuous, that ran through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. The intercommunication between the countries beyond the Mississippi and the valley of Alta California was now increased to a high degree, and greatly developed a system of intercourse which may be regarded as one of the most curious features of the civilisation which it served to quicken to a more vigorous growth. Between the city of Independence, in the state of Missouri, and the city of Angelo, on the coast of Upper California, near the foot of the peninsula, circulated a constant flow of intercourse, which originated about forty-five years ago in the enterprise of James Pursley, a private adventurer, who travelled much through the wilder provinces—then far wilder than now—that border the banks of the beautiful Mississippi. Near the waters of the Platte River a party of Indians received him as the companion of their wanderings. With them he went to Santa Fé, a trading station on the western slope of the Rocky Range, and is supposed to have bartered some American commodities with the people of that place. Although a French Creole, it is said, had already carried on a secret commerce between America and California, James Pursley opened the regular system of intercourse; but his desultory enterprises led at first to results of little importance. It was sixteen years before a regular caravan started from the Missouri, and travelled to Santa Fé. The journey was one of uncertainty and danger. It led through a savage region, peopled by wild

tribes; and when, in 1822, a company of traders was formed, their commercial adventures were much restrained by the perils that beset their way. Roaming bands of Indians hung on the line of march, committing murders on the straggling travellers, and plundering any vehicles that might linger behind. Numerous graves soon dotted the borders of the trail, and frequent conflicts occurred.

In 1824 eighty merchants, with a large train of wagons and mules, set out from the city of Independence, with commodities amounting in value to 30,000 dollars; and the successive caravans that issued year after year, and crossed the same solitary plains and desolate country, were constantly attacked by bands of Indians that lay in ambush to rush out as the head of the wagon trains appeared in sight. At first the traders went armed, and defended their own property, often repulsing their assailants with considerable vigour and success; but in the course of five years the value of the intercourse was so great, and had attracted so many marauders to infest the trail, that it was found necessary to send bodies of mounted riflemen to protect the caravan during a part of its progress.

The merchants in several parts of America transport their merchandise to the banks of the Missouri, embark them in the river craft, sail with [illegible] to the city of Independence, where they are collected as in a depôt, and at the proper season stored in the wagon or packed on the backs of mules. In the early part of May the town assumes an appearance of unusual activity. From all quarters the inhabitants hurry to the open space outside the suburbs, where the vast caravan is marshalled for its journey. The wagons are drawn sometimes by four, sometimes by fifteen, yokes of oxen, and perhaps a hundred of these colossal canvas-covered machines are stored with every description of merchandise. The drivers, with enormously long whips, are ready in their places, cracking their lashes, and by an ingenious variety of shouts encouraging the animals to exertion. Swarming about the lines of motionless vehicles are droves of cattle, and behind are long trains of loaded mules, with a company of merchants on horseback, and guards of soldiers to convoy the precious cargo. Uncouthly attired, and varied in character as they are, the individuals who accompany this expedition form not the least characteristic feature in this original and striking scene.

All is prepared; the wagons are arranged; the cattle are counted, and the mules marked. The leader has all the details of the merchandise in his book, and the signal is given, when, with a simultaneous movement, the vast train slowly sets itself in motion. The wagons with their white canvas tops, the droves crowding on either side, and the sober mules behind, leave the city in a broken but extended train; and long after the caravan has started, the townspeople may catch glimpses of it as it winds over an upward sloping plain, or appears in view through a break in the mountains.

The 'trail' lies across a varied and interesting country. Sometimes it creeps over a stony and barren plain; sometimes through a level grassy savanna, monotonous as the sea, where it is bordered at intervals by groups of the cotton-tree, among the branches of which are placed the bodies of the dead, shrouded in cotton cloths. They do not decompose, but dry rapidly, and add a melancholy feature to the landscape, reminding us of the ancient custom of Scythia, and the still more curious practices

prevailing among some of the islanders of the Indian Archipelago. Sometimes the caravan enters a plain richly clad with the wild but brilliant Californian poppy, of a golden colour, and intermingled with purple lilies, the white and yellow primrose that blooms only in the evening, and numerous crimson flowers, besides blossoming shrubs, that render the plains, when glowing in the light of sunset, one of the most gorgeous scenes in nature. Salt lakes crusted with a delicate efflorescence, and capacious valleys completely covered with a tall growth of the wild mustard, with small woods and rivers, add other features to the panorama. From these scenes the caravan enters the pass of the Rocky Mountains, where savage precipices and dismal deep defiles appear in contrast with the pleasing landscapes left behind. Traversing these, it descends on the more fertile slopes, and through a richly-cultivated valley to Santa Fé, a town with 4000 or 5000 inhabitants, who live in mud-built houses one storey high. The whole place is awakened to lively activity by the arrival of the caravan, which is indeed its main support. It stands in a clear valley, and the traveller is surprised to see constantly coming down from the surrounding hills long trains of laden asses. They belong to the woodcutters who supply Santa Fé with fuel. The caravan forms a camp close to the town until October, when a portion is detached to visit the city of Angelo, on the coast of Alta California. No wagons proceed thither, as the way lies over a rugged country, but two hundred horsemen, with numerous well-laden mules, accomplish the journey, and carry with them cotton, linen, and woollen clothes to be bartered for horses and mules. For one of these animals the common price is two pieces of cloth. Seventy-five days are usually occupied on the road from Santa Fé to the city of Angelo; and before the recent change in the affairs of California, nothing could be more melancholy than the landscapes that bordered the trail. It was one universal scene of waste and desolation; the ruins of prosperity and the relics of industry altogether gone. Plantations and gardens, farms and villages, neglected and abandoned, continued to cover the country until it fell under the sway of the American republic, when an immediate change passed over the condition of the whole territory. We now reach that point in the history of California to which future generations will turn as the most salient feature in its annals—the discovery, by accident, of the golden treasures which fill the valley of the Sacramento. We must therefore describe the settlement of Captain Sutter in California, the discovery of the gold, the changes it immediately produced, and the rapid advance of California under the influence of this most potent spell.

About twelve years ago, Captain Sutter, when the Mexican government was exerting itself to sweep away the last remnant of the missions, received a grant of land of sixty miles in length by sixteen in width. From his birth an adventurer, he had retired to this place as to a harbour of refuge from the commotions of public life. He had served as a lieutenant in the infantry of Charles X., and when the Swiss corps was disbanded, had become a citizen of the American republic, employing himself in various occupations, until, after many vicissitudes of fortune, he emigrated to California. There he established himself, and before his acquisition of land, had built up an influence so firm, that the Mexican government, too weak to overthrow,

was compelled to conciliate him, and granted the territory. The whole of this vast estate, when it came into his possession, was overgrown with tall rank grass, and a few oaks or pines. It was situated on the border of the American river, above the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joachim; and the new owner, who was the first white man that settled in that spot, immediately busied himself with clearing and cultivating the land, and preparing for a long and prosperous settlement. He at once erected a small house, surrounded by a stockade, and with his few companions prepared to construct a fort. Two howitzers formed his armament; but these were little needed. The Indian hordes, though they at first carried off horses and cattle, only ventured once upon a direct attack, and then the harmless explosion of a shell above their heads inspired them with so much respect for the white man's weapons, that they thereafter left him in peace. By conciliation he attracted them to him. They consented to labour for reward, made and baked the bricks for the fort, dug the ditches to divide the fields and prevent the cattle straying, and worked at all the branches of industry to which he taught them to apply themselves. By way of precaution, he was very careful to trust few of them with arms and ammunition. They were easily brought to complete submission, for they were without pride; and the scene which took place at their breakfast hour every morning sufficiently showed that they had lost the high spirit which has been the characteristic of some of the Indian races. Three hundred men were marshalled within the walls, long troughs were filled with a mess of boiled wheat-bran, and kneeling in ranks before these, like so many horses at the manger, they fed themselves with their hands.

By degrees were procured fourteen pieces of artillery to fortify his walls; but these became gradually without use, except to fire a salute on days of rejoicing. With his wife and daughter and his Indian labourers, the captain lived very much like an independent chief among a barbarous tribe, and at length brought 1700 acres of land under good culture. Ultimately the discovery was made which at once gave a sudden impulse to his own fortune, and raised California from neglect to an almost universal attention. The story of it was at first painted in a variety of colours, and strange versions found belief among the Mexicans as well as the Indians. Some said the Mormons, directed by a miraculous revelation, had found the gold. Another tale was, that Sutter had presented to a friendly chief a certain rifle, with which the Indian hastened to lead an attack on the Pawnees among the Rocky Hills. On the way, he was trampled to death by a buffalo, and shortly afterwards his spirit appeared to the captain in a dream, directing him to dig in a certain spot, and buy with the proceeds a shipload of rifles, to be distributed among the tribe thus deprived of its chief. From his own account, we learn that in September 1847 he erected a water-mill in a spot more than a thousand feet above the level of the lower valley. His friend, Mr Marshall, was engaged in superintending an alteration in it, and Captain Sutter was sitting one afternoon in his own room writing. Suddenly Marshall rushed in with such excitement in his face, that his friend confesses to have cast an anxious eye at his rifle. His sudden appearance was sufficiently curious; but Sutter thought him mad when he cried out that he had made a discovery which would pour into their coffers millions and millions of dollars with little labour. 'I frankly

own,' he says, 'that when I heard this I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck.' It was explained that, while widening the channel that had been made too narrow to allow the mill-wheel to work properly, a mass of sand and gravel was thrown up by the excavators. Glittering in this Mr Marshall noticed what he thought to be an opal—a clear transparent stone common in California. This was a scale of pure gold, and the first idea of the discoverer was, that some Indian tribe or ancient possessors of the land had buried a treasure. Examination, however, showed the whole soil to teem with the precious metal; and then mounting a horse, he rode down to carry the intelligence to his partner. To none but him did he tell the story of his discovery, and they two agreed to maintain secret the rich reward. Proceeding together to the spot, they picked up a quantity of the scales; and with nothing but a small knife, Captain Sutter extracted from a little hollow in the rock a solid mass of gold weighing an ounce and a-half. But the attempt to conceal this valuable revelation was not successful. An artful Kentuckian labourer observing the eager looks of the two searchers, followed and imitated them, picking up several flakes of gold. Gradually the report spread, and as the would-be monopolists returned towards the mill, a crowd met them holding out flakes of gold, and shouting with joy. Mr Marshall sought to laugh them out of the idea, and pretended the metal was of little value; but an Indian who had long worked elsewhere in a mine of the costly metal cried 'Oro! oro!' and 'Gold! gold!' was shouted in a lively chorus by the delighted multitude. This is the account we have from Captain Sutter himself. In other narratives, the history of the discovery assumes many different forms and colours. A squatter constructing a shanty found gold in the stones employed to build it; a traveller traversing a stream fell into the water, and the precious dust glittered in the mud, adhering to his clothes; a hunter in chase of the elk lay down to sleep in a cavern shining on all sides with scales of gold—these and other accounts have been promulgated; but we have adopted the narrative of Captain Sutter, related by himself to a recent adventurer among the miners in Alta California. On his own part he declares that the tales of his secret working of the mines for years before the discovery became general, are idle rumours arising in mere fancy, and blown about the world like other empty fabrications, to add something of mystery to what was already a marvel.

The rumour was spread abroad, and the people of San Francisco began to leave the town, and swarm to the 'diggings.' A large body of Mormon emigrants had just entered Alta California through the south pass of the Rocky Mountains; they immediately encamped near Sutter's Mill, and within a few days more than 1200 men were at work, with buckets, baskets, shovels, spades, and sheets of canvas, seeking for gold in the sand of the south fork of the Rio des los Americanos. The first plan was to spread the sand on canvas, and blow away with a reed all but the gold. In the first impulse of a selfish heart the discoverer sought to monopolise his knowledge; but as the dawn of every day revealed new stores of the metal, this feeling died away, for the wealth of the region seemed so great, that the cupidity of the world could not exhaust it.

Perhaps in no other country, at any period of its history, has so sudden and wonderful a revolution taken place as that which followed the discovery of the gold in the American fork. Alta California, between the Snowy Mountains and the sea, was then peopled by about twenty-five thousand inhabitants—of whom more than half were baptised natives, a third Spanish-Americans, and the remainder a motley collection of settlers from all parts of the world. The knowledge of its auriferous soil immediately attracted to California several currents of emigration; and as well over the Rocky Mountains as by sea, ceaseless arrivals from all quarters of the globe swelled the population. The towns on the coast were soon almost wholly deserted, and the few residents that remained made ample fortunes by levying exorbitant sums for the entertainment and supply of the travellers who came to the port. Vessels in the harbour were deserted; the harvest was at first unreaped; and the industry of the country suddenly stopped, as though struck by a universal paralysis, while the flood of population contracted and poured into the valley of the Sacramento. The gold region as yet discovered is 500 or 600 miles in length by 100 or 150 wide. Small patches only, however, have been completely explored. The tributaries of the Sacramento are the richest streams hitherto discovered.

Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely-erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground. Still, hundreds slept in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried to the United States more glowing accounts of the gold. It would be easy to present a scene of the most characteristic novelty, which would yet fall short of the reality—the vast scattered camps, the multitudes swarming in the river-bed and among the ravines, the trains of wagons winding towards the scene, the tumult and confusion of day, and the bivouac fires by night—all these and a thousand other elements might be blended in a living landscape of rare originality and interest; but it will be more profitable, and little less pleasant, to sketch in sober colours the present social condition of the region, and describe the aspect under which that curious community appears influenced by the irresistible power of gold. A few instances of the incidental features of society after the spread of the mania among the adventurers in search of wealth may neither be out of place nor unentertaining.

In May 1848 the negro waiter at the San Francisco Hotel, before the mania had reached its greatest height, refused to serve his master at the rate of less than ten dollars, or about two pounds a day—which is regarded here as a respectable income for a professional man. But the universal rage was so strong, that the 'mineral yellow fever,' as it was termed, left San Francisco at first almost wholly deserted; and at the same season a large fleet of merchant vessels lay helpless and abandoned, some partially, others wholly deserted. One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board; from another the captain started with all his crew, replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to plunder, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The 'Star' and 'Californian' newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had gone

to dig for gold; and among the most active workers in the valley was the 'attorney-general to the king of the Sandwich Islands.' The influence of this wonderful excitement extended all over the world, but was felt most powerfully in the neighbouring regions of Oregon and Mexico. There, during the early period of the excitement, the public roads—and especially the nearest way over the hills—were crowded with anxious travellers, each face bent towards the ridges of hills dividing their adopted country from the gold regions. Whole towns and villages may be seen peopled by scarcely any other than women, while the men are devoutly on the pilgrims' path to the shrine of mighty Mammon. Two peculiar results have been produced in America. The unmarried population is becoming thinner month after month, so that wedding chimes are far less frequent than of yore; while hypochondriacal patients, whom no sensible friends could persuade of their healthy condition, have forgotten their affected ills, and encountered all the weariness and perils of the journey between their sick-chambers and a canvas tent in the valley of the Sacramento.

These were incidents which took place early after the discovery. Others followed still more curious. The population that was suddenly gathered together in the valley of the Sacramento was among the most motley and heterogeneous ever collected in any spot on the surface of the globe. Californian Indians, with their gay costume in gaudy mimicry of the old nobility of Castile; rough American adventurers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, artisans, professional men, and mechanics of all descriptions, thronged into the scene. Among them were conspicuous a few ancient Spanish dons in embroidered blue and crimson clothes, that in their own country have been out of fashion for forty years. A few gentlemen, and numbers of women, were among the delvers; while, after some months had elapsed, even China opened her gates to let out some adventurous house-builders, who took junks at Canton, sailed across ten thousand miles of sea, arrived at San Francisco, and there betook themselves to their calling, and made large fortunes by the construction of light portable buildings for the use of the gold finders in the hot and populous valley.

Within eighteen months 100,000 men arrived in Alta California from the United States, and settled temporarily in the valley, though, after a short period, the return steamers were as well laden with life as the others. Nine thousand immense wagons came through the pass of the Rocky Mountains, with an average of five persons to each vehicle; 4000 emigrants rode on horseback through the same route; and of the others, many crossed the Isthmus of Panama, where the passengers have sometimes been so impatient, that the government packets have been pressed into their service, and compelled to start on their voyage before the arrival of the mails. Others made the sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round the head of Cape Horn; and multitudes of these have intrusted themselves, during the passage of the turbulent world of waters heaving round the head of this gloomy promontory, to leaky and shattered barques, resembling that in which Columbus made his last voyage from the New World to Spain. The American steam-ship *California* was the first that ever doubled that cape into the Pacific. In a New York paper sixty sail of ships were advertised to sail for the Gold Region in one day. An analysis of the multitudes that poured, and still pour, into the Gold Region, leads to a

curious result, since it shows what classes are most ready to leave their habitual employments to flock round the altar of Mammon, with the chance of acquiring sudden fortune and the risk of a ruin equally speedy. One-third of them are calculated as belonging to the tillers of the soil, an equal number are drawn from among the shopkeepers and artisans, and the remainder is made up of persons engaged in commerce, professional men, and that large and indescribable class which, for want of a more distinct term, we must comprehend under the title of adventurers.

The waters lying between the coast of California and the Isthmus, and further round Cape Horn to New York, were never before converted into such a crowded highway. Vessels were constantly passing to and fro, and all of them were peopled either by sanguine adventurers with the hot fever of desire upon them, or disappointed men who were returning remorsefully to their homes, moralising in philosophic vein over the theory of the far-famed fable—that industry alone is the genius that possesses the power to turn all things to gold.

The sea-passage, however, is often comparatively easy and convenient; for in spite of the famous story of the Quaker,* the Pacific Ocean, at least during certain seasons, deserves its name. An American traveller, who sailed 3500 miles between Cape Horn and the coast, declares that an open whale-boat might safely have rowed in the vessel's wake during the whole distance, and that boats frequently make the voyage from the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco without any danger from mountainous waves or vexing winds. Nowhere does a large vessel appear so majestic than when making her way over a sea so tranquil. However, the route by the emigrant trail was at first one of the utmost weariness and peril. The road, rough and broken as it was, was thronged with an almost perpetual stream of caravans; whole armies appeared to be marching to the Gold Regions; and each of these, as it passed, opened an easier way to its successor by levelling the mounds, throwing bridges across the water chasms, filling up ravines, and hewing shorter routes through the woods. Yet numbers fell by the way, and died of hunger, or thirst, or sheer fatigue, though many were relieved at the settlement of the fanatic Mormon saints, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. An anecdote will illustrate the poignant sufferings of some who undertook this fatiguing journey. An emigrant from America, travelling in a solitary wagon, found himself without food, and was compelled to eat scraps of buckskin and similar indigestible substances. He constantly climbed the rocks, and wandered through the mountain valleys, in search of game; and one day having wandered far from the trail in search of a buck, espied a moving form, which in the dusky twilight appeared to be an animal. It was, however, an Indian; but the emigrant, when he perceived this, did not give up the chase. Hungry and disheartened, the idea of a cannibal feast entered his mind; and he was bitterly disappointed when the poor savage escaped. 'For, sir,' said he to the American traveller who tells the story, 'had I caught him, I should have slain and eaten him as soon as if he had been a deer.' The Mexicans published proclamations, assuring safe passage to those

* During a great storm on this sea a vessel was once wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, 'Friend, dost thou call this Pacific?'

who crossed their territories without committing violence or pillage; and altogether the pilgrims in search of gold would have got on well in their journey, had not their vast numbers consumed the resources of the country through which their route lay. How many families in America and other parts of the world were thus broken up it is impossible to calculate; nor is it easy to ascertain the rate of impetus given to industry by the sudden requirements of so many emigrants called away from their habitation, and preparing for the journey by land or sea, to the Gold Region of California.

Arrived there, their first care was to provide themselves, if not already prepared, with implements—pots, kettles, crowbars, cullenders, baskets, and cradles. These and other instruments, various and multiplied, constituted the wealth of the gold-seeker. The towns on the coast were in a continual bustle; every remnant of their population was engaged in working at high rates of remuneration to supply the wants of new-comers. Captains were compelled to handcuff their men, to prevent their yielding to the attraction of the magnetic mineral lying in the valley; yet numerous sailors escaped, and found lucrative employments on shore, where for a long period, and probably up to this time, the demand for labour rose far above the supply. The scenes that occur along the broad line of beach which frames the superb harbour of San Francisco are sufficiently characteristic. Merchandise piled in large heaps awaits transportation in the warehouses; and among these loll and loiter emigrants from every land in Europe, with discharged convicts from New South Wales: Mexicans, Kanakas, Peruvians —who leave their own region, rich as it is, for one not so much exhausted —Chilians, Chinese, and others, though we have not yet heard of the Phœnicians of the eastern seas being in the field, the Bugis traders from the Indian archipelago. Probably, however, these will soon commence a series of adventures to California, since this is the first time they were outrun in energy by the merchants of the Celestial Empire. The Turks also are making pilgrimages, as devout as those to Mecca, to the shores of this attractive country, which is now a Babel of languages, costumes, manners, and creeds.

We frequently remark the dry and poverty-stricken appearance of the rooms in which our merchants carry on transactions involving tens of thousands sterling in a single exchange; but the buildings in which the wealthy speculators in California transact their business are still more humble, though their owners are no less millionaires. A few timbers, with some rough planks nailed across, and sheets of coarse brown cotton or calico strained over the whole, form the counting-houses; and under these frail roofs are engaged men as wealthy as any on the New York Exchange—the standard by which the Americans measure pecuniary riches. Entering one of these, the scene presented is curious: broad slabs of wood, planed on the upper surface, are used as counters, and these are sprinkled with the precious grains, while clerks stand behind them, weighing the gold in capacious balances. It is most commonly found in light scales, like those of the salmon, though frequently small lumps are found, and one solid mass of eighty-one ounces was seen by Mr Johnson, an adventurer from the United States. The metal, except when discovered in very large pieces, is too pure to be used unalloyed for

jewellery or coinage; and we have ourselves seen a lump, eleven ounces in weight, of as rich virgin gold as could be obtained. Bushels of the costly ore are piled in each counting-house; and yet in these slight tenements, as in the tents in the valley, recent accounts describe the accumulations of treasure to be as safe from robbery as though trebly locked in a banker's iron chest. The improvised laws of the community at first produced this result, and the code of regulations, now gradually introduced by the United States, are resolving society in Alta California from its chaos into order and social decency. But before these were established, severe rules were laid down and passed current by general consent: the thief, when not immediately stabbed by his detector, was hurried before a court, condemned by acclamation, and punished by a brand on the cheek and mutilation of the ears. In San Francisco the laws are less rude, but equally harsh, though no fetters are imposed upon trade, men being at liberty to sell their time, their labour, and their commodities at any rate they can obtain.

During the first fever of excitement the aspect of things was still more strange than at present. Labourers could only be induced to remain with their employers for a week or two at ten dollars a day; carpenters and blacksmiths—the only mechanics in demand—were paid with a daily ounce of pure gold; laundresses received about thirty-five shillings for every dozen of articles they washed; cooks commanded thirty guineas a month; and houses recently bought for a barrel of 'strong water,' sold for 20,000 dollars. One speculator spent £45,000 on the erection of a three-storey frame hotel, and immediately found a tenant, who paid him 20 per cent. on the outlay, and let some of the rooms, each at the rate of 400 dollars a month, for gambling purposes. A recent letter from the valley of the Sacramento says that physicians' fees are so high, that 'you can hardly get through a fever for less than a thousand dollars.' The whole place was a theatre of excitement, and in the delirium of the mania persons even far removed from the scene of enthusiasm committed acts of the utmost folly. They shipped whole cargoes of fine calicoes and rich silks to a land where there was hardly a female population at all; they transported immense consignments of costly furniture to towns where the habitations were mere mud hovels or timber-frames; they brought in one mass tobacco enough for several years' consumption; paper, which, as the Americans said, 'the stupendous wastefulness and extravagance of all the Congresses since the Union could not have consumed since the Declaration;' and a number of magnificent pianofortes, which sold for their value as *cupboards!*

Yet the prices paid for merchandise and commodities really wanted were extraordinary: blankets at eight guineas each, fresh water at a shilling a bucket. Wines and liquors were consumed in profusion, though to be procured only for extravagant sums. Gold-dust, doubloons, and dollars, were the only money accepted; and a traveller has declared that many of the miners flung away showers of small coins rather than be troubled with the possession of them! But this feverish fit, like all other paroxysms, was temporary, though, while it lasted, San Francisco was worthy to be the capital of a gold region. In the cafés you might procure a small slice of ham, two eggs, and a cup of coffee, for twelve shillings, and all other pro-

visions sold at equal rates. Powder was very costly, and yet intoxicated men rushed through the streets discharging guns, pistols, and revolvers, through mere recklessness; while others, mounted on horses hired at several guineas a day, gallopped wildly without purpose along the beach. The whole town was a Babel, and in its outskirts the scene was no less confused, and still more picturesque. A vast camp stretched around it, and along the shore, to a considerable distance on either side. Tents of all sizes, shapes, and colours, crowded the mist-covered hills, and piles of merchandise obstructed the passages between. Immense fires burned in all directions, and uncouth groups were busy round them engaged in the various processes of cooking or preparing their clothes, arms, implements, or equipage for the journey to the valley of the Sacramento. Such is a sketch of the gateway of this region as it appeared under its new aspect in 1848. We now take the route that guides us to the gold country, when, after noticing a few facts by the way, we may enter the scene of the main operations, and observe the improvised social economy of this suddenly-gathered community of gold-finders.

The journey may be performed either up the river in a small sailing vessel, or over a series of rolling undulations, where the road winds upwards through plentiful valleys and green expanses, thickly starred with flowers of the brightest hues. We pass numerous encampments where parties of emigrants are bivouacking under the trees, engaged in soaking American pilot-bread, frying pork, or boiling coffee in the tin pails afterwards to be employed in washing the sands. Along the line of the stream, and discerned at intervals through its borders of trees, are numerous vessels lying at anchor, or making their way along its winding course; while trains of wagons continually pass up and down, some full of expectant newcomers, others with complacent individuals who have been fortunate, and are prudently returning to their homes, and others laden with disappointment and regret. Whichever way proceeding, these vehicles are sources of wealth to their owners. One man, plying his wheels between San Francisco and the gold district, declared that the income he derived from this calling was equal to that of the second officer of state in the American Republic. A few deserted Indian villages of rude construction occur on the road, and here and there settlers from the United States have marked out the sites of future hamlets and towns.

We reach Suttersville or Sacramento city at the junction of the Rio des los Americanos with that river. It is built on the verge of a beautiful plain, covered with grass, and enclosed on three sides by belts of the sycamore and the white oak. The fort is a plain but substantial structure, which is said to have cost a number of dollars equal to that of the sun-dried bricks employed in its erection, for Indian labour was not easily procured at that time. Captain Sutter's house stands near; close to it are other buildings, and near them are the tents. Around them stretches the hilly country, still sloping upwards towards the summit of the range that lies between the great valley and the sea. Through many such scenes of nature and art we pass, and at length reach the ridge of the Californian hills, whence the view may range over the valley, which appears like a vast track, of unequal width, lying between immense rugged embank-

ments overgrown with verdure, sprinkled with rocky patches, and crowned on one side with forests, on the other with snow. Scattered over the slopes are groves of the white oak, alternating with open expanses profusely watered by running brooks and rivers. Below lies the level but uneven bottom of the Sacramento Valley, with the river meandering through its mazy length, now expanding into wide shallow lakes, and now contracting between rocky and tortuous channels. The green lands are divided by arid and sandy patches, and the level is broken by masses of rough, low hills, intersected by deep ravines, which, where they touch on the stream, receive its precious tribute of sand. On all sides narrow passes open between the hills and slope down to the valley; and from the Rocky Mountains on one side, and through the Californian range on the other, streams of wagons and laden mules are winding over the slopes towards the river; while along the stream sluggishly creep small, heavily-freighted vessels from San Francisco.

But the scene at the bottom of the valley, and in the ravines and 'placers' above, where the first discovery was made, is more difficult of description. Multitudes of arbours formed of branches, with tents, wagons, rough sheds, and portable frame-houses, dot the ground in particular spots; and at intervals throughout the gold region a vast population of gold-hunters is at work seeking for the precious metal, and all literally bending their forms, as though in adoration, at the shrine of Mammon. It will first be proper to describe the implements employed before we touch upon the various groups that are blended in this strange community.

The gold flakes are found impregnating the sand or shingle either actually below water, or left dry by the absorption or diversion of some current from the hills, though in the gullies and ravines large lumps have been plentifully discovered in the crevices of rocks, in cracks in the ground, or among the roots of trees. The sand in the streams has been estimated as worth, in the gross, from one to two shillings a pound's weight. An examination of the soil shows it to be composed largely of gravel, full of small stones like jasper, fragments of slate, and chips of basalt, evidently washed down from the mountains. At first the simplest method was employed to collect it. Tubs, pails, and tin pans were filled with mud and water, which was rapidly stirred, allowed to settle for a moment, and then poured off, leaving the heavy portion precipitated to the bottom. This was found a tedious and incomplete process. Sieves of woven willow-twigs were next tried, and for the same reason abandoned by all who could procure more serviceable utensils. Some ingenious miner invented the 'rocker,' a wooden cradle raised more at one end than at the other, and thus forming an incline. Across the bottom are nailed some broad lathes, and over the top is placed a grating or perforated plate of tin. Some are small, and worked by one man, who first piles the auriferous earth on the upper tray, and then with one hand rocks the machine, while with the other he bales water into it with a tin pan. Some of them, however, occupy four men, whose division of labour is complete: one with a suitable spade shovels the earth into his pans, the next carries it to the cradle, and flings it heavily on the close grating, the third rocks the machine, and the fourth continually pours water upon the mass inside. A heavy sediment, rich in gold, is left at the bottom, while all the light

substances are washed away. A small stream is generally dammed across, whilst the current of a large one is broken by embankments and flanks, so that an accumulation of sand renders the toil lighter, and its reward more certain. In the upper districts the gold is principally found in the bed or dry beds of mountain torrents, between rocky and precipitous channels, in a yellowish-red soil. The finer dust is found in the lower region, the rough lumps in the more elevated. Massive pieces are discovered only in the upper country, a fact which leads us to the inference, that the real source is among the mountains of the Snowy Range. But no mine has yet been found. All the wealth hitherto drawn from Alta California consists of mere washings from the spots where the metal may be presumed to lie in large masses imbedded in the earth, and carried away in small quantities by the constant action of water. The fervid and gold-fevered imagination of the Americans has pictured rocks of pure ore abounding among the peaks of the mountains.

The scenes presented in the gold region by the busy multitude toiling in it are among the most singular that can be imagined. In one spot may be seen a party of newly-arrived emigrants, each armed with a shovel, a tin pan, a sieve, or a cullender, and all standing in the water scooping up the sand into buckets, stirring the contents with their bare arms, and watching the result with glistening eyes, as the water is poured off, and the precious sediment revealed; in another, men are busy in collecting the gold-dust, after passing through the first rough process of cleansing, in small, closely-woven baskets of Indian manufacture, which are arranged on the ground in the full glare of the sun; in another, a large party is labouring with the immense rockers—or gold-canoes, as the Indians term them—gravely, as though accustomed to their task; in another, scattered individuals are groping with knives, crowbars, and even common sticks, in the dry ravines, expecting by this desultory labour to earn more by picking up small masses of pure ore than by industriously toiling amid the sands; in another, the miners are spreading their shining stores to dry on pieces of canvas; while everywhere multitudes of men, in all varieties of costume, and collected from all quarters of the world, maintain an incessant motion and hum, suggesting the idea of some colony of gigantic ants engaged in collecting the materials for their dwellings. Every man is in a stooping posture; all eyes are bent to the earth; and in every hand some instrument is employed with the universal design of extracting from the earth that metal which, by the common consent of mankind, has in all times and among almost all nations been made the standard of value.

These occupations employ the multitude during the day, though the whole of the temporary settlers in the gold region are not employed in the actual search for the metal. Some of the shrewd immigrants leave this laborious task to the many, upon whose necessities they thrive. At intervals among the little villages of tents, bowers, and sheds that are sprinkled over the valley, we find stores erected, and traders disposing of their merchandise to the gold-finders. Some adventurers from the United States who arrived in Alta California in the spring of 1849, carried on a system of traffic which may be taken as the type of that pursued by the society of the place. They pitched their tent in the Culoma Valley, near Sutter's saw-mill, and piled within its canvas walls a large store of merchandise, brought in

wagons from San Francisco. In front was placed a large awning, with a barrel set upright at each corner. Four broad planks formed convenient counters on each side, and on these were displayed the articles for sale. The prices demanded and given were most exorbitant, though not so high as at one other season. An ordinary rifle was sold for a hundred dollars; a pair of small belt pistols for from thirty-two to forty-eight; clasp, sheath, and bowie knives for as much as four guineas each; powder for four or five shillings an ounce; percussion-caps nearly ten shillings a hundred; and cigars more cheaply at four-and-sixpence a dozen. At these prices the commodities sold freely. The miners, clad in greasy, deer-skin pantaloons, and red hunting-shirts—the common costume in the diggings—came to the store, and produced from the folds of a sash or handkerchief leathern pouches full of gold scales, which they shook into the balance to the amount demanded. Some of the dust often fell on the board, and our Americans volunteered to return it; but unless it was a large quantity, the general answer was, 'No; keep it: there's plenty more where that came from.' One man came to them for a bottle of brandy, and bought it for half an ounce of gold-powder, inviting the Americans to drink with him. They declined; he insisted, and they still refused, when he dashed the bottle to shivers against a tree, and went on with other purchases. Having dropped by accident a lump of gold worth some dollars, the trader picked it up, and offered it to him; but with contemptuous surprise the Kentuckian surveyed him from head to foot, and then said, in that drawling nasal tone peculiar to his countrymen, 'Well, stranger, you are a curiosity: I guess you hain't been in the diggings long, and better keep that for a sample!' Finally, with his companions, he purchased a barrel of ale at the rate of twelve shillings a quart, and some sardines for about two guineas a box; carrying off the prizes, and forcing every one he encountered to participate in the consumption of them.

Though breakfast and supper stand prominently forward in the category of the gold-gatherer's daily duties, the intervening meals are irregular, and sometimes quite forgotten. Places of public refreshment, however, have been established, and among the curious features which characterise the villages that dot the level valley of the Sacramento, not the least remarkable are the fires where 'lobscouse' is prepared for distribution to the miners at the rate of a dollar per pint—or nearly thirty-four shillings a gallon. Three poles are set up, and from them is suspended a pot, kept continually boiling by a large well-fed fire. Potatoes, cabbages, bread, and meat, with other edible miscellanea, are mingled to form something between a soup and a stew, doled out by handsome Californian damsels to the hungry and wealthy gold-seekers. These Indian Hebes also serve fire-water to the miners, and charge for it a price of imperial exorbitance.

The gains amassed by the miners were regulated partly by the shrewdness of the individual in the choice of his locality, and partly by accident. Some collected gold at the rate of half an ounce, others of an ounce, a day. One of the American reporters saw a man at San Francisco who amassed 500 dollars in eight days; and this person himself, on the first day of his arrival in the gold region, collected twenty-three dollars' worth, and each of his companions still more; while, after a little experi-

ence, the party working in concert, reaped a harvest of about 230 dollars a day. Some have gained at the rate of five-and-twenty guineas a day; one individual realised a thousand dollars in a single morning; another collected to the amount of five thousand pounds, and then promised himself a fortune of nearly three times the amount within a few months; while a lieutenant in the American service toiled so successfully, that he became weary of the profitable labour, and declared he was troubled with the amount of his accumulated riches. Instances might be multiplied of even far greater success than this. Some individuals made large fortunes, and counted their dollars by myriads after the labours of a single season; but there is another side to the picture, which takes away much of its attractive nature.

From the toil and the gains of the day we now pass to the pleasures, the use, and the waste of the evening and the night. It is then that this population of gold-hunters betake themselves to enjoyments that may compensate for the weariness of that day, and prepare them for the labour of the next. In the canvas and leafy cities raised as though by magic in the gold regions of California by the votaries of wealth, we find immense tents set up as places of worship, with missionaries from the New England States preaching to large congregations fresh from the search for gold. But these spectacles are not common; and the general scenes presented towards nightfall by this strange community is one of degrading debauch, though some quiet groups may be observed with their tents pitched under the trees, engaged over large fires in the dressing of meat and bread, and the preparation of coffee—the beverage to which the sober traveller in so many countries seems to fly as the most certain and safe means of exhilaration.

Next to these, however, we perhaps see a crowd of liberated convicts from our Australian settlements. Their costume, their appearance, and their manners, mark them out from among the rest. They wear coarse scarlet shirts, red flannel caps, bound about with a greasy leathern belt, whence depends the wooden-handled knife, revolving easily in its sheath, and ready to be drawn for its accustomed use. They spend their vacant hours in drinking, feasting, and dancing in uncouth figures around the fires of their bivouac; and seen at night by the dusky glare, more resemble demons than men. Numbers of them betook themselves to the gold region immediately on the discovery of its wealth.

Some of the miners are accustomed to toil incessantly for a long period, and then, assembling near some well-provided store, to spend most of their gains in one extravagant fit of luxury, when they return to their labour, to renew the feast as soon as new treasure has been accumulated. They spread an awning overhead, supply themselves with brandy, champagne, and choice provisions, eat and drink to repletion, and when satiated with the costly indulgence, rush out among the tents with brandished knives or rifles, shooting at any mark they fancy. Others gallop on horseback from place to place in the wildest delirium of intoxication. Fraternal in their previous inebriation, they often band together to commit crimes of fearful atrocity; and an instance is related that will show the condition of society in this envied El Dorado. A number of men, amassing great gains in one of the mines among the hills, descended into the valley to enjoy a

revel in the neighbourhood of a brandy store, and while they were feasting, were joined by an individual disagreeably notorious for insolent and insulting manners. One of the banqueters, unperceived, emptied his canteen of pure alcohol on the head of the unfortunate wretch, and immediately kindled the spirit. The man's hair was instantly in a blaze. 'Man on fire—man on fire!—Put him out—put him out!' was the general shout; and, says the narrator of the incident, put him out they did with a vengeance, many embracing that opportunity to pay off old scores. The scene has been described by an American writer, who, speaking of the oaths and curses continually in the mouths of these men, says the rocks refused to echo them. They lavish their gains in the most reckless profuseness, and reply to the remonstrances of their more prudent companions, that they know where abundance of gold exists, and they will get it when they want it. Men have been seen sleeping in holes helpless from excess, and surrounded by accumulations of their industry to an enormous amount, either piled in bags, or strapped about their persons. One individual, after collecting gold-dust to the value of 23,000 dollars, expended 19,000 of them in a three-days' revel. Others are more provident; and the mails from San Francisco to New York are burdened with gold sent in letters. Husbands and sons send the precious dust, secured in treble envelops, to their wives and mothers. One delivery in the autumn of 1849 was of 23,000 letters, many of them containing an ounce or two ounces of the flakes.

The post, however, brought far more substantial testimonies to the wealth of California than consignments of actual gold-dust. Draughts on the bankers—single slips of paper folded up by the labourer's hard hand—converted cottages into mansions; and, like the fairy's wand in the fable, attired beggars in purpled robes, and changed coarse ware into silver-plate. It is a remarkable fact, but one which is confirmed by experience, that instances of sudden fortune acquired in the golden region of California have been by far most frequent among the poor, who have been accustomed to labour, and inured to a life of comparative privation and fatigue. The reason is obvious, for the gold-seeker's toil is hard and wearying. Many have been the humble mechanics who have sent fortunes home to their families, with the announcement of their speedy return loaded with wealth. Men have sent to their wives draughts for 10,000 dollars as a trifle, in earnest of further remittances; and the keeper of a grog-store in New York is mentioned, who flung his whole stock into the street in a frenzy of liberality, excited by the news of an ample gathering of gold in California. Kegs of the precious dust astonish the eyes of people who were accustomed to look backwards over an experience of hardship, and forwards to a future of the humblest content. Children have been snatched up to affluence from the street-crossing; men have been arrested on the brink of ruin; and hands that have only become familiar with cents and occasional dollars, have plunged into barrels of gold, and signed away thousands in the purchase of grand houses and estates with the nonchalance of those to whom the chink of gold is daily and familiar music. While dwelling on these light points, however, we must repeat the truth, that the picture has a darker side, and that thousands have found ruin, many thousands a couch of illness, and many their graves, in the pursuit of the precious prize on the banks of the Sacramento.

To illustrate the condition of society prevalent in the early period of this era in Californian history, the following anecdote is related. Five emigrants from Oregon, in the spring of 1848, arrived in the gold region, and proceeding towards the Sierra Nevada, struck off through a wild pass among the rocks towards a lovely valley, said to be rich in deposits of the envied metal. They possessed among them one rifle; and having pitched their tent, left their only weapon in it, and wandered away in search of a convenient placer. At some distance from their bivouac a spot was found, and they commenced operations, when suddenly a band of forty or fifty wild Indians descended from the elevated rim of the valley between the gold-hunters and their tent, and immediately sent a flight of arrows from their powerful short, leather-lined bows. Three of the diggers, pierced with the shafts, fell, after a vain attempt to drive off the enemy with stones, and the other two succeeded in escaping to some distance, but were pursued, and also murdered. One of the Indians engaged in the massacre was afterwards captured, and to save his life, he promised to betray the retreat of his tribe; and sixteen men mounted, and armed with rifles and Spanish knives, set out to pursue the assassins.

In a short time the expedition returned; several of the white men brought scalps with them, and led prisoners a body of sixty Californians —men, women, and children. A fierce battle had taken place in the forest, and numbers of Indians belonging to the guilty tribe had been killed; but now, when a festival of triumph was held, it was resolved to release all the prisoners except seven of the highest rank. Nothing could be brought forward to implicate them in the murder; but their judges decided that they were 'bad-looking, and strong warriors,' and therefore most probably participators in the crime. At sunset, therefore, the seven condemned men were brought forth, when one of them giving a signal, burst from his captors, followed by the rest; and they fled for life towards the woody borders of the valley. The Oregon trappers pursued them with rifles, shot five dead on the spot, and mortally wounded another, while one escaped unscathed by a rapid flight into the forests, and over the mountains in the rear. They saw him afterwards standing on a distant peak to look back upon the valley where his six comrades had been slaughtered. This species of Lynch-law was practised among the gold-hunters, and while the innocent frequently suffered, the guilty as often escaped. Numbers of men walk at liberty along the banks of the Sacramento, against whom society has shut its gates on account of their horrid and repeated crimes. There is especially one man of education, intelligence, and fortune, who murdered one of his companions after a quarrel. He was arrested, tried with the forms of Lynch law, but acquitted, in consequence of a disagreement among the two juries empanelled to try him. He was set free; but is known among the miners by his miserable countenance, pale and emaciated, and deeply lined with the traces of a guilty conscience.

Perhaps no condition of things can be conceived more demoralising and more miserable than that of this immense region, literally full of gold, with a population hastily raked together from all parts of the globe, and composed altogether of adventurers—not hardy and industrious emigrants, but men seeking to quench the hot thirst for wealth by a sudden and intoxicating draught of fortune. Among so many, success must be dis-

tributed in unequal shares. Here was a source of disorganization. The unfortunate envied the prosperous, and these suspected all others. Partnerships were formed in sanguine hope, and broken off in bitter distrust. One party of respectable men leagued together, and by their combined industry amassed a large quantity of gold dust. Two were deputed to bear it to San Francisco. On the way they encountered a band of Indians, who robbed them, and murdered one. The other made his way back to the little valley in the interior, where a rich soil had been discovered; and the first feeling that his story awakened, was a suspicion among the oldest friends that he was at once a thief and a murderer. Gold must indeed be the *summum bonum*, if it be worth acquiring at the cost of all confidence, all mutual trust, all affection and honour!

But the great stain which takes from this El Dorado the prestige of its romance, and destroys its alluring aspect, is the sickness that in the hot season spreads among the gold-finders. In the hot months the air is dry and burning, in the cold weather the rains convert the whole surface into a marsh. Yet the climate, though unpleasant, is not necessarily unhealthy to those who adhere to the rules laid down by experience; although, immediately on the advent of the immigrant swarms, a disease broke out among them—the land scurvy—which has been most fatal. The miners, on their overland journey, and in the gold region, make use of little or nothing but fried bacon or fat pork, with flour made into baked cakes, and fried in the fat; while strong coffee, brandy and whisky, wine, and other liquors, are swallowed in the scorching heat; and this diet has sent hundreds to their graves, while they have driven from the country, with disappointment and regret, thousands who ascribed to the inevitable course of circumstances that for which they were themselves only to blame.

In the United States several writers have published in the journals an account of their fortunes among the gold-finders in Alta California. To trace the changes of their minds from the commencement to the close of these daily-written narratives is interesting and instructive. They open with a fervent account of the hopes, the dreams, and the exaggerated ideas that possess the sanguine mind in its approach to a task full of deceptive promise; and they conclude, in a tone of angry disappointment, with advice to those who possess sufficient comfort at home to be contented with it, and seek no addition to their wealth in the valleys of the Sacramento and its tributary streams. Their picture of the region is sufficiently discouraging. The whole of its heterogeneous society was, within a short period of its formation, plunged into confusion. Quarrels, outrages, and crimes became frequent. No device could be invented to infuse the element of order into the population of the valley and the surrounding wilds that swarmed with gold hunters. Nevertheless, as we have said, a species of law was improvised, and certain rules of honourable conduct were at once recognised among the miners, in the absence of any organized system of administration. On one occasion a number of these men, exploring a dry ravine, came upon a spot glittering with the flakes of gold in unusual abundance. Every man threw himself upon the ground, and each claimed so much of it as was covered by his body. The right was admitted, and the agreement adhered to. Each in the course of a few hours gained at

least to the value of sixty pounds sterling. There was no authority, however, to enforce these rules: vessels of war sent to patrol the coast were deserted by their crews, barracks were abandoned by the troops, and officials appointed by the United States for the promotion of order, found their duty too weak to hold them back from a flight to the alluring occupation of digging for gold on the banks of the Sacramento.

The United States, however, soon began seriously to make arrangements for giving California a constitution, and a regular form of government, although this must necessarily work weakly for some time. A country like the gold region is not, under the circumstances we have described, easily reduced to order. A legislative convention meets at Monterey to settle affairs of a fiscal nature, taxes, and imposts; and this town, in consequence, has become the great rival of San Francisco, especially as a gold deposit has been discovered near it, where every hundredweight of the stony earth yields eight ounces of the pure metal. A few seasons will begin to regulate the value of property, and when the fever has abated, society will advance towards consolidation. But San Francisco, whose population is now double that of the whole of Alta California before Sutter's discovery, continues to present an appearance as extraordinary as that of any place on the surface of the earth. A number of brightly-painted and ornamental Chinese houses are sprinkled among the old mud buildings, together with the substantial American erections that promise to replace the latter altogether. One hotel with two hundred rooms has been constructed, and large streets are rapidly rising, though numbers still live in tents and canvas-covered frame erections. A large part of the town was recently burnt, but soon rose from its ashes. In spite, however, of all disadvantages, the whole region wears an appearance of prosperity. The population, by the latest accounts, amounts to at least 200,000; steamers ply between the harbour and the valley, bearing passengers to and fro, at the rate of about four guineas each person for a day's journey. To supply the numbers of these vessels that will shortly crowd to the harbour, a large bed of coal has been discovered in the interior, which cannot fail greatly to assist in developing the mineral resources of the country.

The position of California at present is that of a community seething in the confusion of incoherent elements. Daily murders, and still more frequent suicides, occur; and though the number of outrages is decreasing, it must be long before society, under such influences, settles into a permanent and natural form. Meanwhile, it is curious to observe how various are the colours in which the different writers from the spot sketch their experience. Some write in a tone of hilarity and hope, exhausting language and fancy in depicting the glowing features of this golden region. Others describe Alta California as a melancholy delusion, where disappointment is the sure fruit of endeavour: one person, recently writing from San Francisco, amused us by a doleful description of a young officer who had come out, just after enjoying a presentation at court, and was now selling eggs to the townspeople at thirty shillings a dozen; another gentleman of some position hawked ready-made clothes from door to door for a livelihood; and others felled wood in the forests—the only means of supporting the profuse expenditure required by even a short stay in this rising city.

The means of communication between Alta California and America, and Europe, remain as yet very undeveloped, though the short period that has elapsed since the discovery of the gold has been fertile in projects. Of these some have already been carried into practice. Lines of steamers ply between New York and San Francisco; a company has been chartered to construct a railway across the Isthmus of Panama; the Nicaragua Canal is expected to be undertaken, and the bold enterprise of the Americans has projected a railway from the United States through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. This is not the place to discuss these plans, nor do we look for their complete development before a considerable period has elapsed: but if Alta California continue to attract, as appearances lead us to expect, a continuous tide of population to her golden valleys, the streams of immigration will certainly wear for themselves channels even through the most difficult routes. A population almost wholly composed of adventurers, brought together by the idolatry of gold, is an anomalous social phenomenon; and into what form such a society may ultimately mould itself, or be moulded by the pressure of external influences, it is impossible to say. One thing is superior in probability to all others—that the government of the United States will succeed in setting the impress of order on its new acquisition, and that from its present condition of anarchy Alta California will ultimately settle down into a quiet and prosperous member of the North American Union.

A curious proposal has been made of a design for the arms of California. It originated with Lieutenant Revere of the United States army, and he has submitted it for consideration. Whether or not it will be accepted is uncertain; but as it is characteristic and interesting, we present it to the reader. An elaborate wood-cut is thus subscribed:—

DESIGN FOR THE ARMS OF CALIFORNIA.

SHIELD:

A new star rising, in a field of azure, over the Snowy Mountains of California to join the constellation of the United States, and its rays reflected in the Pacific Ocean, delineated on the lower part of the shield, and in which a whale—emblematic of the whaling interest—is sporting; while a ship enters between two headlands, on one of which the gigantic pine of California is represented.

SUPPORTERS:

A wild horse on the right, and a wild bull on the left of the shield—emblematic of the peculiar interests and animals of California. The lower part is adorned with grapes and wheat ears—emblematic of the productions of the country; and the motto of three words from Horace: '*Postera crescam laude*'—'I shall flourish in the future.'

CREST:

A rampant grizzly bear bearing the American flag furled, to denote peace; with a bowie knife, and the motto, '*Tuefor*'—'I will defend.'

Thirteen millions of dollars are calculated to have flowed from the gold region into the United States; some hundreds of thousands have reached England; considerable amounts have been distributed over the rest of Europe and the countries of the farther East; while our settlement of Sydney in South Australia has received 100,000 dollars' worth of Californian gold. The circulation of bullion has therefore been increased by the

opening of this new source, but by all writers it is admitted that the actual mining has not yet commenced. If the mines supposed to be situated among the Snowy Mountains are in reality discovered and wrought, it is impossible to estimate the influence they will exert upon the commercial world. It is said that already in some of the smaller states of the continent, the question has been raised, whether the gold coinage should not be abandoned; but these speculations must refer to a time still far distant.* There is no doubt that immense deposits of the precious dust have been washed down the eastern slope of the Snowy Range as well as the western; but it must be a vast accession, indeed, of bullion that will derange the balance of trading operations with regard to this great standard of value. Alta California, however, is still an almost unknown region. Its surface has never yet been submitted to a geographical survey; our knowledge of its resources is very incomplete; the quality of its soil and climate are debated; and of its general capabilities as a field for colonisation, for agriculture, and for cattle-rearing, our information is but limited. The interest of the subject, however, will lead to a knowledge of it; and when this flush of excitement has passed, and America steadily goes on with the task of consolidating the gold region among her states, we may look for an account, at once accurate and interesting, of its general conditions and resources.

* It may be well to mention, for the information of those who rush to such alarming conclusions, that gold occurs in greater or less abundance in almost every quarter of the globe, and is obtained either in the native state, from alluvial sands and gravels, or in mineral veins in combination with silver, and often mixed with metallic sulphurets and arseniurets. In the native state it occurs in small crystals, in threads or granular fragments, which, when of a certain magnitude, are called by the name of *pepitas*. The largest known pepita is said to have been found in Peru, its weight being about 26½ lbs. avoirdupois: the masses which have been reported from the province of Quito weighing 50 and 60 lbs., and the still more marvellous 'mountains of gold' in the Sierra Nevada, must, in the absence of authentic evidence, be regarded as mere exaggerated fictions.

The geological formations in which gold occurs are the crystalline primitive rocks, the compact transition strata, the trachytic and trap rocks, and alluvial grounds of the current era. In the three former sources, the ores of the metal are *in situ;* in the latter, it is a travelled or transported product, being carried thither, from the rocks in which it was originally formed, by streams and rivers. In the former case, it is obtained by the difficult and dangerous process of mining; in the latter, the soil or gravel is merely turned over, and the metallic portions (the *gold-dust* of commerce) separated by hand-picking, washings, and siftings. It is thus obtained from *mines* in Brazil, Peru, Mexico, Carolina, Hungary, Transylvania, and the Uralian Mountains; and from *sands* from the Peruvian, Mexican, and Brazilian rivers, the valleys of California, several of the rivers of Africa, from the Rhine, Rhone, and Danube, in continental Europe, and in small quantities from Wicklow in Ireland, from Cornwall, and from the Leadhill district in Scotland. With the exception of iron, perhaps there is no metal more generally disseminated than gold; but in comparatively few localities is it sufficiently abundant to repay the cost of mining and collecting. In fine, if experience and the deductions of geology are to be held as of any weight, there need be little apprehension of anything like a permanent derangement of value being caused by the 'diggings' in California. These will by and by become exhausted, and matters will return very much to their former position, when the gold-seeker is driven to the laborious, expensive, and uncertain processes of mining, stamping, and amalgamating, among the inhospitable heights of the Sierra Nevada. Even as matters stand, the reports of the United States Commissioner exhibit no appreciable increase on the amount collected (about 20,000,000 dollars a year), notwithstanding that the number of diggers has been more than doubled since 1848—thus showing at once the limited nature of the deposits, and the rapidly-increasing difficulty of obtaining their golden treasures.

That gold exists in vast abundance among the wilds of the Sierra Nevada we doubt not; and from an examination of the evidence respecting the localities where the metal is at present found, it seems probable that it exists in no place whither it could not have been borne by the agency of water from these mountains. But beyond the summit of the great range, it is said, travellers have entered on a region more brilliant than Sinbad's fabulous valley of diamonds, where the rocks are visibly impregnated with the rich glittering metal, and boulders of solid gold and silver lie scattered in magnificent profusion over the ground. Masses of ore, tons in weight, are piled into jagged mountains too wonderful for fancy to imagine. The most remarkable detail in this strange story—and that which chiefly tends to render the whole affair incredible—is, that the blocks of precious metal have gold in the south end, and silver in the north end, and that, without exception, they lie in one direction.

Whether or not, however, this account be based on truth, certain it is that, for its wealth, California is unrivalled among the various sections of the world's surface. The descriptions which were at first regarded as the exaggerated pictures painted by a florid imagination, appear now as rough sketches, to which experience has imparted still stronger colours. How long the prevalent fever may endure it is impossible to indicate, but the United States would seem to be advancing with a plan for the regulation of the property in land. They wish to define the right of settlement, and lay down laws on the subject of mining; but it must be recollected that when the gold was first discovered a very short time ago, California was like a basin scooped in the bed of the sea, into which immediately rushed a wild and tumultuous torrent of population, and that this heterogeneous multitude is still heaving to and fro in the valley of the Sacramento, among the interior hills, and along the shore. It will be difficult, consequently, to infuse into a region so situated the elements of order, and the principles of a strict, though liberal administration.

THE BLACK POCKET-BOOK.

A TALE.

'WHAT do you pay for peeping?' said a baker's boy with a tray on his shoulder to a young man in a drab-coloured greatcoat, and with a cockade in his hat, who, on a cold December's night, was standing with his face close to the parlour-window of a mean house, in a suburb of one of our largest seaport towns in the south of England.

Tracy Walkingham, which was the name of the peeper, might have answered that he paid *dear enough;* for in proportion as he indulged himself with these surreptitious glances, he found his heart stealing away from him, till he literally had not a corner of it left that he could fairly call his own.

Tracy was a soldier; but being in the service of one of his officers, named D'Arcy, was relieved from wearing his uniform. At sixteen years of age he had run away from a harsh schoolmaster, and enlisted in an infantry regiment; and about three weeks previous to the period at which our story opens, being sent on an early errand to his master's laundress, his attention had been arrested by a young girl, who, coming hastily out of an apothecary's shop with a phial in her hand, was rushing across the street, unmindful of the London coach and its four horses, which were close upon her, and by which she would assuredly have been knocked down, had not Tracy seized her by the arm and snatched her from the danger.

'You'll be killed if you don't look sharper,' said he carelessly; but as he spoke, she turned her face towards him. 'I hope my roughness has not hurt you?' he continued in a very different tone: 'I'm afraid I griped your arm too hard?'

'I'm very much obliged to you,' she said; 'you did not hurt me at all. Thank you,' she added, looking back to him as she opened the door of the opposite house with a key which she held in her hand.

The door closed, and she was gone ere Tracy could find words to detain her; but if ever there was a case of love at first sight, this was one. Short as had been the interview, she carried his heart with her. For some minutes he stood staring at the house, too much surprised and absorbed in his own feelings to be aware that, as is always the case if a man stops to look at anything in the street, he was beginning to collect a little knot of people about him, who all stared in the same direction too, and were asking each other what was the matter. Warned by this discovery, the young

soldier proceeded on his way; but so engrossed and absent was he, that he had strode nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the laundress' cottage before he discovered his error. On his return, he contrived to walk twice past the house; but he saw nothing of the girl. He had a mind to go into the apothecary's and make some inquiry about her; but that consciousness which so often arrests such inquiries arrested his, and he went home, knowing no more than his eyes and ears had told him—namely, that this young damsel had the loveliest face and the sweetest voice that fortune had yet made him acquainted with, and, moreover, that the possessor of these charms was apparently a person in a condition of life not superior to his own. Her dress and the house in which she lived both denoted humble circumstances, if not absolute poverty, although he felt that her countenance and speech indicated a degree of refinement somewhat inconsistent with this last conjecture. She might be a reduced gentlewoman. Tracy hoped not, for if so, poor as she was, she would look down upon him; she might, on the contrary, be one of those natural aristocrats, born Graces, that nature sometimes pleases herself with sending into the world; as in her humorous moments she not unfrequently does the reverse, bestowing on a princess the figure and port of a market-woman. Whichever it was, the desire uppermost in his mind was to see her again; and accordingly, after his master was dressed, and gone to dinner, he directed his steps to the same quarter. It was now evening, and he had an opportunity of more conveniently surveying the house and its neighbourhood without exciting observation himself. For this purpose he crossed over to the apothecary's door, and looked around him. It was a mean street, evidently inhabited by poor people, chiefly small retail dealers; almost every house in it being used as a shop, as appeared from the lights and merchandise in the windows, except the one inhabited by the unknown beauty. They were all low buildings of only two storeys; and that particular house was dark from top to bottom, with the exception of a faint stripe of light which gleamed from one of the lower windows, of which there were only two, apparently from a rent or seam in the shutter, which was closed within. On crossing over to take a nearer survey, Tracy perceived that just above a green curtain which guarded the lower half of the window from the intrusions of curiosity, the shutters were divided into upper and lower, and that there was a sufficient separation between them to enable a person, who was tall enough to place his eye on a level with the opening, to see into the room. Few people, however, were tall enough to do this, had they thought it worth their while to try; but Tracy, who was not far from six feet high, found he could accomplish the feat quite easily. So, after looking round to make sure nobody was watching him, he ventured on a peep; and there indeed he saw the object of all this interest sitting on one side of a table, whilst a man, apparently old enough to be her father, sat on the other. He was reading, and she was working, with the rich curls of her dark-brown hair tucked carelessly behind her small ears, disclosing the whole of her young and lovely face, which was turned towards the window. The features of the man he could not see, but his head was bald, and his figure lank; and Tracy fancied there was something in his attitude that indicated ill health. Sometimes she looked up and spoke to her companion, but when she did so, it was always with a serious,

anxious expression of countenance, which seemed to imply that her communications were on no very cheerful subject. The room was lighted by a single tallow candle, and its whole aspect denoted poverty and privation, while the young girl's quick and eager fingers led the spectator to conclude she was working for her bread.

It must not be supposed that all these discoveries were the result of one enterprise. Tracy could only venture on a peep now and then when nobody was nigh; and many a time he had his walk for nothing. Sometimes, too, his sense of propriety revolted, and he forbore from a consciousness that it was not a delicate proceeding thus to spy into the interior of this poor family at moments when they thought no human eye was upon them: but his impulse was too powerful to be always thus resisted, and fortifying himself with the consideration that his purpose was not evil, he generally rewarded one instance of self-denial by two or three of self-indulgence. And yet the scene that met his view was so little varied, that it might have been supposed to afford but a poor compensation for so much perseverance. The actors and their occupation continued always the same; and the only novelty offered was, that Tracy sometimes caught a glimpse of the man's features, which, though they betrayed evidence of sickness and suffering, bore a strong resemblance to those of the girl.

All this, however, to make the most of it, was but scanty fare for a lover; nor was Tracy at all disposed to content himself with such cold comfort. He tried what walking through the street by day would do, but the door was always closed, and the tall green curtain presented an effectual obstacle to those casual glances on which alone he could venture by sunlight. Once only he had the good-fortune again to meet this 'bright particular star' out of doors, and that was one morning about eight o'clock, when he had been again sent on an early embassy to the laundress. She appeared to have been out executing her small marketings, for she was hastening home with a basket on her arm. Tracy had formed a hundred different plans for addressing her—one, in short, suited to every possible contingency—whenever the fortunate opportunity should present itself; but, as is usual in similar cases, now that it did come, she flashed upon him so suddenly, that in his surprise and agitation he missed the occasion altogether. The fact was, that she stepped out of a shop just as he was passing it; and her attention being directed to some small change which she held in her hand, and which she appeared to be anxiously counting, she never even saw him, and had re-entered her own door before he could make up his mind what to do. He learned, however, by this circumstance, that the best hope of success lay in his going to Thomas Street at eight o'clock; but alas! this was the very hour that his services could not be dispensed with at home; and although he made several desperate efforts, he did not succeed in hitting the lucky moment again.

Of course he did not neglect inquiry; but the result of his perquisitions afforded little encouragement to his hopes of obtaining the young girl's acquaintance. All that was known of the family was, that they had lately taken the house, that their name was Lane, that they lived quite alone, and [illegible] sed to be [illegible] poor. Where they came from, and what their [illegible] t [illegible] body knew or seemed desirous to know, since they had hitherto awakened no

curiosity in the neighbourhood. The Scotsman at the provision shop out of which she had been seen to come pronounced her a *wise-like girl*; and the apothecary's lad said that she was uncommon *comely and genteel-like*, adding, that her father was in very bad health. This was the whole amount of information he could obtain, but to the correctness of it, as regarded the bad health and the poverty, his own eyes bore witness.

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since Tracy's first meeting with the girl, when one evening he thought he perceived symptoms of more than ordinary trouble in this humble ménage. Just as he placed his eye to the window, he saw the daughter entering the room with an old blanket, which she wrapped round her father, whilst she threw her arms about his neck, and tenderly caressed him; at the same time he remarked that there was no fire in the grate, and that she frequently applied her apron to her eyes. As these symptoms denoted an unusual extremity of distress, Tracy felt the strongest desire to administer some relief to the sufferers; but by what stratagem to accomplish his purpose it was not easy to discover. He thought of making the apothecary or the grocer his agent, requesting them not to name who had employed them; but he shrank from the attention and curiosity such a proceeding would awaken, and the evil interpretations that might be put upon it. Then he thought of the ribald jests and jeers to which he might subject the object of his admiration, and he resolved to employ no intervention, but to find some means or other of conveying his bounty himself; and having, with this view, enclosed a sovereign in half a sheet of paper, he set out upon his nightly expedition.

He was rather later than usual, and the neighbouring church clock struck nine just as he turned into Thomas Street; he was almost afraid that the light would be extinguished, and the father and daughter retired to their chambers, as had been the case on some previous evenings; but it was not so: the faint gleam showed that they were still there, and after waiting some minutes for a clear coast, Tracy approached the window—but the scene within was strangely changed.

The father was alone—at least except himself there was no living being in the room—but there lay a corpse on the floor; at the table stood the man with a large black note-book in his hand, out of which he was taking what appeared to the spectator, so far as he could discern, to be bank-notes. To see this was the work of an instant; to conclude that a crime had been committed was as sudden; and under the impulse of fear and horror that seized him, Tracy turned to fly, but in his haste and confusion, less cautious than usual, he struck the window with his elbow. The sound must have been heard within; and he could not resist the temptation of flinging an instantaneous glance into the room to observe what effect it had produced. It was exactly such as might have been expected: like one interrupted in a crime, the man stood transfixed, his pale face glaring at the window, and his hands, from which the notes had dropped, suspended in the attitude in which they had been surprised; with an involuntary exclamation of grief and terror, Tracy turned again and fled. But he had scarcely gone two hundred yards when he met the girl walking calmly along the street with her basket on her arm. She did not observe him, but he recognised her; and urged by love and curiosity, he could not forbear

turning back, and following her to the door. On reaching it, she, as usual, put her key into the lock; but it did not open as usual; it was evidently fastened on the inside. She lifted the knocker, and let it fall once, just loud enough to be heard within; there was a little delay, and then the door was opened—no more, however, than was sufficient to allow her to pass in—and immediately closed. Tracy felt an eager desire to pursue this strange drama further, and was standing still, hesitating whether to venture a glance into the room, when the door was again opened, and the girl rushed out, leaving it unclosed, and ran across the street into the apothecary's shop.

'She is fetching a doctor to the murdered man,' thought Tracy. And so it appeared, for a minute had scarcely elapsed, when she returned, accompanied by the apothecary and his assistant; they all three entered the house; and upon the impulse of the moment, without pausing to reflect on the impropriety of the intrusion, the young soldier entered with them.

The girl, who walked first with a hasty step, preceded them into that room on the right of the door which, but a few minutes before, Tracy had been surveying through the window. The sensations with which he now entered it formed a singular contrast to his anticipations, and furnished a striking instance of what we have all occasion to remark as we pass through life—namely, that the thing we have most earnestly desired, frequently when it does come, arrives in a guise so different to our hopes, and so distasteful to the sentiments or affections which have given birth to the wish, that what we looked forward to as the summit of bliss, proves, when we reach it, no more than a barren peak strewn with dust and ashes. Fortunate, indeed, may we esteem ourselves if we find nothing worse to greet us. How often had Tracy fancied that if he could only obtain entrance into that room he should be happy! As long as he was excluded from it, it was *his* summit, for he could see no further, and looked no further, sought no further: it seemed to him that, once there, all that he desired must inevitably follow. Now he *was* there, but under what different circumstances to those he had counted on! with what different feelings to those his imagination had painted!

'What's the matter?' inquired Mr Adams the apothecary, as he approached the body, which still lay on the floor.

'I hope it's only a fit!' exclaimed the girl, taking the candle off the table, and holding it in such a manner as to enable the apothecary to examine the features.

'He's dead I fancy,' said the latter, applying his fingers to the wrist. 'Unloose his neckcloth, Robert, and raise the head.'

This was said to the assistant, who, having done as he was told, and no sign of life appearing, Mr Adams felt for his lancet, and prepared to bleed the patient. The lancet, however, had been left in the pocket of another coat, and Robert being sent over to fetch it, Tracy stepped forward and took his place at the head of the corpse; the consequence of which was, that, when the boy returned, Mr Adams bade him go back and mind the shop, as they could do very well without him; and thus Tracy's intrusion was, as it were, legitimised, and all awkwardness removed from it. Not, however, that he had been sensible of any: he was too much absorbed with the interest of the scene to be disturbed by such minor considerations. Neither did anybody else appear discomposed or surprised at his presence: the apothecary

did not know but he had a right to be there; the boy, who remembered the inquiries Tracy had made with regard to the girl, concluded they had since formed an acquaintance; the girl herself was apparently too much absorbed in the distressing event that had occurred to have any thoughts to spare on minor interests; and as for the man, he appeared to be scarcely conscious of what was going on around him. Pale as death, and with all the symptoms of extreme sickness and debility, he sat bending somewhat forward in an old arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the spot where the body lay; but there was 'no speculation' in those eyes, and it was evident that what he seemed to be looking at he did not see. To every thoughtful mind the corporeal investiture from which an immortal spirit has lately fled must present a strange and painful interest; but Tracy felt now a more absorbing interest in the mystery of the living than the dead; and as strange questionings arose in his mind with regard to the pale occupant of the old arm-chair as concerning the corpse that was stretched upon the ground. Who was this stranger, and how came he there lying dead on the floor of that poor house? And where was the pocket-book and the notes? Not on the table, not in the room, so far as he could discern. They must have been placed out of sight; and the question occurred to him, was *she* a party to the concealment? But both his heart and his judgment answered *no*. Not only her pure and innocent countenance, but her whole demeanour, acquitted her of crime. It was evident that her attention was entirely engrossed by the surgeon's efforts to recall life to the inanimate body; there was no *arrière pensée*, no painful consciousness plucking at her sleeve; her mind was anxious, but not more so than the ostensible cause justified, and there was no expression of mystery or fear about her. How different to the father, who seemed terror-struck! No anxiety for the recovery of the stranger, no grief for his death, appeared in him; and it occurred to Tracy that he looked more like one condemned and waiting for execution than the interested spectator of another's misfortune.

No blood flowed, and the apothecary having pronounced the stranger dead, proposed, with the aid of Tracy, to remove him to a bed; and as there was none below, they had to carry him up stairs, the girl preceding them with a light, and leading the way into a room where a small tent bedstead without curtains, two straw-bottomed chairs, with a rickety table, and cracked looking-glass, formed nearly all the furniture; but some articles of female attire lying about, betrayed to whom the apartment belonged, and lent it an interest for Tracy.

Whilst making these arrangements for the dead but few words were spoken. The girl looked pale and serious, but said little; the young man would have liked to ask a hundred questions, but did not feel himself entitled to ask one; and the apothecary, who seemed a quiet, taciturn person, only observed that the stranger appeared to have died of disease of the heart, and inquired whether he was a relation of the family.

'No,' replied the girl; 'he's no relation of ours—his name is Aldridge.'

'Not Ephraim Aldridge?' said the apothecary.

'Yes; Mr Ephraim Aldridge,' returned she: 'my father was one of his clerks formerly.'

'You had better send to his house immediately,' said Mr Adams. 'I forget whether he has any family?'

'None but his nephew, Mr Jonas,' returned the girl. 'I'll go there directly, and tell him.'

'Your father seems in bad health?' observed Mr Adams as he quitted the room and proceeded to descend the stairs.

'Yes; he has been ill a long time,' she replied with a sad countenance; 'and nobody seems to know what's the matter with him.'

'Have you had any advice for him?' inquired the apothecary.

'Oh yes, a great deal, when first he was ill; but nobody did him any good.'

By this time they had reached the bottom of the stairs; and Mr Adams, who now led the van, instead of going out of the street-door, turned into the parlour again.

'Well, sir,' said he, addressing Lane, 'this poor gentleman is dead. I should have called in somebody else had I earlier known who he was; but it would have been useless, life must have been extinct half an hour before I was summoned. Why did you not send for me sooner?'

'I was out,' replied the girl, answering the question that had been addressed to her father. 'Mr Aldridge had sent me away for something, and when I returned, I found him on the floor, and my father almost fainting. It was a dreadful shock for him, being so ill.'

'How did it happen?' inquired Mr Adams, again addressing Lane.

A convulsion passed over the sick man's face, and his lip quivered as he answered in a low sepulchral tone: 'He was sitting in that chair, talking about—about his nephews, when he suddenly stopped speaking, and fell forwards. I started up and placed my hands against his breast to save him, and then he fell backwards upon the floor.'

'Heart, no doubt. Probably a disease of long standing,' said Mr Adams. 'But it has given you a shock: you had better take something, and go to bed.'

'What should he take?' inquired the daughter.

'I'll send over a draught,' replied the apothecary, moving towards the door; 'and you wont neglect to give notice of what has happened—it must be done to-night.'

'It is late for you to go out,' observed Tracy, speaking almost for the first time since he entered the house. 'Couldn't I carry the message for you?'

'Yes: if you will, I shall be much obliged,' said she; 'for I do not like to leave my father again to-night. The house is No. 4, West Street.'

Death is a great leveller, and strong emotions banish formalities. The offer was as frankly accepted as made; and his inquiry whether he could be further useful being answered by 'No, thank you—not to-night,' the young man took his leave, and proceeded on his mission to West Street in a state of mind difficult to describe—pleased and alarmed, happy and distressed. He had not only accomplished his object by making the acquaintance of Mary Lane, but the near view he had had of her, both as regarded her person and behaviour, confirmed his admiration and gratified his affection; but, as he might have told the boy who interrupted him, he had paid dear for peeping. He had seen what he would have given the world not to have seen; and whilst he eagerly desired to prosecute his suit to this young woman, and make her his wife, he shrank with horror from the idea of having a thief and assassin for his father-in-law.

Engrossed with these reflections, he reached West Street before he was aware of being half-way there, and rang the bell of No. 4. It was now past eleven o'clock, but he had scarcely touched the wire, before he heard a foot in the passage, and the door opened. The person who presented himself had no light, neither was there any in the hall, and Tracy could not distinguish to whom he spoke when he said, 'Is this the house of Mr Ephraim Aldridge?'

'It is: what do you want?' answered a man's voice, at the same time that he drew back, and made a movement towards closing the door.

'I have been requested to call here to say that Mr Aldridge is'—— And here the recollection that the intelligence he bore would probably be deeply afflicting to the nephew he had heard mentioned as the deceased man's only relation, and to whom he was now possibly speaking, arrested the words in his throat, and after a slight hesitation he added—'is taken ill.'

'Ill!' said the person who held the door in his hand, which he now opened wider. 'Where? What's the matter with him? Is he very ill? Is it anything serious?'

The tone in which these questions were put relieved Tracy from any apprehension of inflicting pain, and he rejoined at once, 'I am afraid he is dead.'

'Dead!' reiterated the other, throwing the door wide. 'Step in if you please. Dead! how should that be? He was very well this afternoon. Where is he?' And so saying, he closed the street-door, and led the young soldier into a small parlour, where a lamp with a shade over it, and several old ledgers, were lying on the table.

'He's at Mr Lane's in Thomas Street,' replied Tracy.

'But are you sure he's dead?' inquired the gentleman, who was indeed no other than Mr Jonas Aldridge himself. 'How did he die? Who says he's dead?'

'I don't know how he died. The apothecary seemed to think it was disease of the heart,' replied Tracy; 'but he is certainly dead.'

At this crisis of the conversation a new thought seemed to strike the mind of Jonas, who, exhibiting no symptoms of affliction, had hitherto appeared only curious and surprised. 'My uncle Ephraim dead!' said he. 'No, no, I can't believe it. It is impossible—it cannot be! My dear uncle! My only friend! Dead! Impossible!—you must be mistaken.'

'You had better go and see yourself,' replied Tracy, who did not feel at all disposed to sympathise with this sudden effusion of sentiment. 'I happened to be by, by mere chance, and know nothing more than I heard the apothecary say.' And with these words he turned towards the door.

'You are an officer's servant I see?' rejoined Jonas.

'I live with Captain D'Arcy of the 32d,' answered Tracy; and wishing Mr Jonas a good-evening, he walked away with a very unfavourable impression of that gentleman's character.

The door was no sooner closed on Tracy than Mr Jonas Aldridge returned into the parlour, and lighted a candle which stood on a side-table, by the aid of which he ascended to the second floor, and entered a back-room wherein stood a heavy four-post bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn together. The apartment, which also contained an old-

fashioned mahogany chest of drawers, and a large arm-chair, was well carpeted, and wore an aspect of considerable comfort. The shutters were closed, and a moreen curtain was let down to keep out the draught from the window.

Mr Jonas had mounted the stairs three at a time; but no sooner did he enter the room, and his eye fall upon the bed, than he suddenly paused, and stepping on the points of his toes towards it, he gently drew back one of the side curtains, and looked in. It was turned down, and ready for the expected master, but it was tenantless: he who should have lain there lay elsewhere that night. Mr Jonas folded in his lips, and nodded his head with an expression which seemed to say *all's right.* And then having drawn the bolt across the door, he took two keys out of his waistcoat pocket; with one he opened a cupboard in the wainscot, and with the other a large tin-box which stood therein, into which he thrust his hand, and brought out a packet of papers, which not proving to be the thing he sought, he made another dive; but this second attempt turned out equally unsuccessful with the first; whereupon he fetched the candle from the table, and held it over the box, in hopes of espying what he wished. But his countenance clouded, and an oath escaped him, on discovering that it was not there.

'He has taken it with him!' said he. And having replaced the papers he had disturbed, and closed the box, he hastily descended the stairs. In the hall hung his greatcoat and hat. These he put on, tying a comforter round his throat to defend him from the chill night-air; and then leaving the candle burning in the passage, he put the key of the house-door in his pocket, and went out.

Dead men wait patiently; but the haste with which Mr Jonas Aldridge strode over the ground seemed rather like one in chase of a fugitive; and yet, fast as he went, the time seemed long to him till he reached Thomas Street.

'Is my uncle here?' said he to Mary, who immediately answered to his knock.

'Yes, sir,' replied she.

'And what's the matter? I hope it is nothing serious?' added he.

'He's dead, sir, the doctor says,' returned she.

'Then you had a doctor?'

'Oh yes, sir; I fetched Mr Adams over the way immediately; but he said he was dead the moment he saw him. Will you please to walk up stairs, and see him yourself?'

'Impossible! it cannot be that my uncle is dead!' exclaimed Mr Jonas, who yet suspected some *ruse.* 'You should have had the best advice—you should have called in Dr Sykes. Let him be sent for immediately!' he added, speaking at the top of his voice, as he entered the little room above: 'no means must be neglected to recover him. Depend on it, it is only a fit.'

But the first glance satisfied him that all these ingenious precautions were quite unnecessary. There lay Mr Ephraim Aldridge dead unmistakably; and while Mary was inquiring where the celebrated Dr Sykes lived, in order that she might immediately go in search of him, Mr Jonas was thinking on what pretence he might get her out of the room without sending for anybody at all.

Designing people often give themselves an enormous deal of useless trouble; and after searching his brain in vain for an expedient to get rid of the girl, Mr Jonas suddenly recollected that the simplest was the best. There was no necessity, in short, for saying anything more than that he wished to be alone; and this he did say, at the same time drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, and applying it to his eyes, a little pantomime that was intended to aid the gentle Mary in putting a kind construction on the wish. She accordingly quitted the room, and descended to the parlour; whereupon Mr Jonas, finding himself alone, lost no time in addressing himself to his purpose, which was to search the pockets of the deceased, wherein he found a purse containing gold and silver, various keys, and several other articles, but not the article he sought; and as he gradually convinced himself that his search was vain, his brow became overcast, angry ejaculations escaped his lips, and after taking a cursory survey of the room, he snatched up the candle, and hastily descended the stairs.

'When did my uncle come here? What did he come about?' he inquired abruptly as he entered the parlour where Mary, weary and sad, was resting her head upon the table.

'He came this evening, sir; but I don't know what he came about. He said he wanted to have some conversation with my father, and I went into the kitchen to leave them alone.'

'Then you were not in the room when the accident happened?'

'What accident, sir?'

'I mean, when he died.'

'No, sir; I had gone out to buy something for supper.'

'What made you go out so late for that purpose?'

'My father called me in, sir, and Mr Aldridge gave me some money.'

'Then nobody was present but your father?'

'No, sir.'

'And where is he now?'

'My father is very ill, sir; and it gave him such a shock, that he was obliged to go to bed.'

'Had my uncle nothing with him but what I have found in his pockets?'

'Nothing that I know of, sir.'

'No papers?'

'No, sir.'

'Go and ask your father if he saw any papers.'

'I'm sure he didn't, sir, or else they would be here.'

'Well, I'll thank you to go and ask him, however.'

Whereupon Mary quitted the room; and stepping up stairs, she opened, and then presently shut again, the door of her own bedroom. 'It is no use disturbing my poor father,' said she to herself; 'I'm sure he knows nothing about any papers; and if I wake him, he will not get to sleep again all night. If he saw them, he'll say so in the morning.'

'My father knows nothing of the papers, sir,' said she, re-entering the room; 'and if they are not in the pocket, I'm sure Mr Aldridge never brought them here.'

'Perhaps he did not, after all,' thought Jonas; 'he has maybe removed it out of the tin box, and put it into the bureau.' A suggestion which made him desire to get home again as fast as he had left it. So, promising

to send the undertakers in the morning to remove the body, Mr Jonas took his leave, and hastened back to West Street, where he immediately set about ransacking every drawer, cupboard, and press, some of which he could only open with the keys he had just extracted from the dead man's pocket. But the morning's dawn found him unsuccessful: it appeared almost certain that the important paper was not in the house; and weary, haggard, and angry, he stretched himself on his bed till the hour admitted of further proceedings. And we will avail ourselves of this interval to explain more particularly the relative position of the parties concerned in our story.

Ephraim Aldridge, a younger member of a large and poor family, had been early in life apprenticed to a hosier; and being one of the most steady, cautious, saving boys that ever found his bread amongst gloves and stockings, had early grown into great favour with his master, who, as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, elevated him to the post of book-keeper; and in this situation, as he had a liberal salary, and was too prudent to marry, he contrived to save such a sum of money as, together with his good character, enabled him to obtain the reversion of the business when his master retired from it. The prudence which had raised him adhered to him still; his business flourished, and he grew rich; but the more money he got, the fonder he became of it; and the more he had, the less he spent; while the cautious steadiness of the boy shrank into a dry reserve as he grew older, till he became an austere, silent, inaccessible man, for whom the world in general entertained a certain degree of respect, but whom nobody liked, with the exception perhaps of one person, and that was Maurice Lane, who had formerly been his fellow-apprentice, and was now his shopman. And yet a more marked contrast of character could scarcely exist than between these two young men; but, somehow or other, everybody liked Lane; even the frigid heart of Ephraim could not defend itself from the charm of the boy's beautiful countenance and open disposition; and when he placed his former comrade in a situation of responsibility, it was not because he thought him the best or the steadiest servant he could possibly find, but because he wished to have one person about him that he liked, and that liked him. But no sooner did Lane find himself with a salary which would have maintained himself comfortably, than he fell in love with a beautiful girl whom he saw trimming caps and bonnets in an opposite shop-window, and straightway married her. Then came a family, and with it a train of calamities which kept them always steeped in distress, till the wife, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died; the children that survived were then dispersed about the world to earn their bread, and Lane found himself alone with his youngest daughter Mary. Had he retained his health, he might now have done better; but a severe rheumatic fever, after reducing him to the brink of the grave, had left him in such infirm health, that he was no longer able to maintain his situation; so he resigned it, and retired to an obscure lodging, with a few pounds in his pocket, and the affection and industry of his daughter for his only dependence.

During all this succession of calamities, Mr Aldridge had looked on with a severe eye. Had it been anybody but Lane, he would have dismissed

him as soon as he married; as it was, he allowed him to retain his place, and to take the consequences of his folly. He had carved his own destiny, and must accept it; it was not for want of knowing better, for Ephraim had warned him over and over again of the folly of poor men falling in love and marrying. Entertaining this view of the case, he justified his natural parsimony with the reflection, that by encouraging such imprudence he should be doing an injury to other young men. He made use of Lane as a beacon, and left him in his distress, lest assistance should destroy his usefulness. The old house in Thomas Street, however, which belonged to him, happening to fall vacant, he so far relented as to send word to his old clerk that he might inhabit it if he pleased.

Some few years, however, before these latter circumstances, Mr Aldridge, who had determined against matrimony, had nevertheless been seized with that desire so prevalent in the old especially, to have an heir of his own name and blood for his property. He had had but two relations that he remembered, a brother and a sister. The latter, when Ephraim was a boy, had married a handsome sergeant of a marching regiment, and gone away with it; and her family never saw her afterwards, though for some years she had kept up an occasional correspondence with her parents, by which they learned that she was happy and prosperous; that her husband had been promoted to an ensigncy for his good conduct; that she had one child; and finally, that they were about to embark for the West Indies.

His brother, with whom he had always maintained some degree of intercourse, had early settled in London as a harness-maker, and was tolerably well off; on which account Ephraim respected him, and now that he wanted an heir, it was in this quarter he resolved to look for one. So he went to London, inspected the family, and finally selected young Jonas, who everybody said was a fac-simile of himself in person and character. He was certainly a cautious, careful, steady boy, who was guilty of no indiscretions, and looked very sharp after his halfpence. Ephraim, who thought he had hit upon the exact desideratum, carried him to the country, put him to school, and became exceedingly proud and fond of him. His character, indeed, as regarded his relations with the boy, seemed to have undergone a complete change, and the tenderness he had all through life denied to everybody else, he now in his decline lavished to an injudicious excess on this child of his adoption. When he retired from business he took Jonas home; and as the lad had some talent for portrait-painting, he believed him destined to be a great artist, and forbore to give him a profession. Thus they lived together harmoniously enough for some time, till the factitious virtues of the boy ripened into the real vices of the man; and Ephraim discovered that the cautious, economical, discreet child was, at five-and-twenty, an odious specimen of avarice, selfishness, and cunning: and what made the matter worse was, that the uncle and nephew somehow appeared to have insensibly changed places—the latter being the governor, and the former the governed; and that while Mr Jonas professed the warmest affection for the old man, and exhibited the tenderest anxiety for his health, he contrived to make him a prisoner in his own house, and destroy all the comfort of his existence—and everybody knows how hard it is to break free from a domestic despotism of this description, which, like the arms of a gigantic cuttle-fish, has wound itself inextricably around its victim.

To leave Jonas, or to make Jonas leave him, was equally difficult; but at length the declining state of his health, together with his ever-augmenting hatred of his chosen heir, rendering the case more urgent, he determined to make a vigorous effort for freedom; and it now first occurred to him that his old friend Maurice Lane might help him to attain his object. In the meantime, while waiting for an opportunity to get possession of the will by which he had appointed Jonas heir to all his fortune, he privately drew up another, in favour of his sister's eldest son or his descendants, on condition of their taking the name of Aldridge; and this he secured in a tin box, of which he kept the key always about him, the box itself being deposited in a cupboard in his own chamber. In spite of all these precautions, however, Jonas penetrated the secret, and by means of false keys, obtained a sight of the document which was to cut him out of all he had been accustomed to consider his own; but it was at least some comfort to observe that the will was neither signed nor witnessed, and therefore at present perfectly invalid. This being the case he thought it advisable to replace the papers, and content himself with narrowly watching his uncle's future proceedings, since stronger measures at so critical a juncture might possibly provoke the old man to more decisive ones of his own.

In a remote quarter of the town resided two young men, commonly called Jock and Joe Wantage, who had formerly served Mr Aldridge as errand-boys, but who had since managed to set up in a humble way of business for themselves; and having at length contrived one evening to elude the vigilance of his nephew, he stepped into a coach, and without entering into any explanation of his reasons, he, in the presence of those persons, produced and signed his will, which they witnessed, desiring them at the same time never to mention the circumstance to anybody, unless called upon to do so. After making them a little present of money, for adversity had now somewhat softened his heart, he proceeded to the house of his old clerk.

It was by this time getting late, and the father and daughter were sitting in their almost fireless room, anxious and sad, for, as Tracy had conjectured, they were reduced to the last extremity of distress, when they were startled by a double knock at the door. It was long since those old walls had reverberated to such a sound.

'Who can that be?' exclaimed Lane, looking suddenly up from his book, which was a tattered volume of Shakspeare, the only one he possessed. 'I heard a coach stop.'

'It can be nobody here,' returned Mary: 'it must be a mistake.'

However, she rose and opened the door, at which by this time stood Mr Aldridge, whose features it was too dark to distinguish.

'Bring a light here!' said he. 'No; stay; I'll send you out the money,' he added to the coachman, and with that he stepped forward to the little parlour. But the scene that there presented itself struck heavily upon his heart, and perhaps upon his conscience, for instead of advancing, he stood still in the doorway. Here was poverty indeed! He and Lane had begun life together, but what a contrast in their ultimate fortunes! The one with much more money than he knew what to do with; the other without a shilling to purchase a bushel of coals to warm his shivering limbs; and yet the rich man was probably the more miserable of the two!

'Mr Aldridge!' exclaimed Lane, rising from his seat in amazement.

'Take this, and pay the man his fare,' said the visitor to Mary, handing her some silver. 'And have you no coals?'

'No, sir.'

'Then buy some directly, and make up the fire. Get plenty; here's the money to pay for them;' and as the coals were to be had next door, there was soon a cheerful fire in the grate. Lane drew his chair close to the fender, and spread his thin fingers to the welcome blaze.

'I did not know you were so badly off as this,' Mr Aldridge remarked.

'We have nothing but what Mary earns, and needle-work is poorly paid,' returned Lane; 'and often not to be had. I hope Mr Jonas is well?'

Mr Aldridge did not answer, but sat silently looking into the fire. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, his lip quivered, and the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of all he had lavished on that ungrateful nephew, that serpent he had nourished in his bosom, while the only friend he ever had was starving.

'Mary's an excellent girl,' pursued the father, 'and has more sense than years. She nursed me through all my illness night and day; and though she has had a hard life of it, she's as patient as a lamb, poor thing! I sometimes wish I was dead, and out of her way, for then she might do better for herself.'

Mr Aldridge retained his attitude and his silence, but a tear or two escaped from their channels, and flowed down the wan and hollow cheek: he did not dare to speak, lest the convulsion within his breast should burst forth into sobs and outward demonstrations, from which his close and reserved nature shrunk. Lane made two or three attempts at conversation, and then, finding them ineffectual, sank into silence himself.

If the poor clerk could have penetrated the thoughts of his visitor during that interval, he would have read there pity for the sufferings of his old friend, remorse for having treated him with harshness under the name of justice, and the best resolutions to make him amends for the future.

'Justice!' thought he; 'how can man, who sees only the surface of things, ever hope to be just?'

'You have no food either, I suppose?' said he, abruptly breaking the silence.

'There's part of a loaf in the house, I believe,' returned Lane.

'Call the girl, and bid her fetch some food! Plenty and the best! Do you hear, Mary?' he added as she appeared at the door. 'Here's money.'

'I have enough left from what you gave me for the coals,' said Mary, withholding her hand.

'Take it!—take it!' said Mr Aldridge, who was now for the first time in his life beginning to comprehend that the real value of money depends wholly on the way in which it is used, and that that which purchases happiness neither for its possessor nor anybody else is not wealth, but dross. 'Take it, and buy whatever you want. When did *he* ever withhold his hand when I offered him money?' thought he as his mind recurred to his adopted nephew.

Mary accordingly departed, and having supplied the table with provisions, was sent out again to purchase a warm shawl and some other articles for herself, which it was too evident she was much in need of. It was not till after she had departed that Mr Aldridge entered into the

subject that sat heavy on his soul. He now first communicated to Lane that which the reserve of his nature had hitherto induced him to conceal from everybody—namely, the disappointment he had experienced in the character of his adopted son, the ill-treatment he had received from him, and the mixture of fear, hatred, and disgust with which the conduct of Jonas had inspired him.

'He has contrived, under the pretence of taking care of my health, to make me a prisoner in my own house. I haven't a friend nor an acquaintance; he has bought over the servants to his interest, and his confidential associate is Holland, *my* solicitor, who drew up the will I made in that rascal's favour, and has it in his possession. Jonas is to marry his daughter too; but I have something in my pocket that will break off that match. I should never sleep in my grave if he inherited my money! The fact is,' continued he, after a pause, 'I never mean to go back to the fellow. I wont trust myself in his keeping; for I see he has scarcely patience to wait till nature removes me out of his way. I'll tell you what, Lane,' continued he, his hollow cheek flushing with excited feelings, 'I'll come and live with you, and Mary shall be my nurse.'

Lane, who sat listening to all this in a state of bewilderment, half-doubting whether his old master had not been seized with a sudden fit of insanity, here cast a glance round the miserable whitewashed walls begrimmed with smoke and dirt. 'Not here—not here!' added Mr Aldridge, interpreting the look aright; 'we'll take a house in the country, and Mary shall manage everything for us, whilst we sit together, with our knees in the fire, and talk over old times. Thank God, my money is my own still! and with country air and good nursing I should not wonder if I recover my health; for I can safely say I have never known what it is to enjoy a happy hour these five years—never since I found out that fellow's real character—and that is enough to kill any man! Look here,' said he, drawing from his pocket a large black leathern note-case. 'Here is a good round sum in Bank of England notes, which I have kept concealed till I could get clear of Mr Jonas; for though he cannot touch the principal, thank God! he got a power of attorney from me some time ago, entitling him to receive my dividends; but now I'm out of his clutches, I'll put a drag on his wheel, he may rely on it. With this we can remove into the country and take lodgings, while we look out for a place to suit us permanently. We'll have a cow in a paddock close to the house; the new milk and the smell of the hay will make us young again. Many an hour, as I have lain in my wearisome bed lately, I have thought of you and our Sunday afternoons in the country when we were boys. In the eagerness of money-getting, these things had passed away from my memory; but they return to me now as the only pleasant recollection of my life.'

'And yet I never thought you enjoyed them much at the time,' observed Lane, who was gradually getting more at ease with the rich man that had once been his equal, but between whom and himself all equality had ceased as the one grew richer and the other poorer.

'Perhaps I did not,' returned Ephraim. 'I was too eager to get on in the world to take much pleasure in anything that did not help to fill my pockets. Money—money, was all I thought of! and when I got it, what did it bring me? Jonas—and a precious bargain he has turned out! But

I'll be even with him yet. Here there was a sob and a convulsion of the breast, as the wounded heart swelled with its bitter sense of injury. 'I have not told you half yet,' continued he; 'but I'll be even with him, little as he thinks it.'

As a pause now ensued, Lane felt it was his turn to say something, and he began with, 'I am surprised at Mr Jonas;' for so cleverly had the nephew managed, that the alienation of the uncle was unsuspected by everybody, and Lane could hardly bring himself to comment freely on this once-cherished nephew. 'I could not have believed, after all you've done for him, that he would turn out ungrateful. Perhaps,' continued he; but here the words were arrested on his lips by a sudden movement on the part of Mr Aldridge, which caused Lane, who had been staring vacantly into the fire, to turn his eyes towards his visitor, whom, to his surprise, he saw falling gradually forward. He stretched out his hand to arrest the fall; but his feeble arm only gave another direction to the body, which sank on its face to the ground. Lane, who naturally thought Mr Aldridge had fainted from excess of emotion, fetched water, and endeavoured to raise him from the floor; but he slipped heavily from his grasp; and the recollection that, years ago, he had heard from the apothecary who attended Ephraim that the latter had disease of the heart, and would some day die suddenly, filled him with terror and dismay. He saw that the prophecy was fulfilled; his own weak nerves and enfeebled frame gave way under the shock, and dropping into the nearest chair, he was for some moments almost as insensible as his friend.

When he revived, and was able to recall his scattered senses, the first thing that met his eye was the open pocket-book and the notes that lay on the table. But a moment before, how full of promise was that book to him! Now where were his hopes? Alas, like his fortunes, in the dust! Never was a man less greedy of money than Lane; but he knew what it was to want bread, to want clothes, to want fire. He felt sure Jonas would never give him a sixpence to keep him from starving; and then there was his poor Mary, so overworked, fading her fair young cheeks with toil. That money was to have made three persons comfortable: he to whom it belonged was gone, and could never need it; and he had said quite enough before he departed to satisfy Lane, that could he lift up his voice from the grave to say who should have the contents of that book, it would not be Jonas. Where, then, could be the harm of helping himself to that which had been partly intended for him? Where, too, could be the danger? Assuredly Jonas, the only person who had a right to inquire into Mr Aldridge's affairs, knew nothing of this sum; and then the pocket-book might be burned, and so annihilate all trace. There blazed the fire so invitingly. Besides, Jonas would be so rich, and could so well afford to spare it. As these arguments hastily suggested themselves, Lane, trembling with emotion, arose from his seat, seized the book, and grasped a handful of the notes, when, to his horror, at that moment he heard a tap at the window. Shaking like a leaf, his wan cheeks whiter than before, and his very breath suspended, he stood waiting for what was to follow; but nothing ensued—all was silent again. It was probably an accident: some one passing had touched the glass; but still an undefined fear made him totter to the street-door, and draw the bolt. Then he returned into the

room: there were the notes yet tempting him; but this interruption had unnerved him. He longed for them as much as before, but did not dare to satisfy his desire, lest he should hear that warning tap again. Yet if left there till Mary returned, they were lost to him for ever; and he and she would be starving again, all the more wretched for this transitory gleam of hope that had relieved for a moment the darkness of their despair. But time pressed: every moment he expected to hear her at the door; and as unwilling to relinquish the prize as afraid to seize it, he took refuge in an expedient that avoided either extreme—he closed the book, and flung it beneath the table, over which there was spread an old green cloth, casting a sufficiently dark shadow around to render the object invisible, unless to a person stooping to search for it. Thus, if inquired for and sought, it would be found, and the natural conclusion be drawn that it had fallen there; if not, he would have time for deliberation, and circumstances should decide him what to do.

There were but two beds in this poor house: in one slept Lane, on the other was stretched the dead guest; Mary, therefore, on this eventful night had none to go to. So she made up the fire, threw her new shawl over her head, and arranged herself to pass the hours till morning in the rickety old chair in which her father usually sat. The scenes in which she had been assisting formed a sad episode in her sad life; and although she knew too little of Mr Aldridge to feel any particular interest in him, she had gathered enough from her father, and from the snatches of conversation she had heard, to be aware that this visit was to have been the dawn of better fortunes, and that the old man's sudden decease was probably a much heavier misfortune to themselves than to him. A girl more tenderly nurtured and accustomed to prosperity would have most likely given vent to her disappointment in tears; but tears are an idle luxury in which the poor rarely indulge: they have no time for them. They must use their eyes for their work; and when night comes, their weary bodies constrain the mind to rest. Mary had had a fatiguing evening—it was late before she found herself alone; and tired and exhausted, unhappy as she felt, it was not long ere she was in a sound sleep.

It appeared to her that she must have slept several hours, when she awoke with a consciousness that there was somebody stirring in the room. She felt sure that a person had passed close to where she was sitting; she heard the low breathing and the cautious foot, which sounded as if the intruder was without shoes. The small grate not holding much coal, the fire was already out, and the room perfectly dark, so that Mary had only her ear to guide her: she could see nothing. A strange feeling crept over her when she remembered their guest; but no—he was for ever motionless; there could be no doubt of that. It could not surely be her father. His getting out of bed and coming down stairs in the middle of the night was to the last degree improbable. What could he come for? Besides, if he had done so, he would naturally have spoken to her. Then came the sudden recollection that she had not fastened the back-door, which opened upon a yard as accessible to their neighbours as to themselves—neighbours not always of the best character either; and the cold shiver of fear crept over her. Now she felt how fortunate it was that the room *was* dark.

How fortunate, too, that she had not spoken or stirred; for the intruder withdrew as silently as he came. Mary strained her ears to listen which way he went; but the shoeless feet gave no echo. It was some time before the poor girl's beating heart was stilled; and then suddenly recollecting that this mysterious visitor, whoever he was, might be gone to fetch a light and return, she started up, and turned the key in the door. During that night Mary had no more sleep. When the morning broke, she arose and looked around to see if any traces of her midnight visitor remained, but there were none. A sudden alarm now arose in her breast for her father's safety, and she hastily ascended the stairs to his chamber; but he appeared to be asleep, and she did not disturb him. Then she opened the door of her own room, and peeped in—all was still there, and just as it had been left on the preceding evening; and now, as is usual on such occasions, when the terrors of the night had passed away, and the broad daylight looked out upon the world, she began to doubt whether the whole affair had not been a dream betwixt sleeping and waking, the result of the agitating events of the preceding evening.

After lighting the fire, and filling the kettle, Mary next set about arranging the room; and in so doing, she discovered a bit of folded paper under the table, which, on examination, proved to be a five-pound note. Of course this belonged to Mr Aldridge, and must have fallen there by accident; so she put it aside for Jonas, and then ascended to her father's room again. He was now awake, but said he felt very unwell, and begged for some tea, a luxury they now possessed through the liberality of their deceased guest.

'Did anything disturb you in the night, father?' inquired Mary.

'No,' replied Lane, 'I slept all night.' He did not look as if he had though; and Mary, seeing he was irritable and nervous, and did not wish to be questioned, made no allusion to what had disturbed herself.

'If Mr Jonas Aldridge comes here, say I am too ill to see him,' added he as she quitted the room.

About eleven o'clock the undertakers came to remove the body; and presently afterwards Tracy arrived.

'I came to say that I delivered your message last night to Mr Jonas Aldridge,' said he, when she opened the door; 'and he promised to come here directly.'

'He did come,' returned Mary. 'Will you please to walk in? I'm sorry my father is not down stairs. He's very poorly to-day.'

'I do not wonder at that,' answered Tracy, as his thoughts recurred to the black pocket-book.

'Mr Jonas seemed very anxious about some papers he thought his uncle had about him; but I have found nothing but this five-pound note, which perhaps you would leave at Mr Aldridge's for me?'

'I will with pleasure,' answered Tracy, remembering that this commission would afford him an excuse for another visit; and he took his leave a great deal more in love than ever.

'Humph!' said Mr Jonas, taking the note that Tracy brought him; 'and she has found no papers?'

'No, sir, none. Miss Lane says that unless they were in his pocket, Mr Aldridge could not have had any papers with him.'

'It's very extraordinary,' said Mr Jonas, answering his own reflections.

'Will you give me a receipt for the note, sir?' asked Tracy. 'My name is '——

'It's all right. I'm going there directly myself, and I'll say you delivered it,' answered Jonas, hastily interrupting him, and taking his hat off a peg in the passage. 'I'm in a hurry just now;' whereupon Tracy departed without insisting farther.

While poor Ephraim slept peaceably in his coffin above, Mr Jonas, perplexed by all manner of doubts in regard to the missing will, sat below in the parlour in a fever of restless anxiety. Every heel that resounded on the pavement made his heart sink till it had passed the door, while a ring or a knock shook his whole frame to the centre; and though he longed to see Mr Holland, his uncle's solicitor, whom he knew to be quite in his interest, he had not courage either to go to him, or to send for him, for fear of hastening the catastrophe he dreaded.

Time crept on; the day of the funeral came and passed; the will was read; and Mr Jonas took possession as sole heir and executor, and no interruption occurred. Smoothly and favourably, however, as the stream of events appeared to flow, the long-expectant heir was not the less miserable.

But when three months had elapsed he began to breathe more freely, and to hope that the alarm had been a false one. The property was indeed his own—he was a rich man, and now for the first time he felt in sufficient spirits to look into his affairs and review his possessions. A considerable share of these consisted in houses, which his uncle had seized opportunities of purchasing on advantageous terms; and as the value of some had increased, whilst that of others was diminishing for want of repair, he employed a surveyor to examine and pronounce on their condition.

'Among the rest,' said he, 'there is a small house in Thomas Street, No. 7. My uncle allowed an old clerk of his to inhabit it, rent free; but he must turn out. I gave them notice three months ago; but they've not taken it. Root them up, will you? and get the house cleaned down and whitewashed for some other tenant.'

Having put these matters in train, Mr Jonas resolved, while his own residence was set in order, to make a journey to London, and enjoy the gratification of presenting himself to his family in the character of a rich man; and so fascinating did he find the pleasures of wealth and independence, that nearly four months had elapsed since his departure before he summoned Mr Reynolds to give an account of his proceedings.

'So,' said he, after they had ran through the most important items—'so you have found a tenant for the house in Thomas Street? Had you much trouble in getting rid of the Lanes?'

'They're in it still,' answered Mr Reynolds. 'The man that has taken it has married Lane's daughter.'

'What is he?' inquired Jonas.

'An officer's servant—a soldier in the regiment that is quartered in the citadel.'

'Oh, I've seen the man—a good-looking young fellow. But how is he to pay the rent?'

'He says he has saved money, and he has set her up in a shop. How-

ever. I have taken care to secure the first quarter: there's the receipt for it.'

'That is all right,' said Mr Jonas, who was in a very complacent humour, for fortune seemed quite on his side at present. 'How,' said he, suddenly changing colour as he glanced his eye over the slip of paper; 'how! Tracy Walkingham!'

'Yes; an odd name enough for a private soldier, isn't it?'

'Tracy Walkingham!' he repeated. 'Why, how came he to know the Lanes? Where does he come from?'

'I know nothing of him except that he is in the barracks. But I can inquire, and find out his history and genealogy if you wish it,' replied Mr Reynolds.

'Oh no, no, no,' said Jonas; 'leave him alone. If I want to find out anything about him, I'll do it myself. Indeed it is nothing connected with himself, but the name struck me as being that of a person who owed my uncle some money; however, it cannot be him of course. And to return to matters of more consequence, I want to know what you've done with the tenements in Water Lane?' And having thus adroitly turned the conversation, the subject of the tenant with the odd name was referred to no more; but although it is true that 'out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' it is also frequently true that that which most occupies the mind is the farthest from the lips, and this was eminently the case on the present occasion; for during the ensuing half hour that Mr Jonas appeared to be listening with composure to the surveyor's reports and suggestions, the name of Tracy Walkingham was burning itself into his brain in characters of fire.

'Tracy Walkingham!' exclaimed he, as soon as Mr Reynolds was gone, and he had turned the key in the lock to exclude interruptions; 'here, and married to Lane's daughter! There's something in this more than meets the eye! The Lanes have got that will as sure as my name's Jonas Aldridge, and have been waiting to produce it till they had him fast noosed! But why do they withhold it now? Waiting till they hear of my return, I suppose!' And as this conviction gained strength, he paced the room in a paroxysm of anguish. And there he was, so helpless, too! What could he do but wait till the blow came? He would have liked to turn them out of his house, but they had taken it for a year; and besides, what good would that do but to give them a greater triumph, and perhaps expedite the catastrophe? Sometimes he thought of consulting his friend Holland; but his pride shrank from the avowal that his uncle had disinherited him, and that the property he and everybody else had long considered so securely his, now in all probability justly belonged to another. Then he formed all sorts of impracticable schemes for getting the paper into his possession, or Tracy out of the way. Never was there a more miserable man; the sight of those two words *Tracy Walkingham* had blasted his sight, and changed the hue of everything he looked upon. Our readers will have little difficulty in guessing the reason: the young soldier, Mary's handsome husband, was the heir named in the missing will—the son of that sister of Ephraim's who had married a sergeant, and had subsequently gone to the West Indies.

Tracy Walkingham, the father, was not exactly in his right position as a

private in the 9th Regiment, for he was the offspring of a very respectable family; but some early extravagance and dissipation, together with a passion for a military life, which was denied gratification, had induced him to enlist. Good conduct and a tolerable education soon procured him the favourable notice of his superiors, took him out of the ranks, and finally procured him a commission. When both he and his wife died in Jamaica, their only son was sent home to the father's friends; but the boy met with but a cold reception; and after some years passed, far from happily, he, as we have said, ran away from school; and, his early associations being all military, seized the first opportunity of enlisting, as his father had done before him. But of the history of his parents he knew nothing whatever, except that his father had risen from the ranks; and he had as little suspicion of his connection with Ephraim Aldridge as Mary had. Neither did the name of Tracy Walkingham suggest any reminiscences to Lane, who had either forgotten, or more probably had never heard it, Mr Aldridge's sister having married prior to the acquaintance of the two lads. But Jonas had been enlightened by the will; and although the regiment now quartered at P—— was not the one therein mentioned, the name was too remarkable not to imply a probability, which his own terror naturally converted into a certainty.

In the meantime, while the rich and conscious usurper was nightly lying on a bed of thorns, and daily eating the bread of bitterness, the poor and unconscious heir was in the enjoyment of a larger share of happiness than usually falls to the lot of mortals. The more intimately he became acquainted with Mary's character, the more reason he found to congratulate himself on his choice; and even Lane he had learned to love; while all the painful suspicions connected with Mr Aldridge's death and the pocket-book had been entirely dissipated by the evident poverty of the family; since, after the expenditure of the little ready money Mr Aldridge had given them, they had relapsed into their previous state of distress, having clearly no secret resources wherewith to avert it. Mary's shop was now beginning to get custom too, and she was by slow degrees augmenting her small stock, when the first interruption to their felicity occurred. This was the impending removal of the regiment, which, under present circumstances, was an almost inevitable sentence of separation; for even could they have resolved to make the sacrifice, and quit the home on which they had expended all their little funds, it was impossible for Mary to abandon her father, ever feeble, and declining in health. The money Tracy had saved towards purchasing his discharge was not only all gone, but, though doing very well, they were not yet quite clear of the debt incurred for their furniture. There was therefore no alternative but to submit to the separation, hard as it was; and all the harder, that they could not tell how long it might take them to amass the needful sum to purchase Tracy's liberty. Lane, too, was very much affected, and very unwilling to part with his son-in-law.

'What,' said he, 'is it only twenty pounds?' And when he saw his daughter's tears, he would exclaim, 'Oh, Mary! and to think that twenty pounds would do it!' And more than once he said, 'Tracy should not go; he was determined he should not leave them;' and bade Mary dry her

tears, for he would prevent it. But nevertheless the route came; and early one morning the regiment marched through Thomas Street, the band playing the tune of 'The girl I leave behind me;' while poor Mary, choking with sobs, peeped through the half-open shutter, to which the young husband's eyes were directed as long as the house was in sight. That was a sad day, and very sad were many that followed. Neither was there any blessed Penny Post then to ease the sick hearts and deferred hopes of the poor; and few and rare were the tidings that reached the loving wife—soon to become a mother. The only pleasure Mary had now was in the amassing money. How eager she was for it! How she counted over and over her daily gains! How she economised! What self-denial she practised! Oh for twenty pounds to set her husband free, and bring him to her arms again! So passed two years, circumstances always improving, but still this object so near her heart was far from being attained, when there arrived a letter from Tracy, informing her that the regiment was ordered abroad, and that, as he could not procure a furlough, there was no possibility of their meeting unless she could go to him. What was to be done? If she went, all her little savings would be absorbed in the journey, and the hope of purchasing her husband's discharge indefinitely postponed. Besides, who was to take care of her father, and the lodger, and the shop? The former would perhaps die from neglect, she should lose her lodger, and the shop would go to destruction for want of the needful attention. But could she forbear? Her husband might never return—they might never meet again — then how she should reproach herself! Moreover, Tracy had not seen the child: that was decisive. At all risks she must go; and this being resolved, she determined to shut up her shop, and engage a girl to attend to her father and her lodger. These arrangements made, she started on her long journey with her baby in her arms.

At the period of which we are treating, a humble traveller was not only subject to great inconveniences, but besides the actual sum disbursed, he paid a heavy per-centage from delay on every mile of his journey. Howbeit, 'Time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and poor Mary reached her destination at last; and in the joy of meeting with her husband, forgot all her difficulties and anxieties, till the necessity for parting recalled her to the sad reality that awaited them. If she stayed too long away from her shop, she feared her customers would forsake her altogether; and then how was the next rent-day to be provided for? So, with many a sigh and many a tear, the young couple bade each other farewell, and Mary recommenced her tedious journey. If tedious before, when such a bright star of hope lighted her on her way, how much more so now! While poor Tracy felt so wretched and depressed, that many a time vague thoughts of deserting glanced through his mind, and he was only withheld from it by the certainty that if they shot him—and deserters, when taken, were shot in those days—it would break his poor little wife's heart. Soon after Mary's departure, however, it happened that his master, Major D'Arcy, met with a severe accident while hunting; and as Tracy was his favourite servant, and very much attached to him, his time and thoughts were so much occupied with attendance on the invalid, that he was necessarily in some degree diverted from his own troubles.

In the meantime Mary arrived at home, where she found her affairs in

no worse condition than might be expected. Her father was in health much as she had left him, and her lodger still in the house, though both weary of her substitute; and the latter—that is, the lodger—threatening to quit if the mistress did not make haste back. All was right now again—except Mary's heart—and things resumed their former train; the only event she expected being a letter to inform her of her husband's departure, which he had promised to post on the day of his embarkation.

Three months elapsed, however, before the postman stopped at her door with the dreaded letter. How her heart sank when she saw him enter the shop!

'A letter for you, Mrs Walkingham—one-and-twopence, if you please.' Mary opened her till, and handed him the money.

'Poor thing!' thought the man, observing how her hand shook, and how pale she turned; 'expects bad news, I suppose!'

Mary dropped the letter into the money-drawer, for there was a customer in the shop waiting to be served—and then came in another. When the second was gone, she took it out and looked at it, turned it about, and examined it, and kissed it, and then put it away again. She felt that she dared not open it till night, when all her business was over, and her shop closed, and she might pour out her tears without interruption. She could scarcely tell whether she most longed or feared to open it; and when at length the quiet hour came, and her father was in bed, and her baby asleep in its cradle beside her, and she sat down to read it, she looked at it, and pressed it to her bosom, and kissed it again and again before she broke the seal; and then when she had done so, the paper shook in her hand, and her eyes were obscured with tears, and the light seemed so dim that she could not at first decipher anything but 'My darling Mary!' It was easy to read that, for he always called her *his darling Mary*—but what came next? 'Joy! joy! dry your dear tears, for I know how fast they are falling, and be happy! I am not going abroad with the regiment, and I shall soon be a free man. Major D'Arcy has met with a sad accident, and cannot go to a foreign station; and as he wishes me not to leave him, he is going to purchase my discharge,' &c. &c.

Many a night had Mary lain awake from grief, but this night she could not sleep for joy. It was such a surprise, such an unlooked-for piece of good-fortune. It might indeed be some time before she could see her husband, but he was free, and sooner or later they should be together. Everybody who came to the shop the next day wondered what had come over Mrs Walkingham. She was not like the same woman.

It was about eight months after the arrival of the above welcome intelligence, on a bright winter's morning, Mary as usual up betimes, her shop all in order, her child washed and dressed, and herself as neat and clean 'as a new pin,' as her neighbour, Mrs Crump the laundress, used to say of her—her heart as usual full of Tracy, and more than commonly full of anxiety about him, for the usual period for his writing was some time passed. She was beginning to be uneasy at his prolonged silence, and to fear he was ill. 'No letter for me, Mr Ewart?' she said as she stood on the step with her child in her arms watching for the postman.

'None to-day, Mrs Walkingham; better luck next time!' answered the

functionary as he trotted past. Mary, disappointed, was turning in, resolving that night to write and upbraid her husband for causing her so much uneasiness, when she heard the horn that announced the approach of the London coach, and she stopped to see it pass; for there were pleasant memories connected with that coach: it was the occasion of her first acquaintance with Tracy—so had the driver sounded his horn, which she, absorbed in her troubles, had not heard; so had he cracked his whip; so had the wheels rattled over the stones; and so had the idle children in the street ran hooting and hallooing after it; but not so had it dashed up to her door and stopped. It cannot be!—yes it is—Tracy himself, in a drab great-coat and crape round his hat, jumping down from behind! The guard throws him a large portmanteau, and a paper parcel containing a new gown for Mary, and a frock for the boy; and in a moment more they are in the little back parlour in each other's arms. Major D'Arcy was dead, and Tracy had returned to his wife to part no more—so we will shut the door, and leave them to their happiness, while we take a peep at Mr Jonas Aldridge, and inquire into his doings and sayings.

We left him writhing under the painful discovery that the rightful heir of the property he was enjoying, at least so far as his uncle's intentions were concerned, was not only in existence, but was actually the husband of Lane's daughter; and although he sometimes hoped the fatal paper had been destroyed, since he could in no other way account for its non-production, still the galling apprehension that it might some day find its way to light was ever a thorn in his pillow; and the natural consequence of this irritating annoyance was, that while he hated both Tracy and his wife, he kept a vigilant eye on their proceedings, and had a restless curiosity about all that concerned them. He would have been not only glad to eject them from the house they occupied, and even to drive them out of the town altogether, but he had a vague fear of openly meddling with them; so that the departure of the regiment, and its being subsequently ordered abroad, afforded him the highest satisfaction; in proportion to which was his vexation at Tracy's release, and ultimate return as a free man, all which particulars he extracted from Mr Reynolds as regularly as the payment of the quarter's rent.

'And what does he mean to do now?' inquired Jonas.

'To settle here I fancy,' returned Mr Reynolds. 'They seem to be doing very well in the little shop; and I believe they have some thoughts of extending their business.'

This was extremely unpleasant intelligence, and the more so, that it was not easy to discover any means of defeating these arrangements; for as Mr Jonas justly observed, as he soliloquised on the subject, 'In this cursed country there is no getting rid of such a fellow!'

In the town of which we speak there are along the shore several houses of public resort of a very low description, chiefly frequented by soldiers and sailors; and in war-times it was not at all an uncommon thing for the hosts of these dens to be secretly connected with the pressgangs and recruiting companies, both of whom, at a period when men were so much needed for the public service, pursued their object after a somewhat unscrupulous fashion. Among the most notorious of these houses was

one called the Britannia, kept by a man of the name of Gurney, who was reported to have furnished, by fair means or foul, a good many recruits to his majesty's army and navy. Now it occurred to Mr Jonas Aldridge that Gurney might be useful to him in his present strait; nor did he find any unwillingness on the part of that worthy person to serve his purposes. 'A troublesome sort of fellow this Walkingham is,' said Mr Jonas; 'and I wouldn't mind giving twenty pounds if you could get him to enlist again.' The twenty pounds was quite argument enough to satisfy Gurney of the propriety of so doing; but success in the undertaking proved much less easy than desirable. Tracy, who spent his evenings quietly at home with his wife, never drank, and never frequented the houses on the quay, disappointed all the schemes laid for entrapping him; and Mr Jonas had nearly given up the expectation of accomplishing his purpose, when a circumstance occurred that awakened new hopes. The house next to that inhabited by the young couple took fire in the night when everybody was asleep; the party-walls being thin, the flames soon extended to the adjoining ones; and the following morning saw poor Tracy and his wife and child homeless, and almost destitute, their best exertions having enabled them to save little more than their own lives and that of Mary's father, who was now bedridden. But for his infirm condition they might have saved more of their property; but not only was there much time necessarily consumed in removing him; but when Tracy rushed into his room, intending to carry him away in his arms, Lane would not allow him to lift him from his bed till he had first unlocked a large trunk with a key which was attached to a string hung round the sick man's neck.

'Never mind—never mind trying to save anything but your life! You'll be burnt, sir; indeed you will; there's not a moment to lose,' cried Tracy eagerly.

But Lane would listen to nothing: the box must be opened, and one precious object secured. 'Thrust your hand down to the bottom—the corner next the window—and you'll find a parcel in brown paper.'

'I have it, sir—I have it!' cried Tracy; and lifting the invalid from his bed with the strong arm of vigorous youth, he threw him on his back, and bore him safely into the street.

'The parcel!' said Lane; 'where is it?'

Tracy flung it to him, and rushed back into the house. But too late: the flames drove him forth immediately; and finding he could do nothing there, he proceeded to seek a shelter for his houseless family.

It was with no little satisfaction that Mr Jonas Aldridge heard of this accident. These obnoxious individuals were dislodged now without any intervention of his, and the link was broken that so unpleasantly seemed to connect them with himself. Moreover, they were to all appearance ruined, and consequently helpless and defenceless. Now was the time to root them out of the town if possible, and prevent them making another settlement in it; and now was the time that Gurney might be useful; for Tracy, being no longer a householder, was liable to be pressed, if he could not be induced to re-enlist.

In the meanwhile, all unconscious of the irritation and anxiety they were innocently inflicting on the wealthy Mr Jonas Aldridge, Tracy and his wife were struggling hard to keep their heads above water in this sud-

den wreck of all their hopes and comforts. It is so [illegible] to rise again after such a plunge; for the destruction of the poor is [illegible]overty; and *having* nothing, they could undertake nothing, begin nothing. The only thing open seemed for Tracy to seek service, and for Mary to resume her needlework; but situations and custom are not found in a day, and they were all huddled together in a room, and wanting bread. The shock of the fire and removal had seriously affected Lane too, and it was evident that his sorrows and sufferings were fast drawing to a close. He was aware of it himself, and one day when Mary was out he called Tracy to his bedside, and asked him if Mr Adams did not think he was dying.

'You have been very ill before, and recovered,' said Tracy, unwilling to shock him with the sentence that the apothecary had pronounced against him.

'I see,' said Lane; 'my time is come; and I am not unwilling to go, for I am a sore burthen to you and Mary, now you're in trouble. I know you're very kind,' he added, seeing Tracy about to protest; 'but it's high time I was under ground. God knows—God knows I have had a sore struggle, and it's not over yet! To see you so poor, in want of everything, and to know that I could help you. I sometimes think there could be no great harm in it either. The Lord have mercy upon me! What am I saying?'

'You had better not talk any more, but try to sleep till Mary comes in,' said Tracy, concluding his mind was beginning to wander.

'No, no,' said Lane; 'that wont do: I must say it now. You remember that parcel we saved from the fire?'

'Yes I do,' answered Tracy, looking about. 'Where is it? I've never seen it since.'

'It's here!' said Lane, drawing it from under his pillow. 'Look there,' he added: '*not to be opened till after my death.* You observe?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'*Not to be opened till after my death.* But as soon as I am gone, take it to Mr Jonas Aldridge: it belongs to him. There is a letter inside explaining everything; and I have asked him to be good to you and Mary for the sake of—for the sake of the hard, hard struggle I have had in poverty and sickness, when I saw her young cheek fading with want and work; and now again, when you are all suffering, and little Tracy too, with his thin pale face that used to be so round and rosy: but it will soon be over, thank God! You will be sure to deliver it into his own hands?'

'I give you my word I will, sir.'

'Take it away then, and let me see it no more; but hide it from Mary, and tell her nothing about it.'

'I will not, sir. And now you must try to rest.'

'I feel more at peace now,' said Lane; 'and perhaps I may. Thank God the worst struggle is over—dying is easy.'

Mr Adams was right in his prediction. In less than a week from the period of that solemn behest poor Lane was in his grave; and his last word, with a significant glance at Tracy, was—*remember!*

Mary had loved her father tenderly—indeed there was a great deal in him to love; and he was doubly endeared to her by the trials they had gone through together, and the cares and anxieties she had lavished on

him. But there was no bitterness in the tears she shed: she had never failed him in their hours of trial; she had been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and he had expired peacefully in the arms of herself and her kind and beloved husband. It was on the evening of the day which had seen the remains of poor Maurice Lane deposited in the churchyard of St Jude that Tracy, having placed the parcel in his bosom, and buttoned his coat over it, said to his wife—'Mary, I have occasion to go out on a little business; keep up your spirits till I return; I will not be away more than an hour;' and leaning over her chair he kissed her cheek, and left the room. As he stepped from his own door into the street, he observed two men leaning against the rails of the adjoining house, and he heard one say to the other, 'Yes, by jingo!' 'At last!' returned the other; whereupon they moved on, pursuing the same way he went himself, but keeping at some distance behind.

Tracy could not quite say that he owed no man anything, for the fire had incapacitated them from paying some small accounts which they would otherwise have been able to discharge, and he even owed a month's rent; but this, considering the circumstances of the case, he did not expect would be claimed. Indeed Mr Reynolds, who was quite ignorant of Mr Jonas's enmity, had hinted as much. He had therefore no apprehension of being pursued for debt, nor, till he recollected that there was a very active pressgang in the town, did it occur to him that the movements of these men could be connected with himself. It is true that, as a discharged soldier, he was not strictly liable, but he was aware that immunities of this sort were not always available at the moment of need; and that, as these persons did not adhere very strictly to the terms of their warrant, once in their clutches, it was no easy matter to get out of them: so he quickened his pace, and kept his eyes and ears on the alert.

His way lay along the shore, and shortly before he reached the Britannia, the two men suddenly advanced, and placed themselves one on each side of him. But for the suspicion we have named, Tracy would have either not observed their movements, or, if he had, would have stopped and inquired what they wanted. As it was, he thought it much wiser to escape the seizure at first, should such be their intention, than trust to the justice of his cause afterwards; so, without giving them time to lay hands upon him, he took to his heels and ran, whereupon they sounded a whistle, and as he reached Joe Gurney's door, he found his flight impeded by that worthy himself, who came out of it, and tried to trip him up. But Tracy was active, and making a leap, he eluded the stratagem. The man, however, seized him, which gave time to the two others to come up; and there commenced a desperate struggle of three to one, in which, in spite of his strength and agility, Tracy would certainly have been worsted but for a very unexpected reinforcement which joined him from some of the neighbouring houses, to whose inhabitants Gurney's proceedings had become to the last degree odious; more especially to the women, among whom there was scarcely one who had not the cause of a brother, a son, or a lover to avenge. Armed with pokers, brooms, or whatever they could lay their hands on, these Amazons issued from their doors, and fell foul of Gurney, whom they singled from the rest as their own peculiar prey. In the confusion Tracy contrived to make his escape; and without his

hat, and his clothes almost torn off his back, he rushed in upon the astonished Mary in less than half an hour after he had left her.

His story was soon told, and there was nothing sufficiently uncommon in such an incident in those days to excite much surprise, except as regarded the circumstance of the men lying in wait for him. Tracy was not ignorant that malice and jealousy had occasionally furnished victims to the press system; but they had no enemy they knew of, nor was there any one, as far as they were aware, that had an interest in getting him out of the way. It was, however, an unpleasant and alarming occurrence, and he resolved on consulting a lawyer, in order to ascertain how he might protect himself from any repetition of the annoyance.

With this determination, the discussion between the husband and wife concluded for that night; but the former had a private source of uneasiness, which on the whole distressed him much more than the seizure itself, and which he could not have the relief of communicating to Mary—this was the loss of the parcel so sacredly committed to his care by his deceased father-in-law, and which he was on his way to deliver into the hands of Mr Jonas Aldridge when he met with the interruption. It had either fallen or been torn from his bosom in the struggle, and considering the neighbourhood and the sort of people that surrounded him, he could scarcely indulge the most remote hope of ever seeing it again. To what the papers contained Lane had furnished him no clue; but whether it was anything of intrinsic worth, or merely some article to which circumstances or association lent an arbitrary value, the impossibility of complying with the last and earnest request of Mary's father formed far the most painful feature in the accident of the evening; and while the wife lay awake, conjuring up images of she knew not what dangers and perils that threatened her husband, Tracy passed an equally sleepless night in vague conjectures as to what had become of the parcel, and in forming visionary schemes for its recovery.

In the morning he even determined to face Gurney in his den; for it was only at night that he felt himself in any danger from the nefarious proceedings of himself and his associates. But his inquiries brought him no satisfaction. The people who resided in the neighbourhood of Gurney's house, many of whom had engaged in the broil, declared they knew nothing of the parcel; 'but,' said they, 'if any of Gurney's people have it, you need never hope to see it again.' Tracy thought so too; however, he paid a visit to their den of iniquity, and declared his determination to have them summoned before the magistrates, to answer for his illegal seizure; but as all who were present denied any knowledge of the affair, and as he could not have sworn to the two ruffians who tracked him, he satisfied himself with this threat without proceeding further in the business.

Having been equally unsuccessful at the police-office, he determined, after waiting a few days in the hope of discovering some clue by which he might recover the parcel, to communicate the circumstance to Mr Jonas Aldridge. He therefore took an early opportunity of presenting himself in West Street.

'Here's a man wishes to see you, sir,' said the servant.

'Who is it? What does he want?' inquired Mr Jonas, who, recumbent

in his arm-chair, and his glass of port beside him, was leisurely perusing his newspaper after dinner. 'Where is he?'

'He's in the passage, sir.'

'Take care he's not a thief come to look after the greatcoats and hats.'

'He looks very respectable, sir.'

'Wants me to subscribe to something, I suppose. Go and ask him what's his business.'

'He says he can't tell his business except to you, sir, because it's something very particklar,' said the maid, returning into the room. 'He says he's been one of your tenants; his name's Walkingham.'

'Walkingham!' reiterated Mr Jonas, dropping the newspaper, and starting erect out of his recumbent attitude. 'Wants me! Business! What business can he possibly have with me? Say I'm engaged, and can't see him. No, stay! Yes; say I'm engaged, and can't see him.'

'He wishes to know what time it will be convenient for you to see him, sir, as it's about something very particklar indeed,' said the girl, again making her appearance.

Mr Jonas reflected a minute or two; he feared this visit portended him no good. He had often wondered that Tracy had not claimed relationship with him, for he felt no doubt of his being his cousin; probably he was now come to do it; or had he somehow got hold of that fatal will? One or the other surely was the subject of his errand; and if I refuse to see him, he will go and tell his story to somebody else. 'Let him come in. Stay! Take the lamp off the table, and put it at the other end of the room.'

This done, Mr Jonas having reseated himself in his arm-chair in such a position that he could conceal his features from his unwelcome visitor, bade the woman send him in.

'I beg your pardon for intruding, sir,' said Tracy, 'but I thought it my duty to come to you,' speaking in such a modest tone of voice, that Mr Jonas began to feel somewhat reassured, and ventured to ask with a careless air, 'What was his business?'

'You have perhaps heard, sir, that Mr Lane is dead?'

'I believe I did,' said Mr Jonas.

'Well, sir, shortly before his death he called me to his bedside and gave me a parcel, which he desired me to deliver to you as soon as he was laid in his grave.'

'To me?' said Mr Jonas, by way of filling up the pause, and concealing his agitation, for he immediately jumped to the conclusion that the will was really forthcoming now.

'Yes, sir, into your own hand; and accordingly the day he was buried I set out in the evening to bring it to you; but the pressgang got hold of me, and in the scuffle I lost it out of my bosom, where I had put it for safety, and though I have made every inquiry, I can hear nothing of it.'

'What was it? What did the parcel contain?' inquired Mr Jonas eagerly.

'I don't know, I'm sure, sir,' answered Tracy. 'It was sealed up in thick brown paper; but, from the anxiety Mr Lane expressed about its delivery, I am afraid it was something of value. He said he should never rest in his grave if you did not get it.'

Mr Jonas now seeing there was no immediate danger, found courage to ask a variety of questions with a view to further discoveries; but as Tracy had no clue to guide him with regard to the contents of the parcel except his own suspicions, which he did not feel himself called upon to communicate, he declared himself unable to give any information. All he could say was, that 'he thought the parcel felt as if there was a book in it.'

'A book!' said Mr Jonas. 'What sized book?'

'Not a large book, sir, but rather thick: it might be a pocket-book.'

'Very odd!' said Mr Jonas, who was really puzzled; for if the book contained the will, surely it was not to him that Lane would have committed it. However, as nothing more could be elicited on the subject, he dismissed Tracy, bidding him neglect nothing to recover the parcel, and inexpressibly vexed that his own stratagem to get rid of this 'discomfortable cousin' had prevented his receiving the important bequest.

Whilst Tracy returned home, satisfied that he had fulfilled his duty as far as he was able, Mr Jonas, having well considered the matter, resolved on obtaining an interview with Joe Gurney himself; 'for,' thought he, 'if the parcel contained neither money, nor anything that could be turned into money, he may possibly be able to get it for me.'

'Well, sir, I remembers the night very well,' said Joe. 'They'd ha' been watching for that 'ere young chap, off and on, for near a fortnight, when they got him, as luck would have it, close to my door; but he raised such a noise that the neighbours came out, and he got away.'

'But did you hear anything of the parcel?' inquired Mr Jonas.

'Well, sir, I'm not sure whether I did or no,' answered Gurney; 'but I think it was Tom Purcell as picked it up.'

'Then you saw it?' said Mr Jonas. 'What did it contain? Where is it?'

'Well, I'm sure, sir, that is more than I can say,' returned Gurney, who always spared himself the pain of telling more truth than he could avoid; 'but Tom went away the next day to Lunnun.'

'And did he take the parcel with him? Was there no address on it?'

'No, sir, not on the outside at least—there was something wrote, but it wasn't addressed to nobody.'

Although Mr Jonas was perfectly aware that Gurney knew more than he chose to tell, not wishing to quarrel with him, he was obliged to relinquish the interrogative system, and content himself with a promise that he would endeavour to discover the whereabout of Tom Purcell, and do all he could to recover the lost article; and to a certain extent Gurney intended to fulfil the engagement. The fact of the matter was, that the parcel had been found by Tom Purcell, but not so exclusively as that he could secure the benefit of its contents to himself. They had been divided amongst those who put in their claim, the treasure consisting of a black pocket-book, containing £95 in bank-notes, and Lane's letter, sealed, and addressed to Mr Jonas Aldridge. The profits being distributed, the pocket-book and letter were added to the share of the finder, and these, it was possible, might be recovered; and with that view Gurney despatched a n sive to their possessor. But persons who follow the profession of Tom Purcell have rarely any fixed address, and a considerable time elapsed ere an answer was received; and when it did come, it led to no result. The paper he had

burnt, and the pocket-book he had thrown into a ditch. He described the spot, and it was searched, but nothing of the sort was found. Here, therefore, ended the matter to all appearance, especially as Mr Jonas succeeded in extracting from Gurney that there was nothing in the book but that letter and some money.

In the meanwhile, however, the pocket-book had strangely enough found its way back to Thomas Street. A poor woman that carried fish about the town for sale, and with whom Mary not unfrequently dealt, brought it to her one day, damp, tattered, and discoloured, and inquired if it did not belong to her husband.

'Not that I know of,' said Mary.

'Because,' said the woman, 'he came to our house one morning last winter asking for a parcel. Now I know this pocket-book—at least I think it's the same—had been picked up by some of Gurney's folks the night afore, though it wasn't for me that lives next door to him to interfere in his matters. Hows'ever, my son's a hedger and ditcher, and when he came home last night he brought it: he says he found it in a field near by the Potteries.'

'I do not think it is Tracy's,' said Mary; 'but if you will leave it, I'll ask him.' And the article being in too dilapidated a condition to have any value, the woman told her she was welcome to it, and went away.

The consequence of this little event was, that when Tracy returned, Mary became a participator in the secret which had hitherto been withheld from her.

'I see it all,' said she. 'No doubt Mr Aldridge gave it to my father to take care of the night he came here; and when he died, my poor father, knowing we were to have shared with him had he lived, felt tempted to keep it; but he was too honest to do so; and in all our distresses he never touched what was not his own; but this explains many things I could not understand.' And as the tears rose to her eyes at the recollection of the struggle she had witnessed, without comprehending it, betwixt want and integrity, she fell into a reverie, which prevented her observing that her child, a boy of about four years old, had taken possession of the pocket-book, and, seated on the floor, was pulling it to pieces.

'I'll tell you what, Mary,' said Tracy, returning into the shop, which he had left for a few minutes, 'I'll take the book as it is to Mr Jonas Aldridge. I'm sorry the money's lost; but we are not to blame for that, and I suppose he has plenty. Put it into a bit of clean paper, will you, and I'll set off at once.'

'Oh, Tracy, Tracy,' cried Mary, addressing her little boy, 'what *are* you doing with that book? Give it me, you naughty child! See, he has almost torn it in half!' Not a very difficult feat, for the leather was so rotten with damp that it scarcely held together.

'Look here, Tracy: here's a paper in it,' said Mary as she took it from the child, and from the end of a secret pocket, which was unript, she drew a folded sheet of long writing-paper.

'Dear me! look here!' said she, as she unfolded and cast her eye over it. "In the name of God, amen! I, Ephraim Aldridge, residing at No. 4 West Street, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding"—— Why, Tracy, it's a will, I declare! Only think! How odd! isn't it? "Of sound

mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this my last will and testament "'——

'I'll tell you what, Mary,' said Tracy, attempting to take the paper from her, 'I don't think we've any right to read it: give it me.'

'Stay,' said Mary: 'stay. Oh, Tracy, do but listen to this: "I give, devise, and bequeath all property, of what nature or kind soever, real, freehold, or personal, of which I shall die seized or possessed "—— Think what a deal Mr Jonas must have!'

'Mary, I'm surprised at you.'

'"Of which I shall die seized or possessed, to my nephew "'——

'It's merely the draft of a will. Give it me, and let me go.'

'"To my nephew, Tracy Walkingham, son of the late Tracy Walkingham, formerly a private, and subsequently a commissioned officer in his majesty's 96th Regiment of foot, and of my sister, Eleanor Aldridge, his wife." Tracy, what can it mean? Can you be Mr Ephraim Aldridge's nephew?'

'It's very strange,' said Tracy. 'I never heard my mother's maiden name; for both she and my father died in the West Indies when I was a child; but certainly, as I have often told you, my father was a private in the 96th Regiment, and afterwards got a commission.'

It would be useless to dwell on the surprise of the young couple, or to detail the measures that were taken to ascertain and prove, beyond a cavil, that Tracy was the right heir. There were relations yet alive who, when they heard that he was likely to turn out a rich man, were willing enough to identify him; and it was not till the solicitor he had employed was perfectly satisfied on this head that Mr Jonas was waited on, with the astounding intelligence that a will had been discovered, made subsequent to the one by which he inherited. At the same time a letter was handed to him, which, sealed and addressed in Ephraim's hand, had been found in the same secret receptacle of the book as the larger paper.

The contents of that letter none ever knew but Jonas himself. It seemed to have been a voice of reproach from the grave for the ill return he had made to the perhaps injudicious but well-meant generosity and indulgence of the old man. The lawyer related that when he opened it he turned deadly pale, and placing his hands before his face, sank into a chair quite overcome: let us hope his heart was touched.

However that may be, he had no reason to complain of the treatment he received from the hands of his successors, who, temperate in prosperity, as they had been patient in adversity, in consideration of the relationship and of the expectations in which he had been nurtured, made Jonas a present of a thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing him in any way of life he might select; while, carefully preserved in a leathern case, the old black pocket-book, to which they owed so much, is still extant in the family of Tracy Walkingham.

FENELON.

THE activity of mind and social agitation which had their origin in Germany under the auspices of Luther were too decided in their nature, and too widely spread, to pass into permanent results without those appeals to arms to which governments were then, and, alas! still are, too ready to have recourse. Breaking out in the land where the Reformation began, wars of religion extended themselves over the most civilised parts of Europe. In England they led to the decapitation of one sovereign, and the enforced abdication of another; in France they were the occasion of a monarch's changing his creed to secure his crown. These wars developed and augmented the social energy in which they had their rise. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were prolific in great men. In mental power and in character, as well as in material objects, the supply follows the demand; and never was there a greater or more urgent call for distinguished ability than when, on the one side, ancient proscription was doing its utmost to recover its supremacy in Europe, and, on the other, the new cause of religious and social progress strained every nerve to hold the ground it had gained, and, if possible, make fresh inroads on the territories of its antagonist. Among the eminent men thus brought forward was Luther in the north, and Calvin in the south of Europe. If the former, as of Saxon blood, was more fit to originate, the latter, of the Celtic temperament, possessed those powers of organization and government for which the Latin and the French races have ever been distinguished. Had Calvin, therefore, been allowed to remain in his native country, France, he would probably have taken his measures so wisely as to bring her to the side of the Reformation. Expatriated in consequence of his opinions, he took refuge in Geneva; and there employing the peculiar aptitudes of his mind, constructed at once a most elaborate system of opinions, and a well-ordered government, throwing around them so much splendour from his own high character and distinguished talents, that he speedily rendered that city the religious metropolis of the Protestant world.

The proximity of Geneva to France gave Calvin a good opportunity for diffusing his opinions and extending his influence in that Catholic land. Civil wars arose. Henry of Valois, a Protestant, gained the upper hand. The Reformation seemed likely to take its seat on the ancient throne of France, when reasons of state induced the victor to secure his sceptre by

renouncing his faith. Early impressions, however, combined with some degree of compunction, induced Henry IV. to employ his power in guaranteeing to his former co-religionists some degree of liberty, which was done by what in history bears the name of the Edict of Nantes (1598). But the true principles of religious toleration were then unknown among those who wielded the destinies of the French empire. Its rulers were, moreover, constantly importuned by the votaries of Catholicism to cleanse the country from the taint of heresy. Hence the privileges secured by the Edict of Nantes, instead of being widened and augmented, so as to correspond with the growth of the Protestant population in numbers, intelligence, and wealth, were, under the rigorous and unfavourable interpretation of the laws, and the jealous encroachments of the rival and dominant religion, constantly diminished in themselves and in their operation, and made at once less worthy and more difficult to be retained. Shortly after the death of Henry IV., it became obvious to the French Protestants, better known by the name of Huguenots, that there was a deliberate and fixed design to destroy their religious liberties. Fear and policy delayed the blow. At length there sat on the throne one of those monarchs who, as if in derision, have been miscalled *Great*. 'My grandfather (Henry IV.) loved the Huguenots, and did not fear them; my father loved them not, but feared them; I neither love nor fear them.' Louis XIV., who employed these words, revoked the Edict of Nantes (October 22, 1685), and so destroyed the liberties of the Calvinistic church of France, and drove out of his dominions above half a million of the most industrious and useful of his subjects. The sovereign whose word effected this enormous injustice was the impersonation of selfishness. In his celebrated saying, 'The state! it is myself!' is condensed the essence of his character. One merit he has, and let it pass for what it is worth—he understood in consummate perfection the arts of kingcraft. Gifted by nature with a handsome presence and dignified carriage, and enabled by position to turn to the best account his natural endowments, he acted the part of an absolute sovereign better probably than any other occupant of a throne. But his character was hollow. Possessed of a little mind filled with prejudices, and intent only on self-gratification, he made everything, the laws of virtue not excepted, give way before his will. Imperious to others, he was governed by his own passions, his mistresses, and the priests. Under their joint influence he became more and more depraved the older he grew, till in his last days he was a prey to superstition, vice, and debility. That such a man should have been ignorant of the principles of religious freedom may well be believed; but he would probably have been less unjust and cruel towards those from whom he differed in faith, had a bigoted priesthood left him to the unprompted decisions of his own mind. Urged on, however, by papal influence, exerted through the medium of plotting courtiers and degraded courtezans, he formed the insane purpose of bringing the religious opinions of all his subjects into accordance with his own. It was this at which he aimed when he revoked the Edict of Nantes; and for the accomplishment of this design he sent dragoons to lay waste his Protestant subjects with fire and sword. The troops acted but too faithfully on the instructions they had received. The whole of Protestant France put itself in movement, in order to emigrate to less

despotic lands.* The emigration was prohibited, and every means that tyranny could devise was taken to put a stop to it. The Huguenots were compelled to remain at home, to find flesh for the sword of the dragoons. Yet the voluntary expatriation proceeded by stealth. All escaped who could get away: the rich travelled under the disguise of poverty; the delicate were reduced to endure the severest hardships; the aged tottered forward on their staff, weeping to quit the land of their boyhood; the young were hurried along in alarm, or brought to a premature end by exposure and exertion. Soon, however, was the sabre flashing amidst the wo-stricken population, and the brand applied to their temples. All the horrors of a civil and a religious war ensued. Those who were not cut down in flight, were destroyed in cold blood, or left to perish in prison. Women were ripped up, infants dashed on the rock, and clergymen hung at their church doors. For what? In order to convert a whole race to Catholicism! These brutal measures proved a failure; but the object was not abandoned. The points at issue between the rival churches were the great questions of the day. Rome or Geneva was an alternative that occupied all tongues, and coloured, when it did not complicate, every interest. Forms of human opinion were made the supreme tests of character and safety, and the sole question was, which was salutary, and which poisonous. The old school and the new school aimed alike at exclusive dominion; but in France the former being under the patronage of the government, had on its side all the resources of a great nation, which it unsparingly employed to extirpate its antagonist. Foiled in his appeals to violence, Louis XIV. resolved to try what could be done by proselyting missions. There was one man, the distinguished qualities of whose character gave promise of ample success, could he be induced to undertake the office. Already most favourably known in his country and his church, this person, in whose bosom virtue herself seemed to have fixed her abode —who was no less pious, gentle, and earnest, than learned—and who, to a strong love of the Catholic faith, added the skill in its defence which experience gives—this person was François de Salignac de Lamothe Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray.

Fenelon was born of an ancient and noble parentage on the 6th August 1651, at the Château de Fenelon, in Perigord, or the department Dordogne, in the south-west of France. The child of his father's old age, feeble and delicate of body, but lively and interesting, he received every attention, and all the marks of tenderness which parental love knows so well how to

* Not always did the refugees find a secure asylum. M. Roussel, a French Protestant divine of great learning and integrity, and minister of the Reformed Church at Montpelier in France, having witnessed the demolition of his own place of worship, ventured, at the desire of his people, to preach in the night-time upon its ruins, and was attended by some thousands of his flock. For this offence he was condemned to be broken on the wheel; but having withdrawn from the place, it was ordered that he should be hanged in effigy. After encountering numerous hazards, he succeeded in effecting his escape from France; and reaching Ireland, was chosen pastor of the French church in Dublin. James, now no longer tempted to conceal his hatred to the Reformed religion, delivered up this unoffending person to the French ambassador, who sent him in chains to France, there to undergo the terrible punishment prepared for him by his inhuman persecutors.—*Wilson's Life of De Foe*, i. 162.

bestow. In his boyhood and youth he already displayed those soft and amiable qualities of heart which, when matured, formed the essence of his character, and exhibit him on the page of history as a model of gentle goodness. His natural endowments received appropriate culture. The best means of instruction which the times afforded were put into requisition on his behalf. Without possessing any of that precocity of talent which sometimes destroys the health, and more frequently disappoints expectation, Fenelon, owing mainly to the skill of a judicious teacher, had, by the time he reached his twelfth year, acquired both a knowledge and a love of Greek and Latin, which, improved and augmented by subsequent studies, made him a ripe and exact scholar, and contributed greatly to those charms of style for which his writings are so deservedly celebrated. Removed from the paternal mansion to the College des Plessis at Paris, he there soon gained such distinction, that, being intended for the ecclesiastical profession, he was, when only fifteen, appointed to preach. His sermon had great success. But his uncle, who had charge of his education, rather [illegible] gratified by the applause, seems to have prevented a repetition of this unwise premature display. With this view he caused the young man to be removed to the seminary of St Sulpice, where he was likely to form those tastes and acquire those moral qualities which would fit him for the duties of his sacred office. A soil more favourable for the unfolding of Fenelon's character could not have been chosen. It was a Catholic establishment. As such, its chief aim was the inculcation of implicit deference to authority. This deference, when faithfully paid, was rewarded by the gift of such strength as ensues from a consciousness of being an approved member of a great ecclesiastical corporation held to be possessed of supreme power both in this world and in that to come. These principles imply requirements and involve discipline which may either compel the mind into revolt, as in the case of Luther, or foster its dispositions, promote its perfection, and secure its peace. The latter was the result produced in Fenelon. The character of that result was determined by his natural endowments. Gifted by nature with the more gentle and pliant affections, he found congenial and appropriate discipline in the system of passive acquiescence which constitutes the essence of Catholicism. In natures such as Fenelon's, reverence for what is established, fixed, and ancient, is a chief source of pleasure, strength, and cultivation. And though a discipline of the kind cannot produce minds of the first stamp, nor send forth men to create new epochs, yet while it suits a class of persons who would be repelled by the perils and turbulence of self-reliance and novelty, it is fully capable of calling into existence high and varied excellence, and especially of communicating true refinement and a cultivated taste.

But the corporation of St Sulpice had special recommendations. It was an ecclesiastical seminary of a very high order. Its inmates, though bound by no vow, consecrated to the task of preparing ministers for all ranks in the church, solid learning, exemplary virtues, high culture, and entire self-devotement. Their chief characteristic, however, lay in a submission to the hierarchy, which was invariable and unlimited. Their modesty is said to have been carried so far, that they feared glory as much as others desired it. Often consulted by the depositaries of power, and having

opportunities of exerting great influence in church and state, they shunned ambition as if it were servitude. Keeping aloof from the passions which move and disturb the world, they had no share in the conflicts of parties or the collisions of opinion, but implicitly followed the decisions and obeyed the authority of the church. Here was a system which was in harmony with Fenelon's dispositions and early training. To the operation of this system on his mature powers may we attribute the permanent features of his character and the leading events of his life. What was gentle in him, it made soft and mellow; what was acquiescent, it made submissive. His love of antiquity it raised into veneration; the native purity of his heart it deepened into holiness; and, above all, it made him disinterested, self-denying, and unwearying in labours of love. Having passed through the several exercises of spiritual discipline provided for in the establishment of St Sulpice, Fenelon entered the Christian ministry by becoming a priest in the parish of the same name. Here there opened before him a sphere of great usefulness in discharging the duties of an office whose peculiar function is beneficence, whose end is the promotion of happiness, and whose means are the employment of pity and good-will. During three years was Fenelon engaged in the active duties of a parish priest; and though the ministers of his church are laudably distinguished for unsparing self-devotement to their arduous and sometimes perilous functions, yet may Fenelon be favourably compared with the most meritorious of his brethren. In the active discharge of his pastoral office he came into immediate and habitual communication with most classes of society; and while he learned to love and pity all men, he formed deep compassion for the bulk, whom he found weighed down under grievous evils. Hence that tender commiseration for the unfortunate which is observable in all his writings, and which he failed not to manifest in his deeds. A great advantage obtained by Fenelon in this ministry, was that almost incredible facility which he acquired of speaking and writing with copiousness, perspicuity, and eloquence. In perusing his admirable publications, and remembering how large a number there is of unprinted manuscripts from his pen, one feels it difficult to conceive how, in the midst of all the duties, cares, and troubles of his active life, he had resources for that wonderful fecundity which was as diversified in manner and subject as it was neat or elegant in execution.

It was in accordance with Fenelon's ardent devotion to the Catholic ministry, that he was eager to take on himself the office of a missionary in the East. But while revolving this project in his mind, and contemplating, in the glowing colours of a youthful imagination, the happiness and utility of such an enterprise, he was appointed by the Archbishop of Paris, who had become aware of his high merits, to the important office of superintendent of the *Nouvelles Catholiques*, a voluntary association of Catholic females, whose function it was to confirm in the faith newly-converted persons of their own sex. Ten years he spent in the most satisfactory discharge of his duties in this office, which were always arduous, and not seldom delicate and trying; giving full evidence of his possessing the happy skill of communicating knowledge to states of mind the most diverse. With a special view to the benefit of his pupils he wrote his first work, 'A Treatise on the Education of Females,' which has the merit of having

drawn attention to a subject of the greatest moment, and also of having put forth principles of the highest value. With an estimate of the magnitude of female influence which we may still profit by accepting, he declares, 'The duties of women are the foundations of human life; the world is an assemblage of families; and those families who but mothers can guide and refine?'

From the tranquil but busy sphere of his lessons, pleadings, and admonitions in this retreat, he was transferred to the disturbed atmosphere of the proselyting missions in the south of France. Having failed in dragooning his Calvinistic subjects into thinking alike with himself, Louis XIV. determined to try the effect of mild and persuasive measures. Most earnest in his desire of success, he took special pains in the selection of his agents. Fenelon was universally indicated as specially fitted for the work. His varied acquirements, his ardent desire to increase the number of the faithful, his proved success in pleading with those who were in error, or weak in the faith; above all, his gentle and persuasive nature, were special recommendations to the favourable notice of the king. He was requested to undertake the office. Characteristically he made one, and but one, stipulation—that the dragoons should be recalled. But violence and injustice had produced their necessary effects: men's hearts were hardened against impressions which originated with Louis XIV., even though they came from the loving and graceful lips of a Fenelon. Whatever perseverance and charity could effect, was done. Still no sensible or permanent inroads were made on the heretical districts. Vague and exaggerated reports were sent to Paris, or reports of failure, and of the lawless pertinacity of the Protestants were made, according as interested persons wished to sustain the missions, or bring back the soldiery. But Fenelon, while disappointed in the result of his toils and solicitude, never allowed his statements to be coloured by any other feeling than regret and commiseration. He abandoned a work which he found he could not accomplish, leaving behind him scarcely any other favourable impression than one of regard and respect to himself. 'The traveller who now passes over those lands is alarmed to find there, where religion formerly flourished, together with the profession of Catholicism, an abject materialism, a superstitious impiety, and a horror of priests. That horror Fenelon could not efface. And where he met with partial success, his unquestionably apostolic mission produced deplorable effects. Whether the milk of the word, which he poured into ill-prepared vases, turned sour, or his successors mingled in it their bitterness, the religious sentiment passed into a violent fanaticism very deadly to France. The mild and tender words which Fenelon spread abroad in the western provinces, rose a century after against that nation with the vengeful arms of Catholic loyalty.' Fenelon, however, had Catholics to withstand as well as Protestants to convert. Zeal and bigotry found his measures too accommodating and too pacific. Accordingly, when, on his return to Paris, he had laid before the monarch an account of his stewardship, he was made to feel the disapprobation of Louis by a tacit banishment from court. But virtues and talents like Fenelon's could not be kept in obscurity. Envy may retard, but cannot prevent the advancement of solid merit. Nor could the corrupt court of Louis XIV. afford to forego services such those which Fenelon could render. Though, therefore, the friends of

that amiable and virtuous man, in their efforts to increase his usefulness, encountered two repulses, they gained a triumph when Fenelon was appointed to take charge of the education of the Duke of Burgundy, a grandson of the king, who, in the event of the demise of the king's son, was to be his successor on the throne. This nomination was a marked homage rendered to virtue. Dissolute in morals as was Louis XIV., he found vice so little in accordance with his knowledge, that he sought to place his immediate relatives under the most favourable circumstances for education; and while he chose the celebrated Bossuet as instructor for his son, he consigned his grandson to the no less distinguished Fenelon.

A more high-minded instructor than the latter there never was. Deeply penetrated with the importance of the duty, possessed of the highest intelligence of the age, with the loftiest aim, the purest motives, actuated by the most powerful and the most elevating impulses, already experienced in the art of education, and a wise and eloquent writer on its principles and theory, Fenelon directed all his powers to the one end of aiding the young prince who was destined for the throne to develop his faculties, form his opinions, mature his character, and so prepare him for being a good as well as a truly great king; a blessing to France, and the originator of a new era of social happiness. Alas! how are the purest desires of men frustrated. The Duke of Burgundy never assumed the sceptre; and Louis XV., by his weakness and profligacy, completed the ruin of France begun by his predecessor, and left to the unfortunate Louis XVI. all the confusion and horrors of the most bloody revolution recorded in the annals of the world.

Fenelon, with his mildness, seemed as if destined to be set in opposition to what was rough and boisterous. Sent at an earlier period to tranquillise the disturbed districts of the south-west, he now received a commission to calm and regulate the violent and disorderly passions of a royal boy. In the latter office, however, his judicious and persevering efforts were rewarded with some success. Scarcely ever was there a more arduous task undertaken by an educator than that on which Fenelon now entered. From his birth, the Duke of Burgundy possessed impetuous passions, which grew in violence with his growth. His fits of anger burst forth against inanimate objects as well as persons. He could not endure the least opposition even from the elements without falling into paroxysms of rage, in which, to use the words of an eye-witness, 'everything in his body seemed likely to break asunder.' Obstinate to excess, passionately fond of pleasure, greedy of good cheer, addicted to gambling, often brutal, naturally prone to cruelty, pitiless in mocking, and crushing in the exposure of others' foibles, he so prided himself on his birth, that he seemed as from the heights of heaven to regard men as atoms to which he bore no resemblance, and with which he might do as he pleased. He was not, indeed, destitute of talent. To a quick penetration he united shrewdness and versatility. He acquired knowledge with ease, and appropriated and applied what he acquired. But unless his passions were subdued, the force of his intellect would but add to their keenness and momentum. Fenelon has himself described his pupil. It was one part of his most judicious system to place a picture of himself before the eyes of the young prince. This he did by fables or fictitious narrative. One of these we translate, as it serves to throw light

on Fenelon's mode of teaching, as well as on the disposition and character of his royal pupil:—

Melanthes the Capricious.

What sad thing has happened to Melanthes? Nothing without, everything within. When he went to bed last night he was the delight of everybody; this morning one is ashamed of him, one must put him out of sight. On rising, equanimity was overthrown by a fold in his stocking; the whole day will be stormy, and everybody will suffer in consequence. He makes people afraid, while he excites their pity; he weeps like a child, he roars like a lion. A malignant vapour troubles and darkens his imagination, just as the ink from his pen sullies his fingers. Speak not to him of the things he loved best a moment since; even because he loved them, he cannot now endure their sight. The amusements he so much desired become wearisome, and must be discontinued; he seeks occasions for contradiction, for complaining, for vexing others: he is irritated if they do not take his misconduct ill. When he wants a pretext for attacking others, he turns against himself, blaming his own conduct. '*I* cannot,' says he, 'do right; it is useless to make the attempt.' If you try to soothe him, he is offended; he resolves to be alone, and cannot bear solitude; he returns to the social circle, and is bitter against its inmates. Every one keeps silent, the silence shocks him; all speak in an under tone, he fancies it is against himself; they talk aloud, he says they talk too much, and they are too lively while he is sad; they are sad, and their sadness he interprets into a reproof of his faults; they laugh, he suspects that it is at him. What is to be done? Wait till he returns to his senses. This strange humour will pass off as it came. As the demons are described, so his reason is upset—he is irrationality personified. If you push him, he will at mid-day declare it is night; for there is neither night nor day to a head turned topsy-turvy. Sometimes he cannot himself help being astonished at his extravagances and fits of passion. In spite of his vexation, he smiles at the absurdities which fall from his lips. What means are there for preventing these storms and stilling this tempest? None. There is not even an almanac by which to foretell this bad weather! Be sure you do not say, 'To-morrow we will divert ourselves in the garden.' The man of to-morrow will be a different person from the man of to-day. He who now makes you a promise will forthwith disappear; you know not where to find him if you wish to remind him of his word; instead of him, you find I know not what—something which has not form or name, which cannot have either, and which you cannot define in the same terms at any two successive instants. He wishes, and does not wish; he threatens, he trembles; he mingles together ridiculous assumptions with acts of shameful degradation; he weeps, he laughs, he jokes, he is furious. In his fury what is most comical and most senseless is, that he is jocose, eloquent, subtle, full of new turns, though he has not even a shadow of reason left. Be sure you do not say to him anything that is just, exact, and reasonable; he will not fail to take advantage of it, and cleverly give you as good as you send; he will pass from his own wrong-doing to yours, and become rational solely for the pleasure of showing that you are not so. A mere nothing carries him at

once up into the clouds. What has become of him? He is lost in the conflict; he is gone; he no longer knows what has vexed him; he knows only that he is vexed, and will be vexed; even this he does not always know. He often fancies that all who speak to him are in a passion, and that he alone is under due restraint. But perhaps he will spare some persons to whom, more than to others, he is under obligations, and whom he appears to love more? No, his caprice recognises no one—it vents itself indiscriminately on all; the first comer serves to receive his burst of passion: all is the same to him, provided only he is angry. He would speak insults to everybody; he no longer loves, he is no longer beloved; he is persecuted, betrayed; he is under obligation to no one. But wait a moment, you will behold another scene—he has need of others, he loves and is beloved; he flatters and ingratiates himself; he bewitches those who could not endure him; he owns his faults, he laughs at his follies, he mimics his own peculiarities, and you would say that it was himself in those fits of rage, so well does he ape his own faults. After this comedy, played at his own expense, you would think that he would at least never again act the demoniac. Alas! you are in error; he will perform the same part this evening, to ridicule himself for it to-morrow without a change for the better.

This is the caprice and the ill-humour of a prince; but it contains traits which we have all witnessed. How admirably is the character drawn! how painful the reality here painted! What more difficult to cure than these senseless whims and lawless passions? If any one could succeed, it was Fenelon. By appealing to the intellect, by appropriately furnishing stores of useful knowledge, by choosing happy moments when his pupil's mind was open to good impressions, by calling out and strengthening all his higher powers, by awakening his better feelings, and keeping them in gentle exercise, by setting before him high and enchanting models of excellence, especially by employing the strong repressive powers of religion, and planting its awful sanctions in the soul, Fenelon in course of time succeeded in his most arduous task. The youth became another person: his vices were converted into virtues.

Our space does not allow us to exhibit the process in detail. We must, however, remark, as illustrative of the character of Fenelon, that the predominant influence was the gentle goodness of the tutor. Fenelon was patient and imperturbable. Passionless himself, he gradually calmed the turbulence of the prince; full of a genial and all-subduing love, he melted down opposition, fostered every germ of what was right, gave encouragement wherever it was possible, expanded and strengthened the good, and so kept down and weakened the bad; and, in the employment of his great literary treasures, poured into his pupil's mind bright and happy thoughts, graceful images, and touching allusions. In a word, he endeavoured to communicate to the young duke his own superior nature. His success is fitted to give encouragement to every sincere educator; it indicates the proper path; it shows whither that path conducts; it says, if you would effect your purpose, do not encounter passion with passion. Two meeting storms bring on a whirlwind; overcome evil with good; love, guided by wisdom, and nerved with firmness, subdues all opposition.

Fenelon, in his private studies and benevolent pursuits, had formed for

himself a practical system of disinterested virtue. An early familiarity with religious writers, who, if they were somewhat mystical, breathed a spirit of pure and lofty virtue, had led him to the conviction that God is to be loved and served for what he is in himself, and good done to his creatures for its own sake, apart from any view whatever to remuneration. Such a doctrine, which was congenial to the general tone of Fenelon's mind, afforded him valuable aid in dealing with the selfish violence of his pupil, and was not without its use in enabling him to bear the inconveniences, solicitudes, and annoyances that arose from his being left with pecuniary resources so scanty, that he was obliged to deny himself ordinary comforts, and depend in part on accommodations from relatives. The same high disinterestedness kept his hands unsullied in a court where corruption had opened a hundred channels to wealth, power, and dignity. As honourable, however, as it is to Fenelon, that he should have lived in spotless and elevated purity in the midst of voluptuous and selfish courtiers, so discreditable is it that those who were in power should have left him not only in the shades of neglect, but in embarrassments and comparative want. Thus virtue and scholarship of the highest kind are honoured—and allowed to starve.

Public places, however, cost nothing to their royal donors; and at length Louis appointed Fenelon to the Archbishopric of Cambray, requesting him to retain the office of preceptor to his grandsons. On receiving this high preferment, Fenelon gave up the abbey of St Valery, and by a step so unusual excited displeasure in his order.

Hitherto we have seen Fenelon in prosperity. Its influences have been most happy on his character. But there is a kind and a height of excellence that cannot be attained otherwise than by misfortune and trial. The discipline of sorrow is now before him: virtues such as his being a tacit reproach to men of corrupt and narrow minds, could not fail to excite envy. Eclipsing others by the splendour of his moral and intellectual qualities, Fenelon, without knowing it, made himself enemies, who on their part might even unconsciously be impelled to exhibit in an unfavourable light any spots that they imagined to exist on the disk of his character. But what spots were there? What serious faults could malice invent or fancy discover? An immaculate life is no protection in a social state where heresy has its suspicions and its penalties. Fenelon fell under the charge of unsound doctrine. And what was his crime? Did he undermine the foundations of religion? Did he lower its claims? Did he question long-established and venerable forms of opinion? The worst that can be said against the doctrines advanced in his work entitled 'The Maxims of the Saints regarding the Inner Life' is, that its tone is so lofty, as occasionally to pass within the sphere of mysticism, and that mysticism may be abused by impure persons for immoral purposes. Fenelon maintained that the highest state of Christian perfection was one of pure love, experienced and enjoyed in wrapt meditations on the divine nature, under whose influence the ideas of reward and punishment were wholly lost, and the soul was freed from the constraints of the body. The enunciation of this notion set the whole papal church in agitation. The most vehement debates ensued: Bossuet, always the rival genius to Fenelon, put himself at the head of the

crusade against the heretic. Intrigue became busy, courtiers plotted, the females of the court took their sides, and employed their seductions. The king, growing alarmed, deprived Fenelon of his tutorship of the royal youths, and banished him from court.

After several vicissitudes, and much caballing, the pope was induced to condemn Fenelon's opinions: the condemnation, however, was unattended by the ordinary terms of reproach. Every eye was now turned towards Cambray. What would Fenelon do? He issued a public recantation: 'We condemn the book, simply, absolutely, and without restriction; and we forbid all the faithful of this diocese to read the book, or have it in their possession.' How dissimilar this result from that which ensued when Luther was required to revoke what he had put forward! The two events happened in the same church: Fenelon's submission came after Luther's defiance. The chief cause of this diversity may be found in the dissimilarity of their natural and acquired dispositions. Fenelon's gentle goodness inclined him to acquiesce in the decisions of authority, as much as Luther's consciousness of robust strength made him independent. The heroism of Luther excites our admiration; but is there nothing great in the self-denial of Fenelon? The archbishop knew what unworthy means were taken to procure the condemnation of his book; he knew what mean and petty jealousies lay at the bottom of the discreditable attempt. Not a slight struggle, then, must he have undergone. The superior mind bends to the inferior, the high to the low. With his convictions unchanged, he condemns what he believed to be true; what he had found useful and salutary in his own experience; and so in a very solemn affair condemns himself as well as his work. This deference to authority, which in England we can scarcely understand, was only a part of that general system of self-abnegation in which, according to Fenelon's opinion, consisted the essence of virtue. With him the voice of the pope was the voice of God; and that not the less because it had been uttered and made known by human instruments which he could not respect. As, then, the very doctrine in question required the perfect Christian to resign himself unreservedly to the divine will, and seek happiness by identification with the divine spirit, so persistence in what that mind had disapproved would be blameable inconsistency. Principles such as these, and the mental qualities in which they take root, are not the materials out of which great changes are produced. Yet let us be just. If they afford no impulse to progress, they are conservative of the past; if they are unable to ameliorate, they are exempt from the danger of destroying; if they rather repress than encourage vigorous strength, they foster the passive qualities, which afford a congenial soil for the growth of docility, reverence, and composure of mind. And while we see abundant reason for giving a decided preference to the class of mental qualities and social effects which ensue from individual reliance and independence of character, we may not be without gratification in acknowledging that, for minds such as that of Fenelon, the system of implicit obedience to venerated authority had special advantages as well as recommendations.

Indeed in Fenelon and Luther the two great principles not only of their church, but of actual life and of history, were exemplified and brought into

prominent relief: on the one side deference to authority, or reverence for the past; on the other free thought, free speech, change, and amelioration. These two great principles, our adherence to either of which in any case depends very much on the caste of our minds and our social position, contain each its own elements of good, and each its evils and its dangers. If our homage to the past is excessive, we are apt to retain what is worn out and corrupt as well as what is sound and venerable. If all our energies are directed towards the present and the future, in a firm reliance on our self-governing power, we may deny ourselves the discipline of heart and mind offered by our predecessors, and destroy without being able to reconstruct. All change is not progress. Undue haste is likely to issue rather in social disorder than ameliorated institutions. In the union of the two, which harmonises a regard for the past with attention to the claims of the future, and aids and rewards self-reliance with the lights of bygone days, and the reverential and touching memories of prescription; in this happy blending of dependence and independence, a junction exemplified in every period of our outer life from infancy to old age; in this alliance of the past, the present, and the future; this venerating and hopeful preservation of the line of social continuity along which the highest blessings of Providence are poured;—in this are found the loftiest wisdom, the most harmonising philosophy, comfort as well as progress for the individual, and safe as well as constant improvements in laws and institutions. He who, by his exclusive attachment to new ideas, has sundered himself from the accumulated experience of ages, is not more than half a man. And he that, in his obstinate adherence to what is established, refuses to move along with his neighbours, need not be surprised if he, and that to which he holds, are cast down and trodden under foot by the crowd which urges forward its eager course, intent solely on the object of its pursuit.

Let us, however, bewail and condemn the rigorous tyranny exerted over men's thoughts and utterances in the state of things with which we are now concerned. When so estimable, so accomplished a prelate as Fenelon was punished by the degradation of being compelled to recall his teachings while his convictions were unchanged—and that in points on which the worst that could be said was, that the highest truth verged towards the boundaries of error—when this act of injustice and despotism took place, and was enforced by public opinion, the human mind must have forgotten its most precious prerogatives, and in the loss of liberty, would hardly fail to become feeble and corrupt, and so prepare the way for a great social convulsion. Fenelon's subjection, which, at the time of its being made, excited universal admiration and applause, acted at a later day, and in an age of intellectual activity, as a warning, an offence, and a goad. The very means which coerce the gentle drive the bold into rebellion.

The jealous despotism of Louis XIV. is illustrated in another event which brought fresh pain and discredit on the amiable Fenelon. With a view to the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy, Fenelon had composed a fictitious work. A copy was obtained, and put to the press by the contrivance of a perfidious servant. The book was already far advanced in the printing, when the sheets were seized by order from the king, and every effort made to preclude the possibility of its going abroad. Louis XIV. considered the work to be a tacit rebuke and satire on his govern-

ment. Against Fenelon, its author, he conceived the deepest resentment. The name of the archbishop became so offensive to the monarch, that for four years the Duke of Burgundy did not dare to write to his beloved preceptor; and when he at last made the venture, enjoined him to take the greatest precaution against his reply being known to Louis. This resentment was so durable and so notorious, that the great writers who, after his death, undertook to portray the character of Fenelon, judged it prudent to omit all mention of the obnoxious work. And yet this work, the well-known 'Adventures of Telemachus,' was received by the world with enthusiasm, has been translated into most modern languages, and has passed through numberless editions. What, then, was the offence? Simply that Fenelon had drawn pictures of ideal excellence in social polity with which the practices of the French king stood in the broadest contrast. Fenelon's monarch is in truth the father of his subjects; Louis was a despotic tyrant. The darkness of his misgovernment looked tenfold dark by the side of the bright creations which had flowed from the pure, transparent, and elevated soul of Fenelon. Louis did not see that the satire of which he complained proceeded from himself; for surely it is a satire on his administration to say that his authority was disgraced or endangered by a publication which the mind of the civilised world has welcomed and honoured. 'Telemachus' exerted a very great and lasting influence on the thoughts and destinies of nations during the last century, and contains pictures whose exquisite beauty make the work immortal, and great truths and principles which will find their realisation only after the lapse of many generations.

For ever removed from the court, Fenelon applied himself with constant assiduity to put in practice in the government of his diocese the principles of equity, mildness, and Christian wisdom which formed the essence of his character. In this office, again, he had special difficulties to meet and overcome. The diocese of Cambray, lying in the north, had been recently united to France by the arms of Louis XIV., and extended over an important part of Flanders, then under the dominion of Spain. His episcopal crook was, in consequence, regarded as a symbol rather of conquest and foreign domination, than of the peaceful rule of a Christian shepherd. Yet did he succeed in making himself beloved, and his authority respected. If he was mild, he was also firm; and being always actuated by a pure regard to justice tempered with mercy, and exempt from personal considerations, he succeeded in giving effect to his benevolent purposes, even in face of opposition. A clergyman of his diocese had been tried and found guilty of atrocious crimes. The diocesan tribunal, under some improper influence, had been satisfied with commanding him to remove to another living. Fenelon wished to silence so unworthy a priest, and take from him the power of dishonouring religion, and depraving members of the flock. The delinquent appealed from the archbishop's decision, and succeeded in gaining permission to enter a seminary devoted to the preparation of young men for the sacred office. This was to give to poison the greatest opportunity for working its deadly effects. Yet unwilling to act in direct opposition to the official authorities, Fenelon gained his point by leaving the wretched man in possession of the revenues of his benefice, and at his own expense provided a virtuous minister to discharge its religious functions.

In the wars which troubled and darkened the declining years of Louis XIV., the diocese of Cambray was subject to great sufferings from the presence of conflicting armies. But the name of Fenelon was a tower of strength. Those who regarded no ordinary interest manifested their respect to the author of 'Telemachus.' The merits of literature mitigated the horrors of war. Nevertheless, the imposts required for its support on the part of France were severely felt by the clergy of Cambray—all the more that the vicissitudes of a seven years' conflict had destroyed property, abstracted revenue, left the fields untilled, and the country half-depopulated. Yet the government were urgent in their demands, and Fenelon judged it very important to the national defence that the clergy should set the example of paying their taxes. With this view he took their burthens on himself. Generosity the most noble was deeply wrought into his soul. Living as he did in the centre of the wars that were waged against France, he witnessed with extreme grief the calamities that men inflict on each other when under the insane passion of martial ardour. Keeping himself, like a visitant from a higher sphere, aloof from the desolating strife of human passions, he ministered aid to all indiscriminately. His open house, where generals, officers, and common soldiers, when sick or wounded, received hospitality and attendance, looked like the mansion of a governor of the country, and at the same time an episcopal palace. Fenelon himself was present at the medical consultations when he was likely to be of service; and both in his own home, and in hospitals and other places, he administered to individuals the consolations of religion. And his acts of mercy and of bounty were performed with ease and simplicity, a scrupulous regard to the feelings of the recipients, and an exact attention to their personal circumstances, on the largest scale. Yet without haste or confusion, with a munificent liberality which was frugal and unostentatious, François Fenelon became an object of universal love, admiration, and reverence. He did not restrict his generosity to individuals. The winter of 1709, which was exceedingly rigorous, destroyed the germs of all the productions of the earth. A famine ensued. Defeat fell to the lot of the French armies. Fenelon's fields and granaries alone were spared by the troops of the conquerors, out of respect for his virtues. When they learned that any parcel of land near their post belonged to the archbishop, they set guards around it, and preserved its fruits with a care equal to that with which they would have protected their own property or the property of their sovereigns. Fenelon, therefore, possessed resources when others were destitute. These resources he employed, during the campaign that followed the severe winter, in supporting the army of that monarch who had banished him from his presence, and never forgave him for attempting to teach truth and lead men to happiness.

Two years afterwards, towards the end of the campaign of 1711, he was the means of rendering a yet more signal service to his sovereign and country. The army of the powers allied against Louis XIV. found itself, in the chances of war, between the French army and the Castle of Cambray, where were great stores of grain, which had been deposited there in order to be under the protection of Fenelon's name. Marlborough, who commanded the assailing forces, sent a detachment of troops to preserve those well-filled garners; but finding he could not

restrain his troops, who were suffering from want, he communicated intelligence of the fact to Fenelon. The grain was then placed in wagons, and under an escort from Marlborough, conducted to the head-quarters of the French army. This noble act, which is as honourable to the English general as to the French bishop, saved France from ruin. Having refused to receive payment for his corn, he also wrote to the Duke of Chevreuse, 'If money is wanted for urgent needs, I offer my plate and all my other furniture, as well as the little grain that is left.'

While Fenelon was thus, on the grandest scale, returning good for evil, and enjoying the pure and rich satisfactions that accrue from beneficence, the king of France was daily losing every ray that had brightened the exterior of his court and crown. Stripped of his conquests by the allied forces—deprived by death, first of his son, and then of the Duke of Burgundy—his own heart worn and withered by unbounded licentiousness, and his power fast passing from his enfeebled hands—with vice and empty pomp around him, and suspicions whose horror made them disbelieved—the country in a state of suffering, discontent, and hardly-subdued disquiet—Louis XIV., that proud and pompous monarch, found himself in his latter days all but alone in the solitude of his splendid halls, whose cold grandeur seemed to mock at the king's destitution and wretchedness; and the emblems of death which they presented forewarned him of a tomb still more dreary and hopeless. Fenelon also was drawing near to his end. But to him death had no terrors. The debilities of age he could not avoid; and bitter was his grief as he lost one friend after another. But sustained by the unfailing power of practical religion and habitual piety, neither clinging to life nor shrinking from death, he awaited his last hour in peace. Its advent was hastened by an accident. Thrown from his carriage while on a tour of episcopal visits, he fell into a fever, of which he died in January 1715, being sixty-four years of age. In his last moments he dictated a letter to Louis, in which are the following words—words which, though characteristic, like his former recantation, of the gentle, forgiving, and, we may add, submissive spirit of the writer, are such as cannot find a response in the mind of high principle and stern justice, and must compel even his most ardent admirers to wish they had never been penned:—'I have never felt anything but docility towards the church, and horror of the novelties that were imputed to me. I received the condemnation of my book with the most absolute acquiescence. I have never for a single moment in my life been without the most lively gratitude, the most sincere zeal, the most profound respect, and the most inviolable attachment towards the person of the king. I take leave to ask of his majesty two favours, which regard neither myself nor any of my kindred. The first is, that he will have the goodness to appoint for my successor a pious, orderly, and good man. The other favour is, that he will have the goodness, in union with my successor, to complete what has been begun for the seminary of St Sulpice. I wish his majesty a long life. This shall be my petition if I am admitted to the divine presence.'

Scarcely less dear to foreigners than to his own countrymen, Fenelon in his death excited regrets as deep and widely-spread as were the love and admiration he had awakened during his virtuous and useful life. Great talents belong to all countries and all communions. It was on the world

that Fenelon conferred benefits, and it was natural that by the world his loss should be deplored.

The history of Fenelon exhibits the presence and operation of a predominant idea. Bringing into existence with him a soft, gentle, and loving nature, which happily was fostered and developed by the congenial influences of education, he was led to select the ecclesiastical profession. By that natural affinity which gives to minds their most appropriate employment, he always found himself in spheres of action where there was a special call for the mild restraints and nurturing dew which his character was fitted to afford. The performance of his duties reacted on his mental and moral qualities, giving to them each an intensity and fixedness which raised them to the highest state of culture; so that the tranquil, earnest, and thoughtful tendencies of the boy were, under the discipline of life, elaborated and raised into the mature gentle goodness of the man, the sage, and the Christian minister. Even in what were accounted his errors we see the influence of his predominant state of mind. Elevated by his nature and education to a high degree of excellence, he was urged to desire and seek after perfection itself. Absolute perfection is unattainable by man. But then do we not make some approaches to it when our minds are brought into a moral oneness with the Supreme Intelligence? This oneness can be gained only by purely spiritual exercises. But if our minds are by contemplation made purely spiritual, then are they united with Him who is spirit. Such a union implies and supposes an entire independence of earth and sense. The perfect Christian lives in an elevated sphere of his own, engaged in those meditations which are at once his delight and his triumph. To these heights of religious abstraction Fenelon was naturally conducted by his pure and lofty aspirations. But he that has reached so high an elevation is on the verge of two practical errors. If he is independent of the senses, their operation is too trifling a concern to engross his care. Hence licentiousness may come from mysticism; and if he is kept by duty and pleasure within the recesses of the Holy of Holies, what has he to do with the mean and perishing trifles of earth? Hence selfishness may ensue from spirituality. From both these errors, which have been too common among speculative religionists, Fenelon was preserved by the native goodness of his heart and the practical benevolence of his early days.

It would not, indeed, be easy to mention an instance in which the qualities of true religious excellence were more proportionately blended. If he indulged in speculation, Fenelon was also pre-eminently practical. A glowing, rich, and delicate imagination, which rendered his piety vivid, soaring, and habitual, was qualified and guided by a strong and well-cultivated intellect, which, according to his light, made him regard religion as a reasonable service. And while the attainments of the scholar, as well as the exercises of the worshipper, would have kept him within the elegant privacy of the library, or the inspired precincts of the chapel, his true Christian love, the native goodness of his heart, his high sense of duty, placed him at every period of his life in the midst of worldly passions and rugged duties. Both in his active benevolence and the general caste of his mind, we find the qualities that are common to all good Christians, and the natural results of the divine spirit of the common

Master. A happy thing it is for the world that there is in it a power which can produce so near an approach to moral perfection as is seen in the character of Fenelon. And a most happy thing it is for society that amid its cares, passions, and sufferings, there appear benevolent men, like the Archbishop of Cambray, who find their duty and their pleasure in the active exercise of the soft, winning, and graceful affections of our nature, and in ceaseless ministrations of good.

The writings of Fenelon are but little known to the mere English reader. There is, indeed, an interesting volume of selections made by Mrs Follen of the United States, of which an English edition has just been published. This book, however, is confined to extracts from Fenelon's religious writings, and even these it does but imperfectly represent. 'Telemachus' is in many hands, being employed in the work of education; but in consequence of being so employed, it is rarely perused by adults. School-books, with education as it now is, have little chance of being favourites in our manhood, so associated are they with labour, privation, and pain. 'Telemachus,' therefore, like Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' is more praised than read. One or two others of Fenelon's treatises have appeared in English, but so far as we know they are now out of print. Yet do the writings of this great man contain a very ample treasury of pure and noble thought, bearing on many of the highest interests of mankind. True it is that a century and a-half have elapsed since they were produced. Nevertheless the bulk of them are in substance applicable to the concerns of the present moment, and some of them will retain their value as long as human nature retains its essential qualities. In language Fenelon was a Frenchman, in thought he was a Christian and a man. The amount of what is permanent in an author may be taken as a measure of his greatness. Judged by this standard, Fenelon takes his station among the first minds of his race. Of his writings a few incidental remarks have already been made: the subject is of sufficient importance to demand a specific notice.

Fenelon was a great master of style. Entertaining a low opinion of the capacity of the French language for poetry of the higher order, he devoted his pen to prose composition; and in the most elaborate of his productions has poured out rich treasures of poetic thought and diction. His 'Telemachus' is a great poem, composed after the model of Homer's 'Odyssey,' a translation of several books of which is found in his published writings, and into the spirit and essence of which he had thoroughly penetrated. Fenelon made a correct distinction between versification and poetry. Avoiding the former, as unsuited to the genius of his native language, and as in itself of small value, he strove—and strove with eminent success—to enrich much of his prose with all the charms of the highest poetry. For this purpose Fenelon made style an object of very careful and long-continued study. Having access to the best models of Greek and Roman literature, he made himself familiar with their contents, marked and discriminated their qualities with a teachable and loving mind, and so imbued himself with their spirit, as to surpass most other modern writers in that assemblage of qualities which combine to form what is called a classic style. In elegant precision and chaste imagery, no less than in thought and illustrative examples, Fenelon's best writings are

eminently classic. This quality is not in their form merely, but in their substance. All the stores of Greek and Latin history, mythology, and antiquities, were ready to his hand, and were employed by him with an almost unequalled ease, propriety, and fulness. When writing on suitable topics, almost every thought came to him in classic attire, or brought with it a classic exemplification. In the present day, many have been led to question the value of classical studies in our collegiate institutions. Fenelon's writings suffice to correct the error. In style and general complexion of thought Fenelon was what he was made by Homer, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Virgil, and Cicero. And equally does his character show that the most profound study and the most accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin writers are compatible with a virgin purity of moral feeling and the sanctity of the highest Christian life. We have intimated that Fenelon's excellence of style was the result of labour. No one's writings, indeed, are better fitted to explode the fallacy, that literary eminence is easy of acquirement. In all his higher productions every page and every sentence bear proofs of the utmost care. And yet those proofs are not obvious to the untrained eye, for they are in the substance, and not on the surface of the composition. Fenelon's art so conceals his art, as to produce an ease, a simplicity, and an elegance, which the many may regard as natural and spontaneous, but which the initiated know to be the result and the reward of the highest mental cultivation, the most studious painstaking, and the most constant and diligent practice. A chronological study of his works would show the gradual development of the graces and felicities of his style. His earlier compositions, such as his 'Essay on Female Education,' are neat, but not elegant; in perspicuity and precision Fenelon never failed, but it is only in the maturity of his mind and in the height of his culture that he poured forth, as in 'Telemachus,' the abundant and varied treasures of his beautiful style. Like all great composers, Fenelon knew how to adapt his expression to his subject. If in the highest specimens of his poetic prose we find a rich elegance which almost borders on the florid, in his religious writings there is a becoming chasteness, and in his letters a graceful ease and childlike simplicity.

Viewed in regard to their subject-matter, Fenelon's writings may be arranged into two classes—the educational and the religious—corresponding with the two great efforts of his life; which two, indeed, were in their aims, their processes, and their results, very much alike. Fenelon's religious writings comprise a large portion of pastoral instructions, which he was led to put forth as a bishop of the Catholic church. These pastoral instructions contain controversial elements; and bearing, as they do, on purely ecclesiastical questions, are valuable chiefly as materials for history, though at the same time they comprise much of high and permanent value relative to the duties of Christian ministers. No one was more fitted than Fenelon to instruct and guide those whose office it was to instruct and guide others; for in becoming a bishop, he ceased not to be a priest and a pastor, but most diligently fulfilling his episcopal duties, he was ceaseless also in daily labours of love towards the poor, the sick, the destitute, and the dying. Chaucer's 'Parson' lived again in Fenelon—

> 'To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
> And good example, was his business.'

Though, therefore, his pastoral writings contain less than others of what is of universal acceptance, they yet offer much that will reward the attention of the Protestant as well as the Catholic clergyman of the nineteenth century.

It is, however, in what may more strictly be called his religious writings that we find both the essence of Fenelon's soul and the catholicity of his disposition. Fenelon entered thoroughly into the genius of the Christian religion, and became instinct with its spirit. Under this overpowering influence he threw off what was local, partial, and sectarian, and developed and set forth the divine life of the Gospel itself in giving simple utterance to the thoughts and emotions of his own mind. Hence, in perusing his religious works, you forget the Catholic and the archbishop, and think only of the Christian; nor, while you read his pure and lofty words, can you help being lifted by gratitude and sympathy up into his own bright sphere.

It is, however, from his educational writings that we shall take our specimens, both because these are more suited for these pages, and because, while of very high value, they afford a sufficient variety and example of Fenelon's highest style. Let it be premised that we use the term educational in a comprehensive sense, for it would be easy to subdivide this class into several sub-classes, since there are few topics of high concern to man that Fenelon has left untouched.

Least adorned is Fenelon's first publication, 'De l'Education des Filles'—('On the Education of Girls'), but it is replete with a lofty wisdom emanating directly from the spirit of Christianity, and offers, both in general principles and in particular precepts, much by which the educators of the present day may profit. The fact of putting out a work of the kind by a young ecclesiastic, showed a laudable boldness dictated by a high sense of duty; for female education in Fenelon's time being for the most part conducted in the nunneries, was very narrow and superficial, yet sufficiently good to satisfy the demands of society. In fact woman in France had then sunk into man's toy. Regarded as a minister to man's recreation and lower pleasures, women were furnished with little more educational resources than such as were requisite to give them an external polish, and make them willing dependents on the priests. Alternately despised and flattered, they neither received nor desired the discipline of a good education. Hence Fenelon begins his treatise with a chapter 'On the importance of the Education of Girls,' of which the following is the opening paragraph:—

'Nothing is more neglected than the education of girls. Custom and the caprice of mothers decide everything in regard to it. The general impression is, that we ought to give little instruction to females. From a regard to the public good, the education of boys is accounted a matter of high consequence; and although scarcely fewer faults are committed in it than in the education of girls, at least much knowledge is considered requisite for success. Persons of the highest talent have employed their time in setting forth rules for the education of boys. How numerous our masters—how numerous our colleges! What an outlay of money for printing books, for scientific research, for methods of learning languages, for the choice of professors! All these grand preparations have often more appearance than solidity; but at anyrate they mark the high idea entertained of the education of boys. As to girls, they must not, it is said, be

learned. Curiosity makes them vain and affected: it is enough if they know how to govern their households, and obey their husbands without reasoning. Instances are adduced of women whom knowledge made ridiculous, and then people think themselves justified in blindly abandoning girls to ignorant and indiscreet mothers.'

Fenelon's method of education is essentially of a fostering kind. Rightly conceiving of education as in its essence consisting of the working of a higher within a lower mind, he sets it forth as genial in its influence and gentle in its operation, directed so as to *lead out* the natural faculties, and combine them harmoniously in the one result of a high, pure, and efficient character, inspired by religion, impelled by benevolence, and guided by wisdom and prudence. But the advantages which he contemplates cannot be secured unless education begins in childhood—'that most tender infancy; this first age, which is commonly abandoned to indiscreet or immoral females, is that in which the deepest impressions are made, and which, in consequence, bears an important relation to all the rest of life. Before infants are entirely able to speak, you may prepare them for instruction. This is no exaggeration. Think what a child does that cannot yet speak: he is learning a language which he will soon speak more exactly than scholars can speak the dead languages, which in their ripe years they have studied with so much labour. But what is involved in learning a language? It is not merely the fixing in the memory of a great number of words; it is, moreover, says St Augustin, the observation of the sense of each. The infant, he adds, among its cries and its games, marks of what object each word is the sign. Children, then, know from the first more than is commonly thought. Thus by words, aided by tones and gestures, you may give them an inclination to be with the virtuous and honourable persons whom they see, rather than with others to whom they might be in danger of being attached; and so, by the expression of your countenance and the accents of your voice, you may make them averse to the passionate and the disorderly. If, instead of infusing into them the idle fears of phantoms and ghosts, which by their violence must weaken their yet tender minds; if, instead of surrendering them to the false imaginations of their nurses in regard to things which they should seek or avoid, you endeavoured to communicate to them an agreeable idea of what is good, and a frightful notion of what is bad, they would be much assisted in their after efforts for the practice of virtue.'

Among the earliest manifestations of intellect in childhood is a ceaseless and almost irrepressible curiosity. This faculty, which has been given expressly for the purpose of leading the child to knowledge, is in ordinary schools still discouraged, and but little understood and properly treated, even in the best-regulated homes and nurseries. Fenelon, however, was well aware of the opportunities it affords.

Curiosity in Education.

The curiosity of children is a natural instinct, which precedes instruction: do not fail to profit by it. For example, in the country they see a mill, and they wish to know what it is: you must show them how the food which sustains the life of man is prepared. They see reapers, and you

must explain what they are doing, how corn is sown, and how it is multiplied in the earth. In the town they see shops, where different trades are carried on, and various kinds of merchandise are sold. You must never be wearied by their questions: they are openings offered by nature to facilitate instruction: show that you take a pleasure in them. You will thus insensibly teach them how all those things which are useful to man, and on which commerce depends, are carried on. By degrees, and without any particular study, they will learn the manner in which the articles which they use are made, and the proper price of each. This is the real essence of economy. This knowledge is not to be despised by any one, since all should beware lest they are deceived in their expenses; but it is especially necessary for girls.

Very important is it, too, not to overdo the work of education. Ordinarily, objects and studies are confusedly crowded on children's minds. The more solicitous the parent that his child should be well educated, the more numerous are the topics to which the child is compelled to attend. As a natural result, the mind is first distracted, then wearied, and then brought to loathe books and instruction altogether. Intellectual food should be given so as to foster growth, in order that growth may beget appetite, and the desire for knowledge ever keep ahead of the supplies. Hence the propriety of the ensuing remarks:—

An Appetite for Knowledge.

When you have related a fable, wait till the child asks you to tell another—thus leaving it always as if hungry for more. Then, curiosity being excited, relate choice portions of history, but in few words; connect them together, and continue the recital from one day to another, in order to keep the children in suspense, and make them impatient to learn the end. Make your stories animated by lively and familiar tones; let all your characters speak: children of strong imaginations will think that they see and hear them. For example, relate the story of Joseph; make his brothers speak like brutal men, Jacob like a tender and afflicted father. Let Joseph himself speak: let him take a pleasure, when a lord in Egypt, in concealing himself from his brethren, in making them afraid, and then in disclosing himself to them. This lively representation, united with the wonders of the narrative, will charm children, if you do not relate too many such stories to them, if you let them desire them, if you even promise them as a reward for good conduct, if you do not make them appear like lessons, if you do not compel children to repeat them. These repetitions, unless voluntary, annoy the children, and take away all their pleasure in such narratives.

Like a wise teacher, Fenelon preferred historical narratives to catechisms. 'Histories may seem to lengthen, but really abridge the course of instruction, while they take from it the dryness of the catechisms, in which doctrines are detached from facts. Anciently it was by histories that instruction was conveyed. The admirable method in which Augustin wished the ignorant to be instructed was not peculiar to that saint: it was the method

fear lest they should not sufficiently adapt their language to the comprehension of their audience. For this reason, he says, those who learn their sermons word for word, and who cannot repeat and explain a truth till they perceive that it is understood, greatly diminish their usefulness. Hence you see that St Augustin was content to prepare his subject in his mind without committing to memory all the words of his sermons. Even though the laws of true eloquence may demand more, those of the evangelical ministry do not allow anything further. For my own part, I have long been of your opinion on the subject. While there are so many pressing wants in Christianity—while the preacher—who ought to be the man of God, prepared for every good work—should hasten to eradicate ignorance and scandals from the field of the church—I consider it to be very unworthy of him to pass his life in his study engaged in rounding periods, in retouching portraits, and inventing divisions; for he who places himself on the footing of this class of preachers has no time to do anything else; he cannot pursue any other study nor undertake any other labour. To relieve himself, he is frequently even compelled to repeat the same sermons again and again. What eloquence does that man possess whose audience can anticipate all his expressions and variations of style. Truly that is a fine way to surprise, to astonish, to soften, to seize, and persuade the hearts of men! It is a strange mode of concealing art, and giving utterance to nature! For my part, I frankly avow that all this scandalises me. What! shall the dispenser of God's mysteries be an idle declaimer, jealous of his reputation, and a lover of vain pomp? Shall he not dare to speak of God to his people without having arranged all his words and learnt his lesson by heart like a schoolboy?

A. Your zeal pleases me: what you say is true. It must not, however, be spoken too strongly, for we ought to spare many persons of merit and even piety, who, deferring to custom, or prejudiced by example, have adopted in sincerity the plan which you justly blame. But I am ashamed of interrupting you so often. Conclude, I intreat of you.

C. I should wish a preacher to explain every part of religion, to develop it in a sensible manner, to show the institution of things, to mark their course and tradition; and in thus showing the origin and the establishment of religion, to destroy the objections of libertines without openly attacking them, lest he should give occasion of offence to simple believers.

A. You speak justly, for the proper mode of proving the truth of religion is to explain it well. It proves itself when the true idea of it is given. All other proofs not derived from the substance and circumstances of religion itself are, as it were, foreign to it. For example, the best proof of the creation of the world, of the deluge, and of the miracles of Moses, lies in the nature of those miracles, and the manner in which the history of them is written. A wise and unprejudiced man need only read them to feel their truth.

C. I should also wish a preacher to explain carefully and consecutively to his people not only all the details of the Gospel and the mysteries, but also the origin and institution of the sacraments, the traditions, discipline, office, and ceremonies of the church. He will thus fortify the minds of the faithful against the objections of heretics; he will place them in a position to give a reason of their belief, and even to influence those heretics

who are not obstinate in error. All these instructions will confirm faith, will give a high idea of religion, and will enable the people to derive edification from all that they see in the church; instead of which, with the superficial knowledge generally communicated, they comprehend scarcely anything that they see, and have but a confused idea of what they hear from the preacher. It is principally for the sake of this course of instructions that I should wish that settled ministers, such as pastors, should preach in each parish. I have often remarked that there is not any art or science in the world which masters do not teach in an orderly manner by principles and method; religion only is not taught in this way to the faithful. In their childhood they receive a dry, little catechism, which they learn by heart without understanding its meaning; after that they receive no other instruction than vague and detached sermons. I wish, as you said just now, that Christians were taught the first elements of religion, and regularly conducted to the higher mysteries.

Among the most original and instructive of Fenelon's writings are his 'Dialogues des Morts'—('Dialogues of the Dead'). Fenelon was particularly attentive to the form in which he gave utterance to his ideas. He well knew that a good thought not only deserves a good dress, but depends for its acceptance very much on the manner in which it makes its appearance; and he was led to study this point the more, because in most of his literary productions he had before him the improvement of the princes intrusted to his care as his primary and special object. Royal youths are never very ready to receive ideas of a lofty kind, and in Fenelon's task there were special difficulties to overcome. The form which he adopted in the piece now before us was singularly fitted to aid Fenelon in conveying the impressions which he wished to communicate. It is in Tartarus that his characters appear, and that his dialogues are held. The shows and gauds of earth have vanished, realities only prevail now; the king has lost his crown, the conqueror has to answer for the blood which his victories cost; vice undergoes its terrible punishments, and virtue only is radiant with joy. It certainly was a bold idea to take the grandson of Louis XIV. down into the shades, and hold school there for his special instruction and benefit. Not less happy than bold was the conception, and well is it executed. In the following terms did Fenelon strive to cure the impetuousness of the Duke of Burgundy:—

Alexander and Clitus.

Clitus. Good-day, great monarch. When didst thou descend into these gloomy regions?

Alexander. Ah, Clitus! withdraw; I cannot endure the sight of thee: it reproaches me with my fault.

Clitus. It is the will of Pluto that I should remain before thee, as a punishment to thee for having killed me unjustly. I am sorry for it, for I still love thee, notwithstanding the wrong which I suffered at thy hands; but I can never leave thee.

Alex. Oh, wretched companionship: always to behold a man who reminds me of a deed of which I am so much ashamed!

Clitus. I can look upon my murderer. Why canst thou not behold a man whom thou didst kill? I find that the great are more sensitive than other men: they wish to see only those who are pleased with them, who flatter, and pretend to admire them. The borders of the Styx are not the place for such feelings. Thou oughtest to have relinquished them with thy royal grandeur. Thou hast nothing to give here, and thou wilt not find any flatterers.

Alex. Alas, what a misfortune! On earth I was a god; here I am but a ghost, and I am pitilessly reproached with my faults!

Clitus. Why didst thou commit them?

Alex. When I killed thee I had drunk too much.

Clitus. A fine excuse truly for a hero and a god! He who ought to have been reasonable enough to govern the whole earth, lost all his senses by drunkenness, and reduced himself to the condition of a ferocious beast! But confess the truth. Thou wast intoxicated more by false glory and anger than by wine. Thou couldst not endure my condemnation of the vanity which led thee to receive divine honours, and to forget the services which had been rendered to thee. Answer me: I no longer fear that thou wilt kill me.

Alex. Oh, cruel gods, why cannot I be revenged upon you? But alas! I cannot even take vengeance on this ghost of Clitus, who insults me so brutally.

Clitus. I perceive that thou art as irritable and violent as thou wast among the living. But no one fears thee here. For my part I pity thee.

Alex. What! the great Alexander an object of pity to so mean a fellow as Clitus! Why cannot I kill thee, or destroy myself?

Clitus. Thou canst not do either. Ghosts never die: thou art immortal. But it is not the immortality to which thou laidst claim: thou must resign thyself to being merely a ghost like me, or like the meanest of men. Thou wilt here find no more provinces to lay waste; no kings to trample upon; no palaces to burn in thy drunkenness; no ridiculous fables to relate, in order to boast thyself the son of Jupiter.

Alex. Thou treatest me as a wretch.

Clitus. No; I acknowledge thee to be a great conqueror, with sublime natural qualities, but spoilt by too great success. Does it offend thee to tell thee the truth with affection? If truth offends, return to the earth in search of flatterers.

Alex. Of what avail, then, is all my glory, if Clitus even does not spare me?

Clitus. It was thy impetuosity which tarnished thy glory among the living; dost thou wish to keep it unblemished among the dead? Thou must be modest among ghosts, who have nothing to gain or lose with thee.

Alex. But thou saidst that thou lovedst me?

Clitus. Yes, I love thy person without loving thy faults.

Alex. If thou lovest me, spare me.

Clitus. Because I love thee, I will not spare thee. When thou wast so chaste in the eyes of the wife and daughter of Darius, when thou showedst so much generosity towards that vanquished prince, thou deservedst great praises: I gave them to thee. Prosperity afterwards made thee forget even the care of thy own glory. I leave thee. Adieu.

While Fenelon instructed the prince, he kept in his mind the idea of the future monarch; and the actual tyranny of Louis XIV. made him specially solicitous to spare France the evils of a second despotism under his successor. Accordingly, several of the Dialogues of the Dead speak eloquently in favour of a paternal government, and against tyranny. We give a specimen:—

Plato and Dionysius the Tyrant.

Dionysius. Good-day, Plato. Thou art just the same as thou wast when I saw thee in Sicily.

Plato. As for thee, thou hast lost the splendour which surrounded thee when on thy throne.

Dion. Thou wast but a chimerical philosopher; thy republic was only a beautiful dream.

Plato. Thy tyranny was not more substantial than my republic. It has fallen.

Dion. Thy friend Dion betrayed me.

Plato. Thou betrayedst thyself. He who makes himself hated has everything to fear.

Dion. But then how much it costs to make one's self beloved! We must please others. Is it not better to please ourselves at the risk of being hated?

Plato. Those who make themselves hated, in order to gratify their passions, have as many enemies as they have subjects: they are never in safety. Tell me, didst thou ever sleep in tranquillity?

Dion. No; I confess it. But it was because I had not taken the lives of a sufficient number.

Plato. Ah! dost thou not perceive that the death of some drew upon thee the hatred of the rest?—that those who beheld the massacre of their neighbours expected to die in their turn, and could save themselves only by forestalling thee? It was necessary for thee either to kill every one of the citizens, or to abandon thy severe punishments, and endeavour to make thyself beloved. Those who are beloved by the people need no guards: they live among their subjects as fathers, who fear nothing in the midst of their own children.

Dion. I remember that thou didst urge all these arguments upon me when I was on the point of renouncing tyranny, in order to become thy disciple, but a flatterer prevented me from executing my design. It must be confessed that it is very difficult to resign sovereign power.

Plato. Would it not have been better to resign it voluntarily, in order to become a philosopher, than to be disgracefully deprived of it, and compelled to gain thy bread by the trade of a schoolmaster at Corinth?

Dion. But I did not foresee that I should be driven into exile.

Plato. Ah! How couldst thou hope to remain master in a place where thou hadst driven everybody to the necessity of ruining thee, in order to avoid thy cruelty?

Dion. I hoped that they would never dare to attack me.

Plato. When men risk more in letting you live than in attacking you, there will always be found some ready to be first with the blow. Your

own guards can secure their lives only by taking yours. But tell me frankly, didst thou not lead a more pleasant life in thy poverty at Corinth than in thy splendour at Syracuse?

Dion. That is true: the schoolmaster of Corinth ate and slept tolerably well; the tyrant of Syracuse always had fears and suspicions. It was necessary to murder some one, to seize treasures, to make conquests. Pleasures were no longer pleasures: I had exhausted them, and they always agitated me too violently. Tell me also, oh, philosopher, wast thou very unhappy when I caused thee to be sold?

Plato. I enjoyed in slavery the same tranquillity which thou possessedst at Corinth; but with this difference—I had the happiness of suffering for virtue, by the injustice of a tyrant, and thou wast a tyrant deposed in disgrace from thy tyranny.

Dion. Go: I gain nothing by arguing with thee. If ever I return to the world, I will choose a private station of life, or I will make myself beloved by the people whom I govern.

The pervading aim of the 'Dialogues of the Dead' is the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy in the science and art of kingcraft. But Fenelon's was a wide and deep mind: and very various, in consequence, was the course of preparation through which he led his royal pupil. Hence the present series of essays offers materials no less diversified than rich. It is, indeed, a well-condensed manual of instruction on most of the great concerns of human life. Here Mercury and Charon come together for the enlightenment of teachers; Hercules and Theseus confess their faults in briefly narrating their deeds; Achilles and Homer speak of the love of letters and the love of glory; Ulysses and Grillus combine to preach a sermon in favour of sound philosophy and true religion; Confucius and Socrates are brought face to face, to compare Eastern with Western civilisation. Indeed all history is laid under contribution; and the most distinguished men of France, Italy, and Rome, as well as Greece, appear on the stage in their own characters, with all the prestige of antiquity and all the solemn impressiveness of the world beyond the tomb.

To no subject does the mind of Fenelon recur more readily than to literary criticism, and on no subject are his opinions more judicious and valuable. In France, it has not been unusual for Virgil to be preferred to Homer, and Cicero set before Demosthenes. In these performances the essential features of the national character had a large share of influence. But Fenelon's mind was too masculine, and his culture too high, to fall into such mistakes. His, indeed, was a Greek mind in its strength, its culture, and its tastes. Accordingly, he preferred the Greek models, the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes, to the magnificent eloquence of Cicero. As connected with this subject, we place here Fenelon's description of a true orator, taken from a 'Letter on Eloquence,' which, at their request, he addressed to the celebrated French Academy, and which may justly be designated as an elegant treatise on rhetoric:—

The True Orator.

The true orator orna[illegible] only with luminous truths,

noble sentiments, expressions strong and proportionate to the feelings with which he wishes to inspire his audience: he thinks, he feels, and words follow. '*He does not depend on language*,' says St Augustin; '*language depends on him*.' A man who has a strong and noble mind, with some natural facility in speaking, and great practice, need never fear the want of words, his least discourses will have original traits which florid declaimers can never imitate. He is not a slave to words—he goes direct to the truth; he knows that passion is, as it were, the soul of language. He first discovers the fundamental principle of the subject which he wishes to develop; he makes this principle his chief point of view; he returns to it again and again, in order to make it familiar to the minds of his audience; he develops the consequences in a short and sensible deduction. Each truth is placed in its proper position with reference to the whole; it prepares, it introduces, and supports another truth which needs its aid. By this arrangement the orator avoids the repetitions which may be spared a reader; but he does not omit one of the repetitions which are essential to lead the auditor frequently back to the point which alone decides the whole. The conclusion must be frequently shown in the principle. From this principle, as from a centre, light spreads over every part of the work, in the same way as a painter places his picture in such a position as to throw upon each object its proper degree of light. The whole discourse is one; it consists of a single proposition shown in the most forcible manner by various modes of expression. This unity of design gives the entire work to our view at a single glance, just as from the public place of a town you may see every avenue and gate when all the streets are straight, regular, and symmetrical. The discourse is the proposition developed; the proposition is the discourse abridged. He who does not feel the beauty and force of this unity and order, has as yet seen nothing in the clear light of day: he has beheld only shadows in the caverns of Pluto. What should we say of an architect who should perceive no difference between a great palace, whose parts are all symmetrical and so constructed as to form a whole in the same design, and a confused mass of small buildings not making a whole, though erected near each other? What comparison can there be between the Coliseum and the shapeless multitude of irregular buildings of a town? True unity belongs only to that work from which you cannot take away anything without inflicting a mortal injury. True order exists only where nothing can be displaced without weakening, obscuring, and deranging the whole.

The author who fails to impart this order to his discourse is imperfect: he is deficient either in taste or genius. Order is rarely displayed in the operations of the mind. When it is found in union with propriety, power, and vehemence, the discourse is perfect. But a complete insight, a thorough penetration into and comprehension of the subject, are essential in order to know the precise place for every word. This knowledge can never be attained by an unlearned declaimer, carried away by his imagination. Isocrates is agreeable, insinuating, full of elegance; but can he be compared to Homer? Let us go farther. I do not fear to say that Demosthenes appears to me to be superior to Cicero. I protest that no one admires Cicero more than I do: he embellishes everything that he touches; he does honour to language; he employs words as no other per-

son could employ them; he has great versatility of mind; he is even brief and vehement, whenever he wishes to be so, against Catiline, Verres, or Antony. But we perceive the ornament in his works. The art in them is wonderful, but we see through it. The orator does not forget himself, and allow himself to be forgotten, in thinking of the welfare of the republic. Demosthenes appears to go out of himself, and to see only his country. He does not seek for the beautiful, he displays it without thinking of it. He is above admiration. He uses language as a modest man uses his garment—to cover himself. He thunders, he lightens: it is a torrent which sweeps all before it. We cannot criticise him, because we are overpowered. We think of the things that he says, not of his words. We lose sight of him; our minds are occupied solely with the idea of the all-invading Philip. I am delighted with both these orators; but I confess that I am affected less by the infinite art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes.

The high merit of these words leads us naturally to the 'Adventures of Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses,' in which Fenelon's mind, both in substance and form, shines forth in its fullest and brightest radiance. Our purpose has not been to give a full analysis of Fenelon's writings, but to make such remarks, and offer such extracts, as may instruct as well as interest. This plan we shall observe in regard to this our last subject, the rather because, as the work itself is accessible to Englishmen, we are desirous of leading the reader to the careful study of its illuminated pages.

In a preliminary 'Discourse on Epic Poetry,' the editor, among several other subjects relating thereto, speaks of the ideas which Telemachus develops respecting the Deity, in these instructive terms:—'The ideas which our poet gives us of the divinity are not only worthy of God, but infinitely loveable by man. Everything inspires confidence and love—a gentle piety, a free and noble adoration, due to the perfection of the Infinite Being, and not a superstitious, dark, and servile worship, which seizes and beats down the heart, when God is considered only as a powerful legislator, who rigorously punishes the violation of his laws. The poet represents God to us as loving man, and shows that God's love and goodness are not subordinated to the blind decrees of destiny, nor merited by the pompous shows of an exterior worship, neither subject to the fantastic caprices of the pagan divinities, but always regulated by the changeless law of wisdom, which cannot do otherwise than love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of the animals which they immolate, but the passions which they sacrifice.' 'We are made, in every part of the poem, to feel that the Almighty acts unceasingly in us, in order to render us good and happy; that God is the immediate source of all our virtues and of all our knowledge; that we hold from him our reason no less than our life; that his sovereign truth ought to be our sole guide, and his supreme will ought to regulate all our affections; that, failing to consult this universal and unchangeable wisdom, man sees only seductive phantoms; and that, failing to listen to that wisdom, he hears only the confused noise of his passions.' The morality of the poem is equally good:—'It tends to make us forget ourselves, so as to refer everything to God, and to make us His worshippers.' And the end of his political views is 'to cause us to

prefer the general good to our own private advantage. The grand principle on which the whole work turns is, that the entire world is only a universal republic, and each nation only a great family. From this noble and luminous idea are produced what are called the laws of nature and of nations—laws which, as here described, are equitable, generous, full of humanity. Under these views, you no more regard each country as independent of others, but the human race as an indivisible whole. The heart is no longer limited to the love of our native land, but expands, becomes immense, and, by a universal good-will, embraces all men. Hence arise the love of foreigners, mutual confidence among neighbouring nations, good faith, justice, and peace among the rulers of the world, as well as among the individual members of each state. Our author shows us that the glory of royalty is to govern men so as to render them good and happy; that the authority of a prince is never better confirmed than when it rests on the love of his people; and that the true wealth of a state consists in cutting away all factitious wants, and in being satisfied with what is necessary, and with innocent and simple pleasures. By this means he proves that virtue not only contributes to prepare man for future felicity, but renders society in this life as happy as it can be.'

In confirmation of these statements, we might have given, had our limits permitted, numerous and brilliant passages; as it is, we conclude with the following, illustrative of the remarkable fact, that several of the most important movements of the present day were in theory foreseen and approved by this eminently great and good man:—

Commercial Prosperity—Commercial Freedom.

'How is it,' said I to Narbal, 'that the Phœnicians have made themselves masters of the commerce of the whole earth, and have thus become rich at the expense of all other nations?' 'You see,' answered he, 'that the situation of Tyre is favourable to commerce. Our country has the glory of having invented the art of navigation; the Tyrians, if we may believe the traditions of the remotest antiquity, were the first masters of the ocean long before the age of Tiphys and the Argonauts, of whom Greece is so proud. The Tyrians, I say, were the first who dared to trust themselves in a frail bark to the mercy of the waves and the tempest, who fathomed the depths of the sea, who observed the constellations far from land, according to the science of the Egyptians and Babylonians—in a word, who united so many nations separated by the ocean. The Tyrians are industrious, patient, laborious, neat, sober, and economical: they are under a strict internal government; they are perfectly united; and never was a nation more constant, more sincere, more faithful, more true, or more obliging to all foreigners. In these things, without farther inquiry, you find the causes which make them monarchs of the ocean, and their harbour the seat of so useful a commerce. If division and jealousy were to arise among them, if they began to indulge in luxury and idleness, did the heads of the nation despise labour and economy, were the arts no longer honoured in their town, did they fail in good faith towards foreigners, did they change in the least particular the rules of a free commerce, did they neglect their manufactures, or cease to make the

great improvements necessary to bring each kind of merchandise to perfection—you would soon behold the fall of that power which you admire.' 'But explain to me,' said I, 'the method by which I may at some period establish a similar commerce at Ithaca?' 'Do,' he answered, 'as we do here: give a ready and favourable reception to all foreigners; let them find safety, convenience, and entire liberty in your harbours; never allow yourselves to be overcome by avarice or pride. The proper way to gain much is never to wish to gain too much, and to know how to lose at proper times. Make all foreigners love you; even suffer somewhat from them. Fear to excite their jealousy by your pride; be faithful to the laws of commerce; let them be simple and easy; accustom your people to obey them implicitly. Punish severely fraud, and even negligence or luxury among the merchants: these things ruin commerce, by ruining the men who carry it on. Above all, never attempt to restrict commerce, in order to make it serve your own purposes. The prince should never interfere with it, lest he should restrict it; and he ought to allow his subjects who have the trouble, to enjoy all the profits, otherwise he will discourage them. He will derive sufficient advantage from the wealth which will flow into his dominions. Commerce resembles certain springs: if you attempt to change their course, they will become dry. Profit and convenience are the only things which attract foreigners to you: if you make commerce less agreeable and useful to them, they will gradually withdraw, and return no more; because other nations, benefiting by your imprudence, will invite their visits, and thus accustom them to do without you. I must even confess that for some time the glory of Tyre has been much diminished. Oh, if you had seen it, my dear Telemachus, before the reign of Pygmalion, you would have been much more astonished. You now find here only the sad remains of a greatness which is hastening to decay. Oh, unhappy Tyre, into what hands hast thou fallen! Formerly, the ocean brought to thee tribute from all the nations of the earth. Pygmalion is in constant fear both of foreigners and his own subjects. Instead of opening his harbours, according to our ancient custom, to all the most distant nations with entire freedom, he wishes to know the number of vessels which arrive, the countries whence they come, the names of the men they carry, the trade to which they belong, the nature and prices of their merchandise, and the time of their stay here. Still worse than this, he employs fraud to surprise the merchants, and confiscate their goods. He annoys those merchants whom he thinks most opulent; he establishes new imposts on different pretexts. He himself wishes to engage in commerce, and every one fears to have any business with him. Thus trade is languishing; foreigners are gradually forgetting the road to Tyre, once so pleasant to them; and if Pygmalion do not change his conduct, our glory and our power will soon be transferred to some better nation, better governed than ours.'

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE GREEKS.

REMOTENESS in time, which renders dark and uncertain the public character and collective movements of nations, is apt to obliterate altogether the view of their private life. Early annalists and historians record what strikes themselves, or what has an interest for the public they immediately address; and this is most likely to be something different from the ongoings of every-day life among the mass of the people. The way that individuals obtain their livelihood, and provide for themselves articles of food, clothing, and shelter; their manner of enjoying life; their home and domestic relations; their village and town arrangements; their system of education and early upbringing; their ceremonial in celebrating births, marriages, and deaths; their performance of all the private duties of life—such points as these make the whole interest of existence to a people, but they do not need to be minutely recorded in literature in order to be interesting: the facts being present and alive, the picture is considered unnecessary, at least until a certain degree of literary progress has been attained, when it is called for to enhance still further the pleasures of actual life.

Although the interest of the grand movements and struggles which make up the public transactions recorded in history is at all times very great, yet it does not include the whole charm of a representation of the past. The particulars of private and individual existence are universally intelligible and interesting. Our own private affairs are generally the foremost object of our solicitude; next to them come the private affairs of our relatives, friends, and fellow-citizens; and persons who disregard public and world transactions can still be attracted by the recital of individual and domestic existence.

The ancient Greeks, being in many respects the most remarkable people that ever lived, have been naturally a subject of intense curiosity to the modern world. Their public transactions, and the lives and doings of their prominent men, have been studied and discussed for ages; and although their private existence has been less fully set forth in their extant works, yet the curiosity and industry of recent times has extracted from the scattered hints contained in their literature at large a pretty full and precise account of its every-day routine. A few of these particulars it is proposed to touch upon in the present Paper.

We must premise, however, that the ancient Greek world was composed

of a very great number (several hundreds) of independent communities, with many striking differences in their manner of life. But of these there stood out conspicuous, towering far above all the rest, the great Athenian people, inhabiting the town of Athens, together with an adjoining rural district, both comprehended in the province of Attica, which was about equal to a middling-sized English county. The Athenians were a part of what was termed the Ionic race of the Greeks, which comprehended other tribes dwelling in the northern section of the Greek peninsula, as well as many flourishing colonies in Asia Minor and elsewhere, common peculiarities of speech being traced throughout these various branches. The Athenians having outstripped all other Greeks in mental cultivation and civilised progress, their life is at once the most interesting and the best known: hence a delineation of Greek manners will naturally centre upon them as they stood at the period of their highest development —that is, about four centuries before the Christian era.

The great rivals of the Athenians in empire and physical force were the Spartans, who lived near the southern coast of the Peninsula, and belonged to what is called the Dorian race, of which they were the acknowledged head. But the Spartans, at a period long before the dawn of history, had acquired a system of institutions, public and private, totally different from any other state whether Ionic or Dorian, and therefore requiring to be described by itself apart. The Athenian life might, with proper explanations, be made to represent Greek life in general; but the Spartan represents no other mode of existence known to history—it stands alone more like a theoretical view than a known and actual development. We shall therefore, in the present sketch, dwell principally upon the Athenians, and conclude with a short notice of the leading Spartan peculiarities.

In studying either the public or the private transactions of ancient Greece, we are forced, at some stage or other, upon a consideration of the GRECIAN CHARACTER, from which their manner of life, as well as their literature and thought, took its rise. It is possible for us to appreciate with considerable precision the great leading features of that character. The four regions of human nature characterised under Sense, Intellect, Emotion, and Activity,* being assumed as a natural division of the subject, we are enabled to state under each what was the prominent peculiarities of the Grecian mind.

In the region of Sense, including the appetites and instincts immediately related to the senses, we remark in the Greek the characteristic of *impressionableness;* by which is meant a ready susceptibility and responsiveness to sensible impressions. Whatever fell on the touch, the eye, or the ear, was keenly felt, and wakened up the activity of the frame to receive and enjoy it. A lively and demonstrative turn, as distinguished from sedateness and suppression of the feelings, was the natural consequence. Instead of stolid indifference or dignified restraint, a full play was given to the expression and activity called forth by the stimulus of sights, sounds, and outward objects in general. It is not to be asserted that the organs of the senses were naturally finer among the Greeks, but it may be

* See 'Information for the People'—THE HUMAN MIND.

maintained with the highest probability that the muscular system which every sense brings into play, and which has a class of important feelings of its own, was more delicate and more susceptible than among other races. The feelings of form and pressure, as well as of action and resistance in general, are seated in the muscular apparatus, and are indications of its character and degree of refinement; and it is impossible not to recognise in Greek art, and perhaps also in their love of athletic sports, a high development of these sensibilities. It must, however, be observed, that neither this nor the subsequent characteristics apply in their full force to the Spartans.

But it is in the region of Intellect that we can speak with most confidence as to the character of the Grecian race. In pure *force of intelligence* no people has ever approached the Greeks. A mere enumeration of the products of their mental activity will suffice for a demonstration. When we are treating of intellect in general, without distinguishing the different forces at work in supporting it, we can recognise it by this broad feature —namely, the rapid conversion of sensible images into permanent and enduring forms that can be easily recalled in the absence of the original things. In proportion as a man is able to realise absent objects and forms with all the vividness of the real presence, and act upon them as if the things themselves were in view, in that proportion is he an intelligent being; the sooner he absorbs the world into himself, the abler is he for all purposes of intellect. And if this absorption of the world's picture and ongoings is pure and undistorted by inward feelings and bias, we have a proof of the purity of the intelligence itself.

The purest forms in nature are those employed for the purposes of science: in the figures, diagrams, shapes, and language made use of in geometry, astronomy, mechanics, political economy, &c. there is almost no scope for appetite or emotion; there is neither beauty, pathos, humour, nor the picturesque. The vigorous absorption and possession of such objects are the proof of the purest form of intelligence. The man or the people who surpasses all other men or peoples in scientific creations, is by that fact shown to possess a preponderance of naked intelligence. But until the Greek came, the world knew nothing of science, and seemed in noway approaching to that acquisition. The beginnings of all the sciences, and a very great amount of progress in some of them, must be traced to Greece: mathematics, astronomy, physics, medicine, logic, rhetoric, politics, all originated there, and passed through their early stages with astonishing rapidity. The nations that have advanced science cannot compare themselves with the nation that created it, not simply out of nothing, but out of a host of adverse tendencies and inveterate discouragements and obstructions. Intense must have been the intellectual hankerings of the man who first amused his leisure with contriving the propositions of Euclid.

The Greek intellect showed itself not in its science alone, but in the highly intellectual structure and style of its speech, where meaning and clearness were remarkably predominant over mere sound and emotion. With the Greek also originated the notion of philosophy, which with him meant the thirst for knowledge, the predominance of the intellectual appetite. The Greek philosophers, in the very errors into which they fell, had their minds darkened by 'excess of light.' When Socrates put

forward the doctrine of the identity of knowledge with virtue, and Plato set up a life of the contemplation of truth as the highest possible existence of man, they only exhibited intellect run wild, and treading the other parts of man's nature under foot. Ordinary mortals do not commit those sublime faults.

Passing next from the purer forms of intelligence to the mixtures of intellect and emotion, we need only remark the eternal superiority of Greek art within the limits chosen for its exercise. In the actual business of life, too, in the conduct of public and private affairs, in political and legal administration, the Athenian intellect took a lead in the world, and became the instructor of other races.

The number and high character of the superior intellects of a community may be taken to represent the force of intelligence belonging to it. In like manner intellectual plenty will show itself in the variety of fields that are cultivated, in the many ways that life is improved. Moreover, the character of the general mass of a community at large will be attested by the literature and other productions addressed to it. In all these points the intellect of Greece will stand a successful comparison with the whole world, past or present. No force of circumstances, no favourable accidents, nothing less than the original endowment of nature, can account for this intellectual primacy of the species.

In the region of Emotion, or of susceptibility to the feelings and excitements that enliven and gratify human life, we can discern some striking peculiarities appertaining to the Grecian mind, apart from the consequences of a superior intellect. We can trace an unusual *susceptibility to emotion in general*, a fondness for the pleasures and enjoyments of existence, a tendency to employ intellectual superiority in the creation of ways and means of agreeable occupation and amusement; an aversion to asceticism in every form; a determination to reconcile to the utmost the serious duties of life with its relaxations and pleasures. The Greek differed from the Oriental in having a repugnance to ascetic self-denial, and from the Roman in being not afraid of losing personal dignity by a gay and animated style of existence.

In considering a few of the special emotions, we shall find additional instances of peculiarity. The emotion of Terror, for example, which is not directly a source of enjoyment, but has to be neutralised and artificially combined for this end, was evidently very natural to the Grecian temperament, as a consequence of its impressionable and excitable character, although combated by the advantage of superior intelligence. The national mind often gave way under extraordinary terrors, and was apt to be paralysed and disheartened by adversity and despair; and all the resources of a highly-endowed nature were not too much to gain the victory over this weakness. Terror gives an astonishing facility to superstitious beliefs, and will serve of itself to keep up a huge structure of the supernatural. But it also enters as a highly-fascinating ingredient into the productions of poetry and art. The tragic muse supported itself in part by the inspiration of terror.

The Emotion of Plot-interest, the exciting ingredient in all kinds of pursuit, in sports and contests, in adventures and romance, was keenly felt by the Greeks, who excelled in devising the means of gratifying it.

But by far the most conspicuous and important emotional characteristic of the general Grecian mind was its intense feeling of *sociability*. The intercourse between man and man was exciting and stimulating to an extraordinary degree, and all the instruments and devices of cultivated social sympathies were carried to high perfection. It is not essential for us to inquire whether or not the susceptibility to the human presence was a consequence of impressionableness to the sensible world in general: we shall be content with producing the evidences of the fact itself. These are, first, the well-known charms that youthful beauty, not in the feminine sex alone, had for every Greek, and the existence of an affection hardly recognised in modern times, called the Platonic affection, which meant the mutual fascination and attachment of two persons of the same sex. The friendship of two young men, or of an elder towards a younger, was experienced and described with all the vividness of feeling belonging to the most powerful attachment between man and woman. Cases of magic fascination between two persons of one sex, amounting to all the intensity of the passion of love, are so rare in modern times as to be scarcely intelligible, and people hearing of the Platonic affection are often unaware of its true character.

The second proof of Greek sociability is furnished by their intense fondness for social intercourse, as shown in the many institutions calculated for this express object. These, however, will have to be fully alluded to in what follows.

A third proof is given in the extraordinary development of the arts of speech. In Greece, the arts and practice of debate in public affairs were for the first time brought into action as a means of political and judicial investigations and decisions. Literature in general may also be cited as a consequence of the cultivation and refinement of speech; but the form of literature most directly growing up from an intense sociability is the drama, which had its origin, and in some respects its highest perfection, among the Greeks. The drama is social intercourse rendered artistic. But even in the development of thought and science, the instrumentality of speech was largely made use of: witness the system of conversations practised by Socrates, and made by Plato the form of communicating his doctrines to the world. The science of rhetoric, which refers exclusively to speech, and the science of logic, treating of truth as far as it can be expressed in language, are sprung from the same root. Not one of the great applications of the instrumentality of articulate expression was left uncultivated.

In the next place we may cite the art of sculpture as an indication of the same sociability of constitution; and to it may be added the high development of the personifying tendency in the regions of imagination and the supernatural. The worship even of the gods was considered a mode of expressing social sympathies. On the feasts held on such occasions, the deity of the festival was looked upon as a guest enjoying the good fare and good company, like any one of his worshippers.

Among other minor characteristics of the same emotion, we may allude to the intensity of faction, and party sympathies and antipathies—the jealousies even of the philosophic and literary sects—and to the intenseness of the dispositions to admire and to be admired. This last, however, touches more especially on the feeling of vanity and the love of personal

glory, which were overwhelming in the mind of the Greek; so much so, that their very greatest men were liable to have their heads turned with great successes.

Next to the emotion of excitability, we require to touch on the *love of art* in the Grecian mind, which, acting upon intellectual power such as it possessed, yielded those creations that have been the wonder of after-times. The special feelings or simple susceptibilities traceable in the Greek sense of art seem to be these:—*First*, the feeling of the rhythmical, or of the recurrence of regular, proportional, and measured beats and impressions. Music is a compound of melody and rhythm, but the Greeks seem never to have given great attention to the melodious constituent. The rhythmical, which makes a part of music, makes a still larger part of dancing, and this art was very highly cultivated and enjoyed. Their speech, too, was highly rhythmical: not merely in poetic composition, where rhythm is the essential peculiarity, but in prose also. That the popular ear was very sensitive to rhythmical beats, is evident from the Bacchanalian frenzy or intoxication which was brought on by wild dancing and the unmelodious clatter of tambourines and cymbals. *Secondly*, the feeling of proportion, or harmonious form. This is obviously predominant in their architecture and sculpture, in company with another sense—namely, the feeling of harmony of pressure, which is no doubt a consequence of delicate muscularity and a fine intellect. The proportionality of the support to the apparent pressure is nearly the whole essence of Greek architecture. The absence or subordination of the more intense emotional ingredients, such as tenderness, sensuality, and religious feeling, from Greek art, and the extraordinary perfection of the embodiment of simple feelings of proportion and harmony of parts, must form its eternal distinction, and testify to the singularity of the Grecian mental endowment. It is doubtful if the Greeks had any very high sense of landscape beauty, which is now a prominent region of art. That inanimate nature had no charms for them, it would be incorrect to assert; but it seems almost certain that natural scenery was neither a favourite source of enjoyment nor a chosen field for their artistic genius.

So much for the peculiarities of the region of Emotion. With respect to Activity, there are three distinct modes, each at the basis of a distinct natural character. There may be, in the first place, a constitutional energy, or love of action for its own sake, as may be remarked in the English and American characters; or, in the second place, there may be a high susceptibility to excitement, and an activity consequent on this; or lastly, pure will or volition, which acts on the inspiration of intellectual and moral ends, may be the source of the active power in a mind. The second kind is manifestly the peculiarity of the Greeks, who were always most readily moved by the spur of excitement; and the third, which is the noblest of all, shone forth with pre-eminent force in some of their superior minds.

Of the acquired character of the Grecian mind resulting from the institutions and civilisation of the people, it is interesting to read the admirable expositions of Mr Grote respecting the influence of the Athenian democracy in cultivating a sentiment of political equality and mutual toleration. The manners of the Athenians were comparatively humane and refined. The moral peculiarities of the Greeks had in part their origin from their national character, and were in proportion distinct from those of other nations.

They made light of the merit of chastity, without being in any strong sense a sensual people. They were intensely religious, and the religious sentiment manifested itself in every feature of their lives.

Such being a faint outline of the general character of this great people, it is now our object to exhibit some particulars of the style and manner of their private and daily life, in its agreement and in its contrast with our own:—

Houses.—Although the structure of the dwellings of any people is closely connected with their manner of existence, and essential to be known, if we would picture to ourselves their daily life, there is considerable difficulty in fixing the particulars of the Greek habitations. For the mass of the people, we must be content to imagine buildings of stone, brick, or wood, according to the locality, with the necessary compartments for eating, sleeping, and performing household operations, and very often the same room used for various purposes. It is only with regard to the houses of the more wealthy citizens that information has descended to us, and some of their peculiarities it is possible to point out. The house was always divided into two sets of apartments—the men's and the women's. In the more ancient times the women's apartments were on the upper storey of the house, and the men's on the ground-floor; but in later days, both were occasionally on the ground—the men's being in the front, and the women's at the back. In this case, if there were upper rooms, they would be used for other miscellaneous purposes. Each set of apartments was built in the form of a square or quadrangle, with an open court in the interior, which was usually paved, and might have a fountain in the centre. Along the sides of the court ran porticos, or rows of pillars, giving it an ornamental character, and affording shaded walks all round. The rooms entered from these porticos. The men's apartments consisted of sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, and chambers, where they met their friends, held dinner-parties, and spent their time. Round the court of the women's apartments lay the rooms where the family chiefly dwelt, with kitchens, store-rooms, and sleeping-rooms. Attached to these also were the shops or halls for spinning, weaving, and other household manufactures—the occupation of the mistress of the house and a certain number of her maids. The street-door opened into a wide lobby, which ran direct into the men's court or quadrangle; the lobby itself communicated with the porter's rooms and the stables. Going across the men's court, a passage led the way through to the women's court. The rooms were all provided with doors, except perhaps the men's public rooms or saloons, which were closed by hangings. The windows of the apartments were partly in the roof, and partly opened into the courts. The street view of a house would not be so imposing as in ours, with their regular rows of windows. The doorway was usually architecturally adorned, and the front plastered, and sometimes ornamented with stucco; but on the supposition of there being only one floor, there would be no need for a great display of ornamental work: an imitation of the temples was not permitted. The roofs were usually flat. The heating was by fireplaces, not closed in, as with us: by the side of the hearth were the images of the households gods. The fire was sometimes contained in a portable brazier. The citizen hoplite is represented as having his armour hung beside the chimney. The

floors were of plaster, and the walls whitewashed, down to the fourth century B.C., when the practice of painting and ornamenting them with stucco-work came into use. Behind the apartments of the women there was a garden, when there was room for it. Beside the street-door was usually an image and an altar. The houses were built close on end, with party-walls. The streets were not paved nor lighted; hence in wet weather they were very dirty, and dark at night. The drainage and removal of refuse were indifferently provided for. Water for domestic uses had to be carried from the nearest public well.

The furniture of the houses, useful and ornamental, is pretty well known: in such articles as tables, beds and bedsteads, presses, shelves, and dishes, we must conceive a similarity to the modern type. The couch, or sofa, held the place of chairs at meals, and during idle hours. The bedstead was a wooden frame, like ours, with girths for resting the mattress upon, which was usually stuffed with wool, and covered with linen or woollen cloth. The coverlets were of skin or wool, varying in costliness with the wealth of the owner. A night-dress was used.

The want of glass is one of the characteristic features of ancient household establishments. All dishes were of pottery, wood, or metal; and mirrors were usually made of polished bronze.

Dress.—The body-dress consisted essentially of two articles—an inner and an outer covering.

The inner covering was called a *chiton*, and was a loose dress of woollen or linen, with sleeves or holes for the arms; worn short by men, but extending down to the feet on women. The outer covering was called *himation*, and was a large piece of cloth resembling a Highland plaid, put on as may be seen on the statues. Its folds reached to the knee, or lower, and it was so coiled on the shoulders as to leave the right arm free while the left was covered. There might be many ways of putting on the himation, according to the taste, rank, or occupation of the wearer.

The women's chiton, or inner dress, was much longer than their body, and was drawn up and fastened round the middle with a girdle, making an overhanging fold or doubling. The chiton might have broad sleeves, and rest on the shoulder by these, or it might be fastened over the shoulder by a clasp-pin. As the women's himation, or outer covering, did not entirely envelop the body, but acted more as a shawl or partial dress, the chiton was made ornamental in all its parts. It was made of the richest stuffs the wearer could afford, dyed of brilliant colours, and ornamented with borders, stripes, figures, and patterns. There seems to have been also in use among women a shorter garment under the chiton.

The *chlamys*, or scarf, was a variety of the outer garment; it was fastened on the right shoulder by a button, and hung down in a simple fold round the body, having tassels at the corners. It was the dress of grown-up lads, and also the usual riding-dress. It might, however, be worn in a great many ways, like a modern scarf or plaid.

Slaves, and the poorer citizens, wore only a single garment of gray woollen texture, being the natural colour of the wool. It was of the chiton form, having a sleeve for the left arm, and a hole without any sleeve for the right. It was the usual dress of the labourer at work.

There were two different articles of head-dress for men—skull-caps, of

the shape of half an egg; and hats with brims, the crown of these being of the round arched form. There were various shapes and sizes of brim. The stuff was *felt*, a very ancient manufacture among the Greeks. Artisans wore the simple skull-cap. A head-dress, however, was not in universal use. In merely walking out, or frequenting the gymnasia, or public places of amusement and resort, the head was commonly bare.

The hair was usually allowed to grow to a considerable length, and was trimmed or adjusted with great care by the better classes. On a youth attaining the age of eighteen, which was a grand epoch in life, his long hair was cut off with religious ceremony, and offered in sacrifice to the gods. During the next two years, or till twenty—the youth being then what was called an *ephebus*—the hair was kept short, and the broad-brimmed hat and scarf were worn as characteristic articles of dress. The athletes, or prize-fighters, had also short hair.

The beard was regularly worn, and considered a dignified appendage of manhood. Shaving, however, was also in vogue at an early period, but does not seem to have been popular at any time.

The women had as great variety in the modes of dressing and managing their hair as we find in modern times. They had also various caplike coverings—nets, bags, and cloths or turbans.

Coverings for the feet were worn only when out of doors. These varied from the simple sandal for resting the sole up to a complete envelop, like a modern short boot. The sandal was fastened round with thongs, taking their rise, one from the point between the great and second toe, and the other from the heel, and wound round the ankle, and even up the leg to the calf; but the regular shoe, with the high instep, was in constant use both by men and women. A boot extending halfway up the leg, and laced in front, was likewise in use. Shoes might be strong or light, coarse or elegant; the material was generally of leather, the soles having sometimes cork for their middle layer. A sock of felt was often worn as a kind of stocking. The usual colour of the shoes was the natural colour of the leather, and they were cleaned with a sponge; but white and party-coloured shoes were likewise worn.

Meals.—The Greeks were not in general luxurious eaters. The articles of food used by the masses were neither very numerous nor dainty. They had, as a rule, two meals a day—one in the forenoon, and another in the afternoon or towards evening, which last was the principal meal. Mention is also made of a repast, consisting of bread soaked in unmixed wine, taken in the morning after getting up. The forenoon meal had often to be purchased at the market on the same day; and the citizens attending the public assembly or the courts of justice, which met early in the morning, came home to it on these being adjourned. It was the first natural division of the day, and marked a general cessation from labour and retirement within doors. The afternoon meal corresponded to our late dinner, and generally closed the working day: leaving the evening for company and amusement.

Among articles of diet, we find, as a standing portion of the daily meals, bread made of wheat or barley meal, which was sometimes household, but in Athens was most frequently bought at the bakers' shops. Barley bread —which often included other ingredients to render it sweet and palatal

such as wine, oil, honey, poppy-seeds, &c.—was the principal food of the poorer classes all over Greece. Among classes somewhat above the poorest wheaten bread was in use. Like their eloquence and philosophy, the bread of the Athenians had a high reputation. With the bread they ate cheese or vegetables, which were of various sorts—such as onions and leeks, garlic, lettuce or salad, cabbage, beans, &c. Onions seem to have been an especial favourite.

But in Athens, and everywhere in Greece near the coast, fish was in very extensive use as an accompaniment to the farinaceous diet—the commoner sorts by the poorer classes, the better sorts as an especial delicacy of the rich. Besides the fish brought up to the Athenian fishmarket every morning from the seaside, large quantities of salt fish were continually imported from the Hellespont and the Black Sea. The food of the armies and navies when on service was chiefly bread and fish: meal, cheese, onions, and dried fish they could carry along with them; and when they had no means of purchasing other varieties, they had to be content with this round of fare, with the addition of some wine and water.

Flesh was used in far less proportion than fish: mutton and pork seem to have been the most usual kinds. Sausages, nearly corresponding to what we should call blood puddings, were also eaten.

At a banquet, fish of various kinds, with flesh and fowl, were provided, and these were followed up by fruits and sweetmeats. Their fruits were such as olives, figs, nuts, with whatever fresh fruits were in season. Cakes were a principal feature of the dessert, manufactured out of such sweets as were available—as, for example, honey or grapes. Wine of course was used, but not apparently during dinner. There being no knives and forks, although spoons were in use, pieces of bread were serviceable in helping the morsels to the mouth, and the meat had to be cut to pieces before being served.

Entertainments.—The dinner party, or symposium, was an important item in the life of the sociable Greeks. The occasions of convivial feasts were numerous: a public or domestic sacrifice or offering to one of the gods was always followed by a dinner party, the remains of the animal sacrificed being cooked for the occasion. As there were a great variety of gods and heroes worshipped either by the state at large or by individual tribes, clans, or families, the days of their celebration were numerous; and an exceedingly pious person, who let no such day pass without making an offering of some animal or other, would give a great many entertainments in the course of the year. Birthdays, not merely of members of the family, but of esteemed persons living or dead, were likewise occasions of feasting; also occasions of public rejoicing. To these are to be added subscription dinners, very common among young people; and as inns were not commonly resorted to on such occasions, the party would meet at some private house, perhaps the house of one of the women termed 'female companions.' But besides all the formal occasions of convivial parties, we must include to an equal extent the custom of holding them at each person's own pleasure, as among ourselves.

The company came dressed in elegant attire, with flower-wreaths on their heads; and during the repast they reclined upon couches set with pillows, and small tables were brought in and laid along the couches.

On each person's arrival, a servant or slave took off his shoes and washed his feet. It was after dinner that the symposium, or drinking scene, commenced, with its varied entertainments of conversation, merriment, music, dancing, and other sports. The music and dancing were performed in the presence of the guests by hired artists, chiefly girls. A chairman, or symposiarch, was appointed by the company to regulate the drinking. The wine was never used as drawn fresh from the flasks or bottles, but was mixed with water in a large bowl by the symposiarch before the company. The waiters ladled it with a sort of spoon into goblets, and with these went round and filled the cups of the guests, who were not always at liberty to drink at their own discretion. From the praises of wine and intoxication occurring in Greek writers, we might imagine they drank very freely; but a talking, poetical people must not always be understood literally. Women were not allowed to be present at these dinner and drinking parties.

Sports and Recreations.—Among these we may include the gymnastic and athletic exercises at the public exercising-grounds, together with the minor sports of boys and youth, and also the games and amusements of in-door companies.

The gymnasium, or exercising-ground, was an establishment provided at the public expense. It was an extensive walled-in space, with grounds ornamented with trees, and surrounded by colonnades. There was also a quadrangular range of buildings containing baths, and public schools for the boys, who might, it appears, obtain their literary education as well as their gymnastic training in these establishments. Although there was in all likelihood separate grounds for different ages, as well as for different kinds of exercise, yet it would seem that one institution served for all. The youth at school were exercised under a master; the ephebi, or grown youths between eighteen and twenty, had their separate exercises; and the general population exercised themselves at discretion for their own pleasure, or to keep up the training necessary to make them able-bodied soldiers when they were wanted for the service. The exercises were such as running, shooting with the bow and arrow, throwing the javelin, playing at ball, leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling, and boxing; and the name 'gymnastic' was given to them, from their being performed naked. The original purpose of the gymnastic art, to maintain bodily vigour, agility, and symmetry, was very much lost sight of by the Greeks in the secondary object of amusement. They frequented the exercising-grounds as lounging-places, to enjoy themselves by entering into contests of strength and skill, or by witnessing such contests as an agreeable spectacle. So intense was the excitement caused by these exhibitions, that they formed the entertainment of great world-renowned gatherings, such as the Olympic games. The daily exercises of the public pleasure-grounds offered in a minor degree the interest of the periodical contests on high public occasions.

The porticos of the public grounds were often the resort of philosophers, rhetoricians, and celebrated talkers and disputants; and knots of people would assemble there for the sake of the philosophical discussions and interesting conversation that went on. This was one of the means of gratifying the love of intellectual excitement inherent in the more cultivated

citizens. It seems to have been for an hour or two in the afternoon that the largest numbers sought their amusement at the gymnastic grounds. There were three famous establishments of this kind at Athens, situated in different suburbs of the town—namely, the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Cynosarges.

The in-door games and amusements were various. In the after-dinner entertainments, the propounding of riddles was a favourite occupation. Each person had to take his turn in guessing and in propounding. The fine for not guessing successfully was to drink off a goblet of undiluted wine, and the rewards were chaplets, sweetmeats, or a kiss. The kottabus was a usual game: it consisted in squirting wine or water out of the goblet into a dish suspended like a scale, or floating in water, so as to sink the dish. This game was a love oracle, and prizes were given to the winner. There were species of games resembling our chess and draughts. Dice-playing was also in regular operation. The children amused themselves with the game of the five stones, still in use among ourselves. Cock and quail-fighting were common all over Greece.

Holiday Occasions.—Although the every-day life of the Greek was made as lively and amusing as possible, the stir of heart and soul was most intensely brought out in the holiday seasons, which were of varied character and of frequent recurrence. An existence much less dull than was habitual at a place like Athens would have been gladdened by the prospect and enjoyment of the frequent public rejoicings and outbursts of mirth, joviality, and hearty good-feeling which the great festivals presented. There being no regular holiday at a short interval, like our Sabbath, the seasons of public enjoyment came on at unequal periods, and lasted for two or three days at a time; and no doubt an ordinary Greek would consider that it was the sum-total of the holidays of his existence that made life worth having. Not looking seriously forward to a future life, having no reasons for asceticism or self-denial as such, he would throw himself with his whole heart into all the sweets and joys this world could afford him. Never was any people more thoroughly disposed to be happy in the ordinary meaning of the word. The feeling was unanimous and universal. Political hatreds, sectarian differences, the jealousies of rival states, were all forgotten at the common festivals and merrymakings. The art and the skill of managing grand occasions of public and heartfelt rejoicing, without danger to prudence, morality, and right sentiment, were possessed by the Hellenic world in a pre-eminent degree. Their pleasures were for the most part embodied in their religion, and constituted a portion of its many-sided aspects. Other nations have either found such a union impracticable, or believed it improper; but in Greece the harmony was complete. The worship of the gods was the happiest occasion of life, and all the sources of happiness were associated with worship. It is difficult for us to conceive the advantages of such a combination: our modern life seems a mass of contradiction and irreconcilables in the comparison.

As we mean in a subsequent Paper to dwell more fully on the religious feelings and beliefs of the Grecian people, we shall not at present enter into the detail of the purely religious ceremonial of the festival occasions, but shall confine ourselves to the entertainments of a sportive kind that accompanied them. 'Each city and each village,' says Mr Grote, 'had its pecu-

liar religious festivals, wherein the sacrifices to the gods were usually followed by public recreations of one kind or another—by feasting on the victims, processional marches, singing and dancing, or competition in strong and active exercises. The festival was originally local; but friendship or communion of race was shown by inviting others, non-residents, to partake in its attractions. In the case of a colony and its metropolis, it was a frequent practice that citizens of the metropolis were honoured with a privileged seat at the festivals of the colony, or that one of their number was presented with the first taste of the sacrificial victim. Reciprocal frequentation of religious festivals was thus the standing evidence of friendship and fraternity among states not politically united. That it must have existed to a certain degree from the earliest days there can be no reasonable doubt; though in Homer and Hesiod we find only the celebration of funeral games by a chief, at his own private expense, in honour of his deceased father or friend—with all the accompanying recreations, however, of a public festival, and with strangers not only present, but also contending for valuable prizes.'

The most celebrated of all the festivals of the Pan-Hellenic character—that is, those that were open to all Greece, and formed a bond of common attraction and sympathy in the midst of the great political disunion that prevailed—was the Olympic games, or festival held every four years, 'on the banks of the Alpheus in Peloponnesus, near the old oracular temple of the Olympic Zeus, which not only grew up interruptedly, from small beginnings, to the maximum of Pan-Hellenic importance, but even preserved its crowds of visitors and its celebrity for many centuries after the extinction of Grecian freedom, and only received its final abolition after more than 1100 years of continuance, from the decree of the Christian emperor Theodosius, in 394 A.D.' 'The humble constitution of the Olympic games presented originally nothing more than a match of runners in the measured course called the Stadium. A continuous series of the victorious runners was formally inscribed and preserved by the Eleians (who had the management of the festival), beginning with Korœbus in 776 B.C., and was made to serve by chronological inquirers from the third century B.C. downwards, as a means of measuring the chronological sequence of Grecian events. It was on the occasion of the seventh Olympiad after Korœbus, that Daiklês the Messenian first received for his victory in the stadium no farther recompense than a wreath from the sacred olive-tree near Olympia: the honour of being proclaimed victor was found sufficient without any pecuniary addition. But until the fourteenth Olympiad, there was no other match for the spectators to witness besides that of simple runners in the stadium. On that occasion a second race was first introduced, of runners in the double stadium, or up and down the course; in the next, or fifteenth Olympiad (720 B.C.), a third match, the long course for runners, or several times up and down the stadium. There were thus three races, which continued without addition until the eighteenth Olympiad, when the wrestling match and the complicated Pentathlon (including jumping, running, the quoit, the javelin, and wrestling) were added. A farther novelty appears in the twenty-third Olympiad (688 B.C.)—the boxing-match; and another, still more important, in the twenty-fifth (680 B.C.)—the chariot with four full-grown horses. This last-mentioned addition is deserving of special notice,

not merely as it diversified the scene by the introduction of horses, but also as it brought in a totally new class of competitors—rich men and women, who possessed the finest horses, and could hire the most skilful drivers, without any personal superiority or power of bodily display in themselves. The prodigious exhibition of wealth in which the chariot proprietors indulged is not only an evidence of growing importance in the Olympic games, but also served materially to increase that importance, and to heighten the interest of the spectators. Two farther matches were added in the thirty-third Olympiad (648 B.C.)—the Pankration, or boxing and wrestling conjoined, with the hand unarmed, or divested of that hard leathern cestus worn by the pugilist, which rendered the blow of the latter more terrible, but at the same time prevented him from grasping or keeping hold of his adversary; and the single race-horse. Many other novelties were introduced, one after the other, which it is unnecessary fully to enumerate: the race between men clothed in full panoply, and bearing each his shield; the different matches between boys, analogous to those between full-grown men, and between colts, of the same nature as between full-grown horses. At the maximum of its attraction, the Olympic solemnity occupied five days; but until the seventy-seventh Olympiad, all the various matches had been compressed into one—beginning at daybreak, and not always closing before dark.'*

Besides the Olympic Festival, there were several others of the same national character: the Pythian, celebrated near Delphi; the Isthmian, near Corinth; and the Nemean; the two last were held every second year. A prize at the Olympic games was one of the highest honours that could happen to any man, be his rank what it might; hence it became a great object of ambition, and many people spent long periods in laborious training at their own local exercising-grounds in order to become competitors. The select athletes at the gymnasia at Athens and in other cities went through a separate set of exercises solely with this view, and to see them rehearsing for the public festivals was one of the amusements of the afternoon loungers. So great was the consequence attached to a victory in the Olympic matches, and so great the popular admiration of the victors, that they became all at once elevated to a leading rank and position in the community, and were sometimes able to seize the highest political offices, or even to become despots in the state where they resided. The ceremonial demonstration in welcoming a victor home was magnificent and imposing: he drove into the town in a triumphal chariot, and went in solemn procession to the chief temple, where a sacrifice was offered, and a hymn sung in his praise.

It was of course the classes above the poorest that could best afford to frequent the great general festivals, involving, as they did, a journey from home; but there went from the separate states a deputation, or solemn embassy, who sacrificed to the god in name of their several states, and presented donations to the festival. This embassy took with them gold and silver plate, and in their own tent provided a splendid entertainment, where the natives of other states were invited as guests. The numbers actually present from all parts of Greece were prodigious, and the stir and

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. iv. p. 76, second edition.

excitement of the occasion were universal; it must have been the uppermost subject of talk in all circles for weeks before and after. Every town had a stake if any one of its inhabitants were a competitor for a prize; for the victor conferred glory upon the place that gave him birth. None in modern times, except perhaps the sporting circle, can understand the enthusiasm of the Grecian games; and it will be difficult for even that circle itself to imagine a state of things in which their favourite pursuits were not merely respectable, but in the highest degree religious and honourable in the sight of an entire community.

Another great holiday occasion of much importance in Athenian life was the season of theatrical representations, which recurred three or four times a year. There were two days of representation, and in each performance there was a trilogy, or three serious dramas more or less connected in subject, and a satyric drama, so called because the characters were satyrs, companions of the god Dionysus (or Bacchus), in whose honour the drama was originally instituted. At first the admission was free; but as the crowd of persons was excessive and disorderly, a charge came to be made for tickets. In order not to exclude the poorer citizens, a system was introduced of giving the price of a ticket out of the public money to any citizen applying. With respect to this practice Mr Grote observes: 'It is to be remembered that all these festivals were portions of the ancient religion; and that, according to the feelings of that time, cheerful and multitudinous assemblages were essential to the satisfaction of the god in whose honour the festival was celebrated. Such disbursements were a portion of the religious even more than of the civil establishment.' In fact it would have been as discreditable to exclude a willing, devout spectator of the plays, as it would be to cut off any pious-minded worshipper in our own country from the privilege of attending the parish church.

Great pains were taken to get up good dramas every year, and to have them performed in the highest style. The poets entered into competition for the prize given to a successful play, and the expense of training the chorus and the actors was undertaken by some wealthy citizen, according to a practice common in Athens in respect to public burthens. As a general rule, the numerous dramas acted every year at the spring festival in honour of Dionysus or Bacchus, were all new or composed for the occasion. Considering the character of the dramatic compositions which have descended to us as specimens of the Greek tragic and comic literature, we cannot but be impressed with the high intellectual and artistic character of these displays, which are in this respect forcibly contrasted with the coexisting taste for athletic matches and horse-races.

Education.—As soon as a child was born, it was laid down on the floor in its swaddling-clothes in the presence of the father, who had to express whether or not he meant to rear it; the bringing up of a child being optional. If he lifted the child from the floor, he declared by the fact that he accepted the new-comer, and it was preserved accordingly; if he declined to take it up, it was exposed publicly either to perish, or to be adopted by some other person desirous of having a child. This was the Greek mode of obviating the evil of having too large a family. On the tenth day a festival was held, when the relatives and friends were invited to a sacrifice

and dinner, and on this occasion the child publicly received its name. Wealthy mothers did not usually suckle their children, but procured either slaves or the wives of the poorer citizens for the purpose. Boys and girls were nursed and kept together till their sixth year. Of playthings they had abundance; their dolls were images of clay painted. The hoop and the top were among the sports of the grown children; and there was a favourite amusement with a cockchafer, which they held by a thread fastened to its leg, as boys with us play with a mouse confined by a string tied to its tail. A species of blind-man's buff is enumerated among their sports. They were corrected by being beaten with slippers or sandals, and were not uncommonly terrified into obedience by bugbears. Of nursery tales, stories, and ballads, there was no lack among the inventive Greeks; they related to all that was wonderful and fascinating in the ancient mythology, and might be said to constitute the earliest religious education of the children.

About the sixth or seventh year, the education of the boys commenced apart from the girls; that is, they were sent to the public school, the girls always remaining at home to be trained up in household avocations. Before going to school, they would probably have attained some knowledge of their letters from their mothers or nurses; but at school the comprehensive education was commenced. The schools, as above stated, were apparently in apartments in the public exercising institutions; but there must have been many detached schools for literary education, the boys quitting them at regular hours to go to their gymnastic lessons.

The education at Athens was included under two branches—gymnastics for the body, and music for the mind. The gymnastic exercises have already been alluded to: they were conducted under a public master at set hours in the day. The boys of rich parents were conducted to the gymnasium and school by a slave called a pædagogue, who had a general charge of them, and was a sort of private tutor also. The gymnastics were considered to have the precedence of the literary education, and were commenced from the first day of going to school, and occupied the majority of the school hours.

Music meant properly all that belonged to the nine Muses, comprehending every species of intellectual accomplishment. Reading and writing were followed up by committing to memory passages of the poets—more especially Homer—which the pupils were taught to recite with the utmost propriety of pronunciation and elocution. There was also music in our sense of the word; namely, singing and touching the lyre, so as to enable the boys to bear a part in a choral company. The age of leaving the boys' schools was sixteen. The merits of the schools themselves were very unequal; the schoolmaster being paid on the voluntary principle. There were classes of superior teachers for grown-up youths and young men, the rhetoricians and sophists, who taught the practice of composition and public speaking, as well as gave instructions in the various sciences then known; their object being to prepare the youth for all the higher duties of citizenship. As every man might have to appear before a court of law as either prosecutor or defender, or to act as a member of the court, it was a great defect not to be able to speak with propriety and self-possession before a public audience, or not to know the laws sufficiently well to

decide all ordinary causes. Some would aspire to fill the higher offices of the state, or take a lead in public affairs; these, therefore, especially required the training the higher professors could give. Oratory, on the one hand, and legal, ethical, political, and scientific knowledge on the other, were laboriously acquired by almost every man ambitious of public distinction, as well as by the more modest citizen, whose desires went no farther than being respectable and useful in his day.

At sixteen, the devotion to the exercises of the gymnasium was increased as a preparation for approaching manhood, and, if need be, for military service. At eighteen the youth was enrolled in the register of citizens, after undergoing an examination as to his descent and title, and his bodily fitness to bear arms. He then became an ephebus, and was on the occasion publicly presented at a meeting of the assembly with a shield and lance; he also went through various other solemnities, and took an oath minutely expressing all the prominent duties of citizenship. The ephebus was in a great measure his own master, in so far as the state was concerned, but he was liable during the two years of this period of his life to perform home duty as a soldier in the protection of Attica. The guardianship of the frontier and the internal police were maintained by draughting soldiers from the roll of ephebi, so that every youth during those two years was liable to serve on this duty. At twenty the emancipation of the youth was complete, and he was to all intents and purposes a man, and must make his way in the world as he best could. If he were possessed of hereditary wealth, he could betake himself to a life of pleasure, of ambition, or of study, for all which there were abundant opportunities. The amusements and pleasures of youth were by no means discouraged by the laws and manners of the community.

Women.—The treatment of women by the Greeks made some approach to the Oriental system of the present day: they were always spoken of in a slighting and disparaging way, as if they were an inferior species midway between freemen and slaves. In the Homeric times women appear to have had much more of freedom than in the historic period. Their confinement and restraint in the later ages had no doubt something of the same motive as slavery in general—the prevention of disorder by coercing the greater portion of the community into implicit obedience. Every increase of liberty has a twofold effect — while bringing an accession of dignity to human nature, it entails a certain amount of risk from the abuse of the new liberty.

The only literary education of women was what they got at home, and they were expected to devote themselves chiefly to the domestic arrangements and household industry, or the operations of spinning and weaving. They had their own apartments, and were rarely allowed to leave the house; their chief public appearances were at festivals. After marriage they were more at liberty in this respect; attended by a female slave, they might go a-shopping or pay visits. Of course the wives of the poorer citizens could not be kept under such restraint, but even they do not appear to have gone to market so frequently as their husbands.

Marriage was considered as a duty to the gods, in order to provide for the continuance of their worship. The procreation of children was also a duty to the state. Moreover, the attentions paid to the tombs of deceased

ancestors would be suspended if a family were to become extinct, and this interruption in the worship of either gods or ancestors was considered a very great calamity. Marriages were for the most part urged by these religious motives, in combination with the maintenance of a household. Love-matches were the exception. It was not unusual for a father to choose a wife for his son. In general, more regard was paid to the connections and dowry of the bride than to her personal charms or accomplishments; these there was little opportunity for becoming acquainted with. Equality of rank and fortune was to some extent insisted on. Near relationship was no bar, excepting of course members of the same family, who were prohibited by public opinion from matrimonial alliance. It was generally arranged that the bride should be considerably the younger of the two. The giving of dowries was universal, and was one of the burthens entailed on a father of a family of daughters, so much so as to constitute a motive for refusing to bring up female children. A marriage was solemnised by various ceremonies. Some time before the wedding, an offering was made to the tutelary gods of marriage. On the wedding-day, the bride and bridegroom washed with water brought from a particular well. The marriage procession from the house of the bride to her future abode took place towards evening, and besides the bride and bridegroom, consisted of a numerous train, both men and women, dressed for the occasion, and preceded by torch-bearers: the procession was accompanied with music. The wedding-feast took place at the house of the bridegroom or of his parents; and as an exception to the rule of dinner parties, the women were present, but at a table apart. Bridal cakes were distributed as an essential part of the ceremony. The bride was led off veiled to the nuptial chamber, and an epithalamium was sung before the door by a chorus of girls.

Household management, and the bringing up of the children, became thenceforth the woman's occupation. She shared the company of her husband, but was not allowed to be present at his convivial parties, nor to receive strangers in his absence. She had the management of the servants, who were slaves, and on her devolved the care of the sick, whether of the family or the domestics.

Gallantry to women in the modern sense was unknown; but in their presence men would, it is said, maintain a certain stately dignity, to keep up the respect they considered due to themselves. But there were abundant instances of the utmost familiarity between married couples, as might be expected, and not a few cases of the reversed relation denominated petticoat government.

While the women, as a whole, were thus condemned to domestic drudgery, and to the degradation of inferior rights and inferior cultivation, there existed a certain class called Hetæræ, or female companions, whose position gave them more liberal opportunities of making themselves agreeable and accomplished. They were women who had broken loose from domestic restraint, and lived apart in free intercourse with the other sex, and were of all degrees of talent, character, and respectability. Some of them acquired so extensive a celebrity in their own time, that their names have descended with renown to posterity. They often possessed the highest charms of intellectual accomplishment, as well as beauty and personal fascination. Although they lived upon the liberality of their lovers, their houses were

resorted to by the wisest men of the country, for the sake of their instructive and interesting conversation. They came, many of them, from foreign parts, and settled in Athens, either choosing this manner of life from the outset, or being drawn into it by circumstances. Aspasia, who eventually became the wife of Pericles, was of foreign origin. These Hetæræ generally lived in houses of their own. It was a peculiarity of the Greek mind to carry pleasures and enjoyments to a very great length without allowing them to relax and destroy the whole tone of the character; hence we must not attribute to these females or their lovers the same characteristics as would attach to similar characters in our own country. The Athenian youth spent much of their time and fortune in such company. There were besides Hetæræ, an extensive class of prostitutes, who were slaves procured for that purpose, and kept in numbers at particular houses. Corinth was the most noted town in Greece for this species of voluptuousness.

Slaves.—The state of slavery was recognised all over the ancient world, and had for its sole justification the reluctance of half-civilised men to perform menial operations and observe regular hours. It was, however, maintained from other motives than this—namely, to uphold a small aristocracy in ease, wealth, and political power at the expense of their fellow-men. Domestic servants, agricultural labourers, and the artisans of manufacturing industry among the Greeks were slaves, though there were also some poor freemen who took service for hire.

There were various modes of acquiring slaves. In the first place, the captives taken in war were reduced to slavery. In Greece, however, there grew up a feeling of repugnance to hold Greeks in slavery, and in consequence there were facilities given to the ransoming of prisoners taken in wars between Grecian states. There was, however, no such squeamishness about foreigners or barbarians, as all the rest of the world were called by Grecian pride. Hence the slave community was in a great degree made up of Asiatics, Thracians, and other foreign races.

The second mode of acquiring slaves was by purchase. Many Asiatic and Thracian tribes sold their children for exportation as slaves habitually. There were slave merchants and a slave market at Athens. The purloining of freemen was not unknown to the regular slave traders. The prices varied according to their qualifications. Slaves were likewise born and bred in the establishment where their parents lived; and the offspring of slave women were slaves whether the father was a slave or a freeman.

The household operations of the wealthy were performed by domestic slaves of both sexes. The women were kitchen-maids, housemaids, spinners, nurses, ladies'-maids, and the men performed other portions of household work. When the master or mistress walked out, one or more slaves were always in attendance. The children were likewise constantly under the charge of slaves. In performing journeys, a slave accompanied his master to carry his luggage, and wait upon him.

The cultivation of the fields was by slave labour, under the eye either of the master or of a steward. Since many of the wealthy landed proprietors of Attica li Athens to enjoy the ple es of city life, or to take part in public b p] n s lot to be occasionally absent on milit and landed estates frequently de-

volved on deputies. A citizen hoplite, or full-armed soldier, was always accompanied by a slave to carry his armour.

The manufactures were carried on by artisan slaves, who bore a high price, and stood in various relations to their owners. The most natural arrangement was for the master manufacturer to possess as his property the slaves requisite for carrying on his business; and in this case their master found them bed, board, and clothing, exactly as if they were domestic slaves. But sometimes they were the property of one person while working for another, who paid them wages, out of which they had to give so much to their owner, and maintain themselves. Hence this class had a certain degree of independence not belonging to household servants.

But all the operations carried on by slave labour were also performed by poor freemen for wages.

There were, besides private slaves, a large number of public slaves, for attending on the government offices and executing public works. A great multitude were employed, for instance, in the silver mines belonging to the Athenian government.

The slave was in the absolute power of the master in all respects except putting him to death, which was allowed in Rome, but not in Athens, without a legal process. Slaves might be punished by flogging to any extent, or confined and fettered at discretion. When they gave evidence in a court of law, it was allowable for either party in the cause to demand that they might be put to the torture to make them speak the truth. They might also be branded, and this was a common practice with runaways. Their only resource in the case of excessive maltreatment by their masters, was to flee to a public altar for protection; on which the master might be forced to sell them.

A master would sometimes manumit his slaves; and slaves were manumitted by the state in consideration of services rendered in war. Hence arose a class of men who were free, but had not the full privileges of citizenship. Although the slave community showed now and then examples of superior men, the minds of the generality were degraded to the level of their condition, and their habitual mode of viewing things was gross and grovelling.

Industrial Occupations.—In order to enter fully into a conception of the characteristics of Greek private life, we must allow our minds to dwell upon the occupations that formed the daily industry of the productive portion of the community, affording exercise to their skill, and calling forth all the interests and passions connected with the pursuit of gain, and the earning of a livelihood. It is not possible to classify completely all the ways which the mass of the people had of obtaining their subsistence; but by combining direct intimations with fair inference a great deal may be known. Viewing the country itself and its various products, we see the nature of the industry imposed upon its inhabitants as a matter of necessity. Mi of silver, copper, and iron, had to be worked, and all the processes nected with the extraction and purification of the metals gone thro involving classes of proprietors, overseers, skilled slaves, enginery naces, mining villages, and termini of lines of traffic and conveyance. marble quarries furnished employment likewise for an extensive po tion. The leading vegetable productions being wheat, barley, flax, w

and oil, each one of these must have been the centre of a round of busy agricultural industry, with all its peculiar associations and feelings. The seasons of sowing and reaping, the attention to the weather, the grumbling at the long-continued droughts, the terror of bad crops, and the harvest-rejoicings, would diversify then, as now, the feelings of the agricultural population. There was also all over Greece an extensive fishing community, who, besides selling fresh fish at the nearest villages, dried and salted it for the consumption of the large towns. Cattle breeding was an accompaniment of field industry, extending to sheep, goats, pigs, and black cattle; but cows' milk and butter being reckoned unwholesome, the milk of ewes and goats was used instead.

In respect to manufacturing industry, the practice was universal of carding and spinning and weaving at home the wool for the clothing and bedding of the family: this constituted the home occupation of the women. With regard to most other manufactured articles represented as in use, we must presume the existence of separate industrial crafts or professions. The following extracts from Aristophanes are, as it were, a dive at random into the industry of the time:—

'To work in brass, or frame a ship, or sew,
Or manufacture wheels, or cut up hides,
Or to make bricks, or wash, or be a tanner,
Or having broken the earth's soil with ploughs
To crop the fruit of Ceres, if one might
Neglect all these, and live in idleness.'

——— 'here sits one
And cuts out leather into shapes for sandals,
A fuller one—his neighbour washes fleeces,
A tanner this, another garlic cries.'

The houses, furniture, and household appurtenances, gave occupation, as a matter of course, to builders, carpenters, upholsterers, hardware manufacturers, potters, besides the painters, sculptors, and other artists employed in decoration. The finer dresses would not be entirely of household manufacture, and would involve the delicate operation of dyeing with rich colours. The armourer was much in demand, and there were very extensive manufactories for warlike instruments, which each citizen had to provide at his own cost—helmets, breastplates, shields, spears, &c.

Besides the manufacturer, we have to recognise the extensive class of dealers, shopkeepers, traders and merchants, both in home and foreign trade. Athens was pre-eminently dependent on the foreigner for food and everything else; and her own exports in return were such as 'figs and other fruit, olives, oil—for all which she was distinguished—together with pottery, ornamental manufactures, and the silver from her mines at Laureion.' It would appear that the practice of agriculturists bringing their own produce to the market, as well as many classes of artisans their wares, was extremely prevalent; although at the same time there were regular retail-dealers, who bought up the goods from the producer to sell again, and the countryman, not wishing to spend his own time in retailing, would drive his produce at once to their shops. In both ways would the wine, olives, flour, figs, flowers, vegetables, &c. come from the country to the supply of the town. The wholesale merchants and foreign traders resorted chiefly to the Piræeus, or seaport, and sold their goods

there by sample in a sort of Exchange. Wine was hawked about the town, and sold likewise by sample.

The great part of the town-traffic took place in the public market-place, or in the streets around it. There appear to have been divisions for the sale of the separate articles. The portion most thronged, it is said, was the fishmarket, which was opened each day at a fixed hour by the ringing of a bell. The householders, rich and poor, rushed towards it on hearing the sound, to procure what was to them the chief requisite of the day's meals. The cheating, impertinence, and insolent language of the fishmongers were notorious. There was likewise the meat-market, the bird-market, the bread stalls, the place for the sale of wine, the crockery-mart, and the myrtle-market for the sale of chaplets and head-dresses—these being in constant demand, as a chaplet or wreath was worn by every one at a convivial party. In one place stood the tables of the money-changers, who were the bankers and capitalists of the city, and with them the monied citizens would naturally lounge and gossip.

The time of full market was in the forenoon, at about ten or eleven o'clock, and, as already mentioned, people went home from it to their forenoon or mid-day meal. It was not considered reputable for women to be engaged either in the public sale of commodities or in making the purchases for their own households. The master of the house, accompanied by a slave, usually made the purchases.

The shops of barbers, ointment-sellers, and others, were resorted to as places of gossip; so the shop of any artisan would sometimes be the place of rendezvous of a particular political or local clique. Political clubs were a regular instrumentality of party combination and political scheming, especially among the aristocracy.

The following picture of the market from Becker's 'Charicles,' brings together its chief constituents as they would present themselves to the passing spectator:—

'The market-place was filling fast when Charicles entered it. Traders had set up their hurdlework stalls all over it, with their wares exposed on tables and benches. Here the female bakers had piled up their round-shaped loaves and cakes, and were pursuing with a torrent of scolding and abuse the unlucky wight who happened, in passing by, to upset one of their pyramids. There simmered the kettles of the women who sold boiled peas and other vegetables; in the crockery-market, hard by, the potmen were descanting on the goodness of their wares. A little way off, in the myrtle-market, chaplets and fillets were to be sold, and many a buxom flower-weaver received orders for garlands, to be delivered by her in the evening. All the wants of the day, from barley-groats up to the most dainty fish, from garlic to the incense of the gods; clear pure oil, and the most exquisite ointments; fresh-made cheese, and the sweet honey of the bees of Hymettus; cooks ready to be hired; slaves, male and female, on sale—all and several were to be found in abundance at their customary stands. There were others who went about crying their wares, while every now and then a public crier crossed the ground, announcing with stentorian voice the arrival of some goods to be sold, or the sale of some house, or perhaps a reward for the apprehension of a robber or run-away slave. Slaves of both sexes, as well as freemen, kept walking up

and down, bargaining and inspecting the stalls in search of their daily requirements. Several, too, hovered longer than necessary about a pretty shopwoman; or approached some fruiterer's basket, and commenced a friendly conversation, under cover of which, while some other person was buying, or having a drachma changed, they would pilfer the fruit.'

In addition to the great classes of agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and trading industry, we recognise certain other departments allied to them. The money-lenders were a distinct class, and had large numbers of the population depending upon them. The debtor and creditor laws of the more ancient times were very rigid and cruel; and in Athens, down to the time of the legislation of Solon, the body of a debtor might be seized and enslaved for the payment of his debt. But one of the capital innovations made by Solon consisted in restricting the creditor to the seizure of the debtor's property. Interest had to be rendered monthly on the last day of the month. The trade of the pawnbroker was also known. An unfortunate man is made by Aristophanes to exclaim—

> 'For is there a shield or breastplate which this most
> Accursed woman does not put in pawn?'

Of the lawless classes which in all ages prey upon honest industry there was no lack in Greece. The smuggler or exporter of contraband goods carried on his avocation in defiance of penal laws and professional informers, the so-called sycophants, who were themselves an unprincipled class, extorting hush-money from people by the threat of bringing accusations against them in the dikasteries, or courts of law. The common thief likewise finds a place among the habitual occupations of the community; and we have a full catalogue of the various species of depredators—housebreakers, footpads, cutpurses, stealers of clothes from baths, man-stealers, and sacrilegious wretches who robbed the temples. The mendicant profession was not so extensive in the times of slavery, inasmuch as the slave owner had to provide for his slaves so long as they lived; and when free citizens came to poverty, there were various ways of obtaining assistance from the public money. But still there were beggars, and one mode of relieving them was to erect, in various places where three roads met, a small shrine or chapel to Hecate, where the wealthier inhabitants of the district placed eggs and toasted cheese, to be taken by the poor passing by.

Passing from the avocations directly connected with the production of material wealth, we may now glance at some of the other departments of rewarded usefulness. And first of the Physician. The art of healing was accounted a divine art transmitted from Apollo, and hereditary in the various families or fraternities called Asklepiads; but this did not prevent it from being studied with the utmost efforts of human ability, so far as means would permit. Although the profession would most usually descend from father to son, it was not uncommon for practitioners to spring up in non-medical families, and to acquire their education by being apprentices under some qualified physician. They were both consulted at home, and visited the houses of their patients, as at present, receiving a fee for their payment. They compounded and dispensed their own drugs. A public license was necessary, and was granted on producing a certificate of apprenticeship under a regular practitioner. There seemed to have been a certain

number in the pay of the state, who probably gave advice and medicine gratis to the poorer citizens. The establishment of a physician would have to include an apothecary's shop and surgery, besides baths, which were largely used as remedial agents; his assistants, who might be slaves, would themselves give advice to patients of their own rank, unless the master was averse to risking his property in such hands. Besides consulting regular practitioners, people made use of a system of family medicine, containing prescriptions for all kinds of cases. There were also quacks, who sold medicines in the streets, or in booths in the market-places. As there was a general impression that a particular class of persons could induce diseases by incantations, tying magic-knots, and secret arts, it was natural to attempt to counterwork them by the same means; and charms were frequently had recourse to. The temples of Asclepius or Æsculapius were hospitals or dispensaries where cases were treated and students taught; the votive tablets of persons cured of their ailments were cases to study from. As the dissection of a human body was considered a species of sacrilege, anatomy had to be studied on animals and on the bodies of slaves.

The Teaching Profession has been already alluded to as consisting of the class of teachers of boys' schools, and the professors of the higher accomplishments of youth and manhood. They were all supported by voluntary pay, and their fees depended on their reputation. Enormous sums are said to have been paid to the most celebrated of the class; even these, however, did not always insist on extravagant rewards, but took whatever their pupils could afford to give them. The esteem and admiration that great teachers enjoyed all over Greece were quite independent of their wealth. The entire range of the intellectual cultivation of the time was included in the instructions of the Sophists; and the Rhetoricians undertook to give a thorough training in the arts of speech and composition. The class of Philosophers, including such men as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, would not be distinguished by the general public from the Sophists, or the teaching profession generally; and the peculiar distinction of such individuals in the eyes of posterity—namely, their scientific and philosophical originality—would not, as such, earn for them any special reward in their own time. The pursuit of scientific truth was occasionally encouraged by the munificence of individuals, but was not an endowed or rewarded avocation in a Grecian community.

The profession of Legal Advisers consisted of a number of persons who wrote speeches for parties engaged in accusation or defence in the law courts. A well-educated Athenian might in most cases be able to speak for himself; but if unable to do so, he got either a friend or a professional counsel to write a speech, which he himself delivered, as pleading by proxy was not allowed. These paid counsel were often at the same time teachers of rhetoric, and had to make themselves masters of the body of laws and decisions that ruled the courts, and of the art of persuasive address. The pleadings before the local courts were often most masterly displays, as may be seen from the specimens that have come down to posterity; but a part of their skill lay in the employment of appeals to the feelings of the judges.

Of Government Functionaries we are to distinguish the heads of departments, who were annually or periodically renewed—from the paid secretaries and other permanent officials that kept up the knowledge and traditions of

their respective offices. Besides the great legislative and administrative bodies—the Popular Assembly, the Senate of Five Hundred, the Senate of Areopagus, the Nine Archons, the Law Courts, the Arbitrators annually nominated, and the Judicial Persons who made a sort of periodical circuit round the cantons of Attica—there were a number of special magistracies for taking charge of peculiar departments; such were the Eleven, who were commissioners of police and crime, the Public Superintendent who presided over the Gymnasia, &c.

The professional Artists—architects, sculptors, and painters—would have to be paid by their employers, whether these were the state or private individuals. The other class of artists, who hired themselves out for purposes of amusement—actors, singers, and dancers—were in demand for convivial parties, for the theatre, and for the religious services. The actors and musicians that came on the boards were paid by the Chorêgus; those employed in the temple services had to be paid out of the temple revenues. The dramatic poet, whose play was accounted the best at the competition that took place during the festival, received a rich prize. Poets, in general, occasionally enjoyed pecuniary rewards, as well as the reputation due to their genius.

The Religious Functionaries, consisting of the hereditary priesthood and all the officials required in the pompous worship of the temples, had to be supported by endowments and offerings made to their respective temples. Many of the temples were very rich, and supported wealthy and honourable families. But the priesthood was so far divorced from all other active employment in the state as not to have any civil or intellectual influence on the community. No intellect was required in the religion itself; even the hymns sung during sacrifices might be composed by laymen; hence the clerical orders were little better than masters of ceremonies and leaders of devotional rites. The oracular temples would occupy a somewhat different position. But the soothsayers or prophets, always kept by the state, and consulted on emergencies, as in the time of war, were special functionaries not connected with the ordinary priesthood.

The system of Ranks was pervaded by the hereditary principle, although considerably modified in Athens by an intense democratical spirit. All the great families traced their lineage back to some god or hero, and were looked up to by the community in consequence of this elevated origin; and in the race for political power, high descent always counted in a man's favour. By mere wealth great distinctions might be obtained, especially if it were laid out with liberality in the services imposed by the state on individual rich men, such as the getting up of plays at the dramatic seasons, the trierarchy, or serving as commander of a ship of war, and contributing by private expenditure to the perfect outfit and condition of the ship. We have already alluded to the distinction conferred on victors at the Olympic and other games. High public services naturally conferred consequence and power, but at the same time excited jealousies, and even demoralised the individuals so distinguished. According to a durable prejudice, the landed proprietor was reckoned more respectable than the trader; and the artisan was very apt to be looked down upon by the rest of the community. Talent and accomplishments raised a man to a commanding position as an orator, a politician, a military commander, a rheto-

rician, sophist, philosopher, poet, or artist, in defiance of other points of inferiority; but genius, seconded by rank, was pretty sure to succeed best.

Burials.—The rites of sepulture were piously attended to by the Greeks. An honourable interment was considered a happy lot to the departed; and an unburied mortal was believed to be wandering through Hades in a state of mournful disquietude. After a battle, a truce was granted by the victors, that both sides might collect and bury their dead; and on the occasion of the naval battle of Arginusæ, fought shortly before the close of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenian generals, having neglected the duty of collecting the dead for interment, and the still more imperative duty of visiting the wrecks to save such of the living as clung to them, were received with a storm of popular indignation that ended in their being publicly condemned and executed.

In ancient and more barbarous times, the funerals of distinguished persons were accompanied with prodigious pomp and display: on the funeral pyre, which was an immense pile of wood, were burnt along with the dead body an immense number of cattle, and even human beings; such at least is the picture given by Homer. Games and athletic contests followed. But in the historic age the funeral rites were kept within sober limits. The first thing done after death was to insert in the mouth of the defunct the small coin called an *obolus*, to pay the ferryman of Hades. The corpse was washed, perfumed, crowned with a garland of flowers, and dressed in white; it was laid out on a bedstead for the usual length of time, not more than a day or two. A vessel of water was placed before the house-door, to purify persons leaving the house. Lamentation, or a wake for the dead, was practised by the women, although all the wiser portion of the community thought it a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. On the day of the funeral, the body was carried out early in the morning on the couch, accompanied by the train of mourners, relatives, and friends, including women above sixty; a chorus of hired flute-players performing on the way. The burial-grounds were usually without the town, but not always concentrated in a common cemetery. The rich might buy a spot of ground anywhere for a family tomb; for the poor a public place of interment was provided.

The two practices of burning and burying seem to have coexisted at all times; in what proportions, or under what particular circumstances one was preferred to the other, is not distinctly ascertained. In both cases graves, vaults, or built tombs, were required, and columns and various forms of tombstone were in use. The inscriptions contained the name of the deceased, with the occasional addition of an appropriate moral in prose or verse. Vases and various articles were placed in the grave with the deceased.

After the burial, a funeral entertainment was given at the house of the nearest surviving relation. There were also various sacrifices to be offered, chiefly one on the ninth day, which concluded the ceremonies for the dead. A black mourning cloak, or himation, was worn for some time, the inner robe, or chiton, being the same as usual; and the custom prevailed of cutting the hair short. It became a perpetual obligation on all persons to visit and tend the graves of their forefathers: on stated days, such as the anniversary of their death, sacrifice was performed at the tombs; and

flowers and garlands were regularly brought to decorate them. At other times the survivors were expected to visit the graves of their departed relatives; and the approach of friends was considered agreeable to their spirits, while they received pain by the proximity of enemies. In short, acts of respectful attention and religious observance towards deceased relatives and progenitors were reckoned among the indispensable duties of life, and were one of the motives for keeping up an unbroken line of descendants.

SPARTAN LIFE.

The town of Sparta, situated in a mountainous defile on the right bank of the Eurotas, and at no very great distance from the mouth of the river, which flows into the sea at the extreme southern coast of Greece, was the capital or metropolis of the territory of Laconia, and the residence of one of the most remarkable populations known to history. The Spartans belonged to the Dorian race of Greeks; but their political institutions, and still more the system of their private life, was wholly unlike any other in the whole compass of the Grecian states. Indeed never in human history has a system of life been maintained of so artificial a kind, or departing so far from the impulses natural and congenial to man. A rigid and iron discipline, having got itself once established there, was kept up for many centuries with little relaxation, and was the standing curiosity and wonder of the rest of the world.

Following in our selection of topics an order similar to what we have adopted for the Athenian and Greek life generally, we may first allude to the system of the public mess established for Spartan citizens, who were, however, but a small aristocracy even in Sparta itself, not to speak of the Laconian population. No man was allowed to dine at home: 'a certain number of joint tables were provided, and every citizen was required to belong to some one of them, and habitually to take his meals at it—no new member being admissible without a unanimous ballot in his favour by the previous occupants. Each provided from his lot of land a specified quota of barleymeal, wine, cheese, and figs, and a small contribution of money for condiments. Game was obtained in addition by hunting in the public forests of the state; while every one who sacrificed to the gods, sent to his mess-table a part of the victim killed. From boyhood to old age, every Spartan citizen took his sober meals at this public mess, where all shared alike. Nor was distinction of any kind allowed, except on signal occasions of service rendered by an individual to the state.'* The object of this system was to secure temperate and sober habits, and correspondence with the daily public exercises, which had to be gone through with military punctuality. The details as to the times and other minute arrangements of the meals are not communicated to us; but the comparison with a barrack life enables us to conceive with tolerable vividness the plan of board and lodging imposed upon the Spartan aristocracy. They were no more allowed to sleep at home than to eat there, but had to spend their nights at their barracks. A home they all had, tenanted by wives, mothers,

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. ii. p. 513. Second edition.

children, and grown-up daughters and sisters, but they were not allowed to visit them openly, and had to do so by stealth; while their wives are said to have come to their barracks disguised in men's attire. Although a greater latitude was allowed to the older citizens, the exclusion from home was rigid to the younger men.

Each day's life was spent in gymnastic, military, and other exercises calculated to impart a high vigour to the body, to insure military skill of the first order, to accustom to hardship and endurance, and to enable the men to take a part in the religious services of the gods. This last branch —their religious education, properly so called—consisted in the choral dances enacted at the festivals. Besides the military evolutions, their exercise included contests of two squadrons opposed to each other unarmed, but with full permission to kick, bite, box, or wrestle, where the combatants strove to the utmost extremity of their strength, and practised themselves in pugnacity, skill, strength, and endurance. The virtue of bodily endurance, which ranked high in their esteem, was put to a still severer test by a religious practice of submitting themselves to be scourged before the altar of the goddess Artemis Orthia, and by enduring the torture without a murmur, although it was sometimes carried to a fatal length. Pride in victorious action and bodily endurance was the predominant feature of the Spartan character as thus formed: these qualities formed the ideal of human perfection—their attainment was the consolation for all sufferings, and the ennobling spiritual element of life.

It is stated further, that the youth were sent out to the country, without provision of any kind, to maintain themselves upon hunting and stealth; in fact to practise themselves in living the life of a savage in the woods. If they were caught in a theft, they were severely flogged; so that they were thus put to the further trial of living between the two alternatives of hunger and torture. This feature, if maintained in fact, bespeaks a period when civilisation was not far enough advanced to secure the certainty of subsistence; and the Spartans were determined to be prepared for the worst emergencies of the lowest state of humanity. Like true Stoics, they did not sit down to enjoy what life brought, but kept constantly in view its inevitable ills, and prided themselves in maintaining a constant preparation for meeting them.

The Spartans, speaking of them generally, and allowing exceptions for the leading men, were not taught to read; but they learnt, as a part of their public education, to bear part in the religious or choric songs and dances, and to repeat more or less of poetical compositions. The arts of speech were neglected, and even despised. Long speaking was disagreeable to them, and every one was required to say anything he had to say in the fewest possible words. Hence arose the phrase of 'Laconic brevity;' this brevity being often accompanied with epigrammatic point, which the speaker would endeavour to impart to his curtailed discourse. Hence we may gather that the Spartan social intercourse was made up more of action and spectacle than of talk, conversation, or discussion; for not only was an education in flowery language wanting, but the matter for conversation was as limited as could well be. Intercourse with foreigners was prevented; no Spartan could travel without a special permission; and foreign visitors were discouraged from settling in the state.

There was no foreign trade. State affairs were managed by the government with the utmost secrecy, and without the participation of the people in any way, except on the rarest occasions. Their political wisdom consisted in a rigid adherence to their own narrow policy and habits; and their ascendancy in the field was neutralised by their want of ability in the conduct of affairs.

The position of their women was as exceptional in Greece and as much a matter of surprise as any other point in their institutions. The grand purpose of the state, with reference to the domestic relation, was to keep up a good breed of citizens; and for this purpose the young women were subjected to bodily discipline in the gymnasium, 'being formally exercised in running, wrestling, and boxing, agreeably to the forms of the Grecian contests.' Instead of the long tunic reaching down to the feet worn in other parts of Greece, they wore a shorter dress cut open at the skirts, leaving the limbs free and exposed in view, much in the manner of the men everywhere. The contests of the girls were open to the men, and on the other hand the women were allowed to be present at the exercises of the other sex. The contrast between Sparta and Greece in general on this head may be judged from the fact, that any woman caught intruding herself at the Olympic games was immediately to be put to death by being hurled headlong from a precipice. The Spartan citizen was said to have had a very great susceptibility to the feminine presence; hence it may be supposed that the free intercourse of the sexes in this way, as spectators of each other's exercises, would very much heighten the stimulus to exertion. 'We may well conceive,' says Mr Grote, 'that such an education imparted to the women both a demonstrative character and an eager interest in masculine accomplishments, so that the expression of their praise was the strongest stimulus, and that of their reproach the bitterest humiliation, to the youthful troop who heard it.'

On the same principle of attending to the breed of citizens, 'the age of marriage was deferred till the period supposed to be most consistent with the perfection of the offspring.' 'Marriage was almost universal among the citizens, enforced by general opinion at least, if not by law. The young Spartan carried away his bride by a simulated abduction, but she still seems, for some time at least, to have continued to reside with her family, visiting her husband in his barrack in the disguise of male attire, and on short and stolen occasions. To some married couples it happened, according to Plutarch, that they had been married long enough to have had two or three children, while they had scarcely seen each other apart by daylight. Secret intrigue on the part of married women was unknown in Sparta, but to bring together the finest couples was regarded by the citizens as desirable, and by the lawgiver as a duty. No personal feeling or jealousy on the part of the husband found sympathy with any one; and he permitted without difficulty, and sometimes actively encouraged, compliances on the part of his wife consistent with this generally acknowledged object. So far was such toleration carried, that there were some married women who were recognised mistresses of two houses, and mothers of two distinct families—a sort of bigamy strictly forbidden to the men, and never permitted except in the remarkable case of King Anaxandrides, when the royal Herakleidan line of Eurysthenes was in danger of becoming extinct.'

'O. Müller remarks—and the evidence, as far as we know it, bears him out—that love marriages and genuine affection to a wife were more familiar at Sparta than at Athens; though in the former marital jealousy was a sentiment neither indulged nor recognised, while in the latter it was intense and universal.'

Industry was entirely prohibited to the Spartan-trained aristocracy. Each citizen was the proprietor of a piece of land, yielding him a revenue in kind and money, and on this he lived, paid his quota to the public mess, and supported his family. As the sons of citizens were also citizens, and as property might be equally divided between sons and daughters, * families might become impoverished in time, and cases were of frequent occurrence of citizens being too poor to pay their subscription to the mess. By this defalcation they lost their position as citizens, and fell into a lower rank, no longer associating with the others in the exercises of the barrack life. The industrial community consisted of a free Grecian population, inhabiting Laconia, and enjoying property and political rights in the village communities, but not possessed of the Spartan franchise. Their designation was Perioeki, or surrounding inhabitants, and they carried on all the operations of agricultural, mining, and manufacturing industry, as well as the internal traffic of the country, foreign trade being prohibited. They lived a free and independent life, without either the dignity or the restraints of the Spartan system, but had an education suited to fit them for military service when they were required. As the total Spartan aristocracy was estimated (in the time of Herodotus, or about 460–450 B.C.) at about 8000 or 9000, they were not sufficient of themselves to supply an armament for any occasion of great consequence. The Spartans formed the exclusive governing body of the state, and the others were completely at their mercy. All had to pay the property-tax, but it is said not to have been so rigidly exacted from Spartan citizens as from the rest of the population.

The slave or rather serf community were a Grecian tribe called Helots, and were supposed to have been the pre-existing inhabitants of Laconia, reduced to slavery by the conquering Spartans. They were bound to the soil, and lived in the rural villages, 'cultivating their lands, and paying over their rent to the master at Sparta; but enjoying their homes, wives, families, and mutual neighbourly feelings, apart from the master's view. They were never sold out of the country, and probably never sold at all; belonging not so much to the master as to the state, which constantly called upon them for military service, and recompensed their bravery or activity with a grant of freedom.' 'The Helots,' continues Mr Grote, 'were thus a part of the state, having their domestic and social sympathies developed, a certain power of acquiring property, and the consciousness of Grecian lineage and dialect—points of marked superiority over the foreigners who formed the slave population of Athens or Chios.' They were also the domestic servants of the Spartan household, as well as the slaves employed by the government in the public business of the town.

By what means a discipline so rigid and severe could be at first imposed upon any people is a curious question, but unsusceptible of being answered.

* Women might possess property at Sparta, but not at Athens.

The traditions point back to the ninth century before Christ as the time of its institution; and Lycurgus is named as the founder, he having been called upon by the state to provide a remedy for a condition of disorder and abuse that could no longer be tolerated—the same motive that led to the better-known legislation of Solon at Athens between two and three centuries later. The internal suffering, the personal ascendancy of Lycurgus, and the influence of the Delphian Oracle, are the only known influences that could be brought to support an innovation seemingly as outrageous and wild as the schemes of the most extravagant political theorist. But whatever the means of introducing it, the discipline itself was a subject of careful study to all the political philosophers of Greece, and it was to them a memorable example of what training could do for individuals or communities. The enlightened Athenian philosopher would naturally wish that the education of youth should comprehend a wider range of accomplishments than the Spartan curriculum, but he was so impressed with the efficacy of the training system, that he considered it indispensable in securing the high virtues and desirable accomplishments of a citizen. The Spartan example, in the treatment of women, likewise produced an impression upon the speculative Plato, who, in his 'Republic,' proposed to bring them under a system of physical training as well as the youth of the masculine sex. At the same time it is to be understood, that in Athens and in any cultivated city of Greece, the amount of training and discipline imposed on the youth by custom, and on the grown-up men by themselves, was far higher than anything experienced in modern Europe. Moreover, the full force of the Spartan energy of action and endurance cannot be appreciated without taking into account the scorching and enervating heat that had to be endured by a population resident in the thirty-eighth parallel of latitude.

The foregoing detail applies almost exclusively to the period when Grecian life had attained its highest perfection—that is, to the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ. The materials of such a description are primarily obtained from the literature of those and subsequent times, and from the commentators who wrote before the peculiar features of Greek society had become effaced by time and change, or had come to be forgotten through the loss of a large amount of original records. It is next to impossible to trace the growth of the state of things that we have attempted to describe, owing to the absence of information relative to the antecedent stages which the nation must have passed through. Almost the only helps for this end are the poems of Homer, which reflect the system of life of a period about four centuries earlier, and the works of Hesiod, dating about the seventh century before Christ. The descriptions given by Homer are evidently true to his own time, and afford a very striking contrast to the age of full-grown Greek society. We should require to go back eight or ten centuries to make as great a remove from the civilisation of our own time, as the Homeric period differed from the fifth century succeeding it.

We have not room for more than a slight reference to one or two of the more remarkable contrasts between these two epochs with regard to the system of private life. The condition of the women had altered materially

in the interval. In the earlier period they were much less cooped up within doors, but this was only that they might perform a larger amount of servile drudgery. Their greater usefulness made them more respected, and totally altered their situation in the affair of marriage. Instead of each bringing a dowry to her husband, the suitor had to make a present to the father of his bride in order to gain consent; a state of things always indicating that women are chiefly valued for their labours and usefulness. In the primitive times, when this arrangement holds, the mistress of a house and her maid-servants are on an exact equality in point of refinement, and perform the very same menial labours together. The book of Genesis affords a state of society the exact parallel in this respect of the Homeric Greeks.

Closely connected with this peculiarity is the regard paid to manual labour in general in those times. Handicraft industry in Homer is clothed with a dignity and a poetic interest that we find nowhere else. The monarch of those times, to use the condensed description of Mr Grote, 'must be brave in the field, wise in the council, and eloquent in the agora: he must be endued with bodily strength and activity above other men, and must be an adept, not only in the use of arms, but also in those athletic exercises which the crowd delight to witness. Even the more homely varieties of manual acquirements are an addition to his character—such as the craft of the carpenter or the shipwright, the straight furrowing of the ploughman, or the indefatigable persistence of the mower without repose or refreshment throughout the longest day.' In the historical times of Greece, manual labour came to have the same association with a mean position as it bears in our own time; and Homer may almost be said to stand alone and unrivalled as the poet of industry and handicraft.

Without entering fully into the state of law, government, and society in the early period, it is impossible to make obvious the enormous strides that had been taken from the ninth to the fifth century before Christ; but the following sentences from the same authority bring together the notable deficiencies in the various arts at the former of the two epochs: —'Neither coined money, nor the art of writing, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor imaginative architecture, belong to the Homeric and Hesiodic times. Such rudiments of arts, destined ultimately to acquire so great a development in Greece, as may have existed in those early days, served only as a sort of nucleus to the fancy of the poet, to shape out for himself the fabulous creations ascribed to Hephæstus or Dædalus. No statues of the gods, not even of wood, are mentioned in the Homeric poems. All the many varieties in Grecian music, poetry, and dancing—the former chiefly borrowed from Lydia and Phrygia—date from a period considerably later than the first Olympiad (776 B.C.) Terpander, the earliest musician whose date is assigned, and the inventor of the harp with seven strings, instead of that with four strings, does not come until the 26th Olympiad, or 676 B.C.'

LADY MARJORY ST JUST.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS the only child of Lord St Just, an impoverished nobleman, whose income barely sufficed to keep up an appearance suitable to his rank. I saw scarcely any change in my father's aspect from the time when I can first remember him: his scattered hairs were gray, and his tall attenuated form was bent; but there were no strong indications of decay, which nevertheless gradually went on, and in the same ratio as the young sapling shot upwards. The parent trunk had been bared of all its other glories, and was ready for the woodman's axe. I was an infant, they told me, when my mother 'went to Heaven;' the sole survivor of a numerous family, all of whom had died in childhood before I was born—born, alas! not to bless and solace that gentle mother, whose loving eyes closed for ever almost as soon as she heard my first faint cry. While, from repeated bereavements, my father tremblingly clasped me to his bosom, dreading to place his hopes on the delicate baby, yet in spite of his fears, he felt for me a redoubled tenderness as the last precious bequest of an adored wife. I was brought up under the care and management of Fibsey, the faithful nurse who had tended and mourned over all the departed little St Justs; and when I attained the age of eight years a governess was provided, who roused much jealousy in old Fibsey's kind foolish heart by speedily winning a large portion of those affections which I had hitherto divided among my father, herself, and the sweets of nature at Edenside.

Mrs Edmondstone was a widow lady, pale, mild, and middle-aged, with an only son, who was completing a college education, and intended for the service of the church. Basil Edmondstone sometimes came to see his mother, but he was not a favourite of mine: he was a serious youth, and did not fondle and coax me, as my Uncle Mertoun did, nor would he call me 'Countess May;' and yet he had gentle, pleasant ways too with a child. This uncle was my mother's brother, the Earl of Mertoun, and I had ever been taught to consider myself his heiress: he was a bachelor, well advanced in years, and there seemed every probability that I must eventually succeed to the earldom, which is one of the few in this country that are exempted from the Salic law. He always designated me his 'pretty

Countess May,' and I well understood that it was a title of distinction, and to be coveted, and I was proud and vain as a peacock. My father's estates were strictly entailed on male issue, and in default of such, descended to a distant branch. Very rarely Uncle Mertoun visited Edenside, but when he did, it was a gala-day with me; and I watched, in a state of the utmost excitement, the approach of his equipage as the four splendid bays slackened pace up the slopes and defiles. And well I might, for he never came empty-handed, showering beautiful and expensive gifts upon me, to say nothing of the welcome music he whispered in my ears, ringing the changes in every variety on the theme of my future glories!

My father lived much in his library, and I was but seldom with him: sorrow and disappointment had rendered him unsociable and nervous, and whenever he took me in his arms, the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. Yet never a day passed without a bestowal of the fervent benediction—'God bless and keep thee, my darling!' Mrs Edmondstone, my governess, erred on the side of over-indulgence: she was one of those worthy matrons who look leniently on the vanities and follies of the young—saying 'that troubles come soon enough, and 'twere pity to break the spirit which must bend of its own accord by and by.' And had it been otherwise, Fibsey would have turned restive. I was the lamb saved out of a fine flock, and I must be left free to roam amid the green pastures and still waters, gathering health and vigour from every breeze that blew.

Beautiful Edenside! and quaint, beautiful old Fibsey! Surely never child or lamb had such lovely pastures to disport in, or listened to such marvellous antique songs and fables as delighted my childish ear! Then it was so charming to retail them to Uncle Mertoun, for he was in all respects like an overgrown schoolboy, and an attentive listener to the saucy prattle of 'Countess May.' I told him that angels flew over the house at night, showering down bright dreams from their starry perfumed wings, and that good people caught them as they fell. I told him that the shooting-stars were heavenly messengers, speeding on their flights of love and glory; and that the innumerable spirits sleeping among the leaves of the aspen-tree caused it to shiver. I took him to see the fairy rings, and the charmed well of Edenside; the well on whose clear surface was mirrored, once a year, the future of those who gazed with implicit faith! For my own part I had begun to study the 'Arabian Nights,' and I confided to my uncle that I had but one wish in the world, and that was to be Queen Zobeide, to live in the enchanted palace of the good Haroun Alraschid! 'Nay, nay, Marjory St Just,' he answered with a giggle of delight; 'you wouldn't like your husband to have other wives, I suspect—better be "Countess May" at home.'

This ancestral home of mine was neither a castle nor an abbey, but there was a dry moat on whose sloping emerald sides clustering flowers shed perfume and radiance; while at one end of the vaulted entrance-hall, an oriel window of elaborate tracery and brilliantly-stained glass threw a dim mysterious light on the tesselated pavement, suggesting a conjecture of ecclesiastical origin. The dwelling stood on a hill-side, and we commanded a fine range of diversified scenery from the windows of our sunny parlour—half nursery, half school-room, and at length half boudoir; for at Edenside there were no appointments of modern luxury—faded

hangings and antique furniture alone were to be found throughout the bare and deserted apartments. Yet the spot well deserved its name of Edenside, for dark waving woods, shining waters, hill and valley, frowning granite crags, and patches of the loveliest greensward, met the eye everywhere, in apparently wild confusion, but confusion of a picturesque and enchanting description. The low massive building itself, with ivied buttress and rambling additions, all gray and crumbling nevertheless, seemed as if it grew out of the acclivity whereon it spread; and at evening fall even the gray rocks and gray lichens, sombre walls fantastically festooned, and recesses wherein owls and bats disported, presented no sad aspect to my imagination. For did I not know where periwinkles crept abundantly among the crevices, and where early violets hid? where hyacinths bloomed, whose faint delicious odours haunt me now? to say nothing—oh! nothing —of acknowledged garden houris, roses and lilies, and their sister bands of cultivated beauties?

'When I am a great lady, Fibsey,' said I confidentially, 'I shall wish for one thing above all others—and that is for continual sunshine.'

'And where would the verdure and flowers be, my dear,' suggested Mrs Edmondstone, 'if you banish clouds and rain?'

'Ah, I never thought of that; but I do so love sunshine!'

'There is a sunshine *within*, Lady Marjory,' responded my governess, 'which money cannot purchase; and as you grow older and wiser, I hope you will understand and realise the fact.'

I pondered over these words, and talked much to Fibsey about 'sunshine within;' and when Uncle Mertoun came to Edenside, I mentioned the matter to him: he laughed, and said 'that Mrs Edmondstone was a very worthy woman, but that in a few years hence the dazzling scenes of life would cause me to forget her prosy talk.' I pondered over these words also, and came to the sage conclusion, that in those unknown regions beyond the tall tree-tops were the dazzling scenes alluded to, far more to be desired for the future than the flowers, and birds, and solitude of Edenside. From that time forth, by slow and imperceptible degrees, my thoughts all centered in anticipations of shadowy glories to come. I did not think of my uncle's death without weeping, for he had ministered to my childish vanities and pleasures as no one else had done, and I loved him dearly; but more than once I asked Fibsey how long he was likely to live, because I could not wear the diamond coronet which Earl Mertoun said was laid up for me until he had gone to Heaven, where all my little brothers and sisters and my dear mamma awaited him. Basil Edmondstone overhearing such a query, called me to his side, and bade me remember that I might be summoned from this world even before my uncle; with impressive seriousness he added somewhat concerning an immortal crown alone worth coveting. This made me very low-spirited, and Basil's dark eyes seemed to haunt me with a look of reproach whenever I was proud or vain: I knew that he was good and gifted, for I had heard Uncle Mertoun say so, therefore I could not disregard his words. But Fibsey was angry, and declared 'she would not have Lady Marjory frightened and moped: such gloomy talk was enough to kill a child; and parsons ought to keep their preachments to their pulpits.'

Mrs Edmondstone was no match for Fibsey, and to Fibsey I always

resorted for consolation and sympathy—the burthen of her song ever being, 'Never mind, dearie; never mind; you'll be Countess May yet, and wear your diamond coronet, and make sunshine round wherever you go, spite of all the governesses and parsons in the world.'

Thus it was, that without being exactly discontented, I learned to regard the future with hope, as holding forth prospects of happiness, which, however, assumed no tangible form, but seemed to embody everything that was pleasant and delightful. I knew what poverty meant, comparatively of course; for Lord St Just had acquired the bitter lesson, and had not been able to conceal it entirely from his daughter. But it never occurred to me that my Uncle Mertoun, who was so free and generous, might have extended a helping hand towards my father; perhaps Lord St Just would not have accepted it, preferring self-denial and independence. At anyrate I had not then discerned the truth, and I did not think my uncle selfish and silly. If my father did so, he kept his opinion to himself: he was a reserved, silent man; his voice was low and sad, and his gait slow; and when we used to saunter down the hill towards the valley and the streams, it was with difficulty he could ascend it again. My heart often sank as I gazed on his bent form, and at those times I wished for Basil Edmondstone to discourse concerning the better land, a topic which my father loved to dwell upon; but Basil had gone abroad as tutor to young Lord Morley; and our retirement was unbroken, for Uncle Mertoun's visits became less frequent than formerly, and at length ceased altogether.

II.

I had attained my eighteenth year when Mrs Edmondstone left us to reside with her son, who had been presented to the living of Barley Wood by his pupil Lord Morley; and to my great joy it was only distant about ten miles from Edenside. Basil had resided with us for some weeks at my father's urgent request, for his grief nearly equalled mine at the idea of parting with Mrs Edmondstone; and he desired to retain her beneath our roof as long as possible, until every arrangement was completed, and no further excuse for delay presented itself.

Lord Morley's mother, a lady of well-known philanthropy, wrote to my father, recommending as the successor of Mrs Edmondstone a young lady, who had filled the situation of companion to her daughter, in consequence of whose marriage, which had just taken place, the candidate, Mrs Danton, was desirous of finding another congenial home. Lady Morley spoke of her in the highest terms, assuring my father that she considered Mrs Danton a desirable addition to the family circle in all respects; and that her age would probably render her a pleasanter companion for me than even the worthy, sedate Mrs Edmondstone. Mrs Danton was of Spanish origin, but the widow of an English officer; 'her Hidalgo blood,' added Lady Morley, 'only infusing into her the proper and laudable pride of wishing to be independent of her father's family.' My father entertained a profound respect for Lady Morley's opinion, and he was accordingly strongly prepossessed in favour of Mrs Danton, and eager to secure her ser-

vices. When Basil Edmondstone heard this arrangement canvassed—and Lord St Just gave him Lady Morley's letter to read—he appeared strangely confused and startled; his manner, coupled with words he let fall, causing my father to ask him if he was acquainted with Mrs Danton, and what opinion he had formed of her.

Basil Edmondstone's manner was at all times so perfectly self-possessed, and yet courteous and gentle, that when he exhibited this unwonted perturbation we naturally became curious in proportion to ascertain the cause. But he seemed to find speech difficult, and hesitatingly said, 'I scarcely know how to answer you candidly, Lord St Just; for it is a grave thing to withhold or give an opinion of one about to become domesticated in your family, and the intimate companion of Lady Marjory.'

'It is for that reason, Mr Edmondstone,' replied my father, 'that I desire to know the result of any observations you may have made on Mrs Danton's disposition, character, and demeanour in general. On Lady Morley's judgment I have implicit reliance so far as it goes; but I am aware that her ladyship's public avocations and charities prevent her attending so much to her private duties as perhaps might be desirable—while her daughter, lately married, was one of the gayest beauties who figured in the fashionable world. That of course is not against Mrs Danton, as no doubt she used all her influence for good.'

'I only saw Mrs Danton,' replied Basil Edmondstone, 'in the retirement of Lady Morley's country seat; and I certainly am surprised, from what I saw of her at that time, that she should voluntarily seek permanent seclusion; but perhaps she is not aware that her routine of life at Edenside would be one of privacy and simplicity?' Basil added with a hopeful look.

'Yes; Mrs Danton is fully aware of all particulars,' replied my father; 'but do you infer that such a mode of life might be distasteful to her—and for what reason?'

'My judgment would have led me to form this supposition,' answered Basil; 'but my reasons for doing so are more difficult to define. A very delicate pencil is required to paint a fair lady's faults, if faults there be'—— Again he hesitated, coloured, and became painfully confused. 'But may I be understood to depict a certain degree of restlessness—a need of the stimulus of excitement, which I thought characterised Mrs Danton, and led me to conclude that solitude might prove irksome. She is a highly-accomplished lady, and, I have no doubt, an agreeable companion.'

'But Basil, my dear,' broke in Mrs Edmondstone, 'is she amiable and affectionate? You have not told us that?'

'I had no opportunity of judging, mother,' replied the son, as he added with a smile, 'these are close questions, and hardly fair, I think, to discuss.' And so the subject dropped, my dear father evidently pondering on what had passed, but coming to a pleasant conclusion in the end; for, said he to me, 'Mrs Danton is very anxious to come; and as she knows our mode of life, Marjory, my child—for Lady Morley has concealed nothing from her—we must naturally infer that, even if the opinion our good Basil formed of the lady was a correct one formerly, she has now changed her tastes, and become reconciled to a quiet life—such as is held out for her acceptance at Edenside.'

But when, eventually, my father told Basil that everything was settled, and that Mrs Danton was to be an inmate of our dear home, I could see a shadow of uneasiness pass athwart Mr Edmondstone's speaking countenance, which betokened a mind disturbed; and this impression communicated itself to me, for I had learned unconsciously to treasure and venerate all Basil's opinions, and to look up to him as my best authority on all points.

Not that I willingly allowed him to suppose such was the case, for I strenuously endeavoured to impress him with ideas of my own vast importance, and my great future expectations—vainly endeavoured, because whatever airs or impertinences I indulged in, they fell back on myself with redoubled force. For there was in Basil Edmondstone a certain grave self-respect (he never forgot his sacred office), tempered, indeed, with affability, which made me feel contemptible in my own esteem when displaying these vagaries before him: he was my superior in all respects, for I knew that, in virtue of his high calling, he claimed more than an equality as to temporal rank, and that he held mere temporal wealth but as means to an end—regarding men as stewards, hereafter to give an account of their stewardship. In short, there was no patronising Basil Edmondstone. I talked to him about my earldom in prospective, and he looked grave; I joked about hope deferred, and he gently rebuked me; I pouted, and tried to quarrel with him, but I read an indefinable *something* in the sad expression of his eyes—beautiful eyes they were!—which made me unable to continue my folly, and brought tears to my own, and blushes to my cheek. Then, angry with myself, that I—the future Countess of Mertoun—should stand abashed before *him*, I adopted an unbecoming hauteur—equally futile and useless, for Basil was imperturbably polite, kind, and considerate.

'I wonder if Mrs Danton is handsome?' I found myself inwardly saying over and over again. And from wondering if Mrs Danton was handsome, and hoping that she was *not*, I gained imperceptibly a knowledge of my own heart; and read there, alas! a page full of love and jealousy. Yet pride was stronger; and I determined to blot it out, and to remember how far apart Basil Edmondstone and I were in worldly condition. He never forgot it; of that fact I felt well assured, so far as worldly observances went.

There was an indescribable blank at Edenside when Mrs Edmondstone and her son had departed. There was sunshine without—the child's wishes were realised; but round the woman's path shadowy clouds were gathering, which already faintly obscured the sunshine within.

III.

Could it be possible that the presence of one individual had wrought such a change in the aspect of all things? or was it that I viewed them through a different medium, while the circumstances themselves remained unchanged?

Mrs Danton was singularly beautiful; and yet I felt no jealousy now,

for she spoke carelessly of Basil Edmondstone, called him a poor parson, and when I extolled him, and took his part with heightened colour and flashing eyes, she smiled, and said that I was a 'true champion for the absent.' I could not feel angry with her, for she captivated and enthralled me. Her extreme sweetness and gentleness of voice and manner, varied accomplishments, and constant flow of spirits, might have accounted for this captivation on my part, for I had never seen any one like her before. But it was not even these attractions which enchained me so completely; it was, that Mrs Danton identified herself with my hopes and wishes, and that, in an incredibly short space of time, I had intrusted her with all my secret and cherished aspirations: one subject alone excepted, but that I scarcely whispered to myself. Yet what secret escaped her scrutiny?—though she appeared to exercise no penetration, indulge no curiosity, her peculiar softness of demeanour, bordering on indolence, being redeemed only by a dash of wild playfulness, tender and winning as the pretty ways of some brilliantly-plumaged, delicate pet bird! Perfectly happy and contented with her lot she apparently was; describing the scenes in which she had mingled with graphic force, and picturing the gay world in such exciting and fairy-like colours, that I wondered she was resigned to quit it. She told me that I was formed to enjoy these delights, and to reign a star of the first magnitude, hinting that it was sad to see my youth buried in solitude; by slow and imperceptible degrees leading me to speak of my uncle's death as the only prospect of ultimate release.

I moved about in a sort of whirl or trance. In sleep I heard sounds of joyous music, and beheld lighted festal halls, wherein crowds of noble cavaliers worshipped at my shrine! I began to entertain an extravagant opinion of my own beauty and talents, and to think that Mrs Edmondstone and her son had underrated them. I grew weary of Edenside, and longed to fly away with Mrs Danton to realise my blissful dreams! Had any one asked me how all this was brought about, and if Mrs Danton had done it, I could not have given a satisfactory elucidation; for she was always cheerful herself, never complained of ennui, but sang and talked, and made the days pass swiftly. As to my father, he was perfectly charmed with our new inmate, and, contrary to his usual habit, he more than once remained in my apartment to listen to Mrs Danton's music; while even old Fibsey, now querulous and infirm, especially patronised Mrs Danton, that lady having listened respectfully to some of her most marvellous tales, and also adopted a specific remedy for cold, which no persuasions of nurse had ever induced Mrs Edmondstone to try.

'Mrs Danton is a sensible woman,' quoth Fibsey, 'though she be a foreigner like; and it does one's bones good to hear her merry laugh, for all the world like the tinkle-tinkle of the wether-bell from the distant sheiling coming across flowers and meadows, and making one think of all sorts of happy things. She's a bonny leddy; bless her lovely eyes, that melt like moonbeams on the dark sleeping waters!'

So it was: Mrs Danton gained the affections and good-will of all, whilst I absolutely clung to her, and much marvelled how I had contrived to drag on my monotonous existence when I had not her to talk to and confide in. Our constant theme of conversation was my uncle—his absence, and reported

ill health. There was no one to check or rebuke me now; no grave looks; but Mrs Danton spoke of Earl Mertoun's decease as an event to be almost 'hoped for;' adding, 'What a comfort it would be to Lord St Just to witness his daughter's elevation prior to his own summons home!' Viewing it in this light, it seemed no longer sinful or unfeeling to indulge anticipations of a brilliant future career; while the total cessation of his visits threw the film of distance between my once kind uncle and me, and I came gradually to regard him as a stranger or a memory. The past was forgotten; the present unheeded; 'and youth, health, rank, wealth, and beauty, all united in the person of Countess May,' summed up my friend, mimicking Fibsey's voice and manner. For Mrs Danton inherited that dangerous gift—she was an admirable mimic; even the worthy Mrs Edmondstone did not escape her; and I was weak and wicked enough to laugh at many such unkind exhibitions of miscalled talent.

I had watched the meeting which took place between Basil Edmondstone and Mrs Danton, soon after the arrival of the latter, with considerable interest. She accompanied me to Barley Wood; but I knew not how it was, Mrs Danton seemed out of her element there. The church and parsonage were both antiquated buildings; there was a homeliness, a substantial sort of comfort and sense of repose, pervading the place; a peace and holiness, if I may use the term, with which our worldly discussions and gay laughter had nothing to do. When there, a dim, lurking sensation of regret that Mrs Danton was my chosen intimate always arose in my heart. I remembered her mockery of dear, simple Mrs Edmondstone, and I was stricken with shame that I had encouraged it, and wept as my early preceptress clasped me in her arms, fondly calling me her darling child.

Mrs Danton seemed quite at ease, laughing, talking, and admiring everything; Basil was more reserved and silent than usual, though I detected a slight embarrassment when he first addressed my companion—a slight mounting of colour in his cheek, and a singular expression in his eloquent eye—such an expression that I had never encountered, thank Heaven! although I tried in vain to interpret it; but he quickly regained self-command, and assumed the courtesy of a host.

My father wished Mrs Edmondstone and her son to come to Edenside; but he excused himself on the plea of manifold pressing duties and occupations, though he added earnestly, 'When I can be of any essential use or comfort to Lord St Just, you know where to find me, Lady Marjory.' The words were conventional, but the manner in which they were spoken penetrated my heart; and as we rode back through the corn-fields and smiling pastoral lands, it seemed as if I had left peace of mind behind me. And yet our own fair Edenside was my childhood's home, and beautiful as ever. Alas! clouds were obscuring the 'sunshine within!'

I was now in a kind of feverish excitement: vexed and dissatisfied that Mrs Danton had gained such an ascendancy over me, which I could by no means shake off, though she was but six years my senior. It was I who was restless and dissatisfied, to whom excitement seemed necessary, not Mrs Danton. Surely Basil's opinion of her had been unjust, and was not my impatience of her influence unjust likewise?

'There is a mystery which I must fathom,' thought I. 'What has Mrs Danton done to offend Basil?—for, despite her beauty and fascination, he neither likes nor admires her, of that I am certain. I am not so sure, however, of her feelings towards him, notwithstanding her assumed indifference.' Assumed!—for excellent as her acting was, she had not altogether deceived me; my woman's heart was on the alert—for, alas! inexperienced silly girl as I was, I had already learned something of that mystic lore which is made up of trifles light as air.

I had observed Mrs Danton quail beneath Basil Edmondstone's open, truthful glance; I had also observed a momentary flash as she raised the drooping lids of her languishing eyes, which absolutely scared me. It was a lightning-flash, terrific in its passionate corruscation; but the silken fringes fell instantaneously, and veiled the storm-burst. Yes, it was but for a second; but that second had revealed Mrs Danton as a Medea in her reproaches and her agony. What a contrast to the gentle, playful, winning creature whom I had learned to love and fondle! I questioned her closely; but she evaded all my queries, assuring me that I was fanciful, and that she was not a favourite of Mr Edmondstone's, that was all.

'But is he not a favourite of yours?' I persisted, remarking the warm colour which suffused her clear olive complexion as she vainly strove to hide her face.

'Ah!' she replied with a forced laugh, 'he is a very worthy creature, too handsome and engaging for a mere country parson. But, Lady Marjory St Just, allow me to question you in my turn—is not Mr Edmondstone an especial favourite of yours?'

Vehemently assuring her that I had known him from his boyhood since I was an infant—that I regarded Mrs Edmondstone in the light of a mother, and Basil as a brother—covered with blushes, stammering, and protesting—I became inextricably involved in a labyrinth of falsehood, or, mildly speaking, equivocation. I was effectually silenced, however, nor ventured again to attack Mrs Danton on the delicate topic, while she regarded me with evident amusement, saying, 'You are as agitated, Lady Marjory, as if I had accused you of *loving* Mr Edmondstone: nothing so preposterous entered my imagination, I assure you, as that the beautiful, high-born Countess of Mertoun should bestow her affections so unworthily.'

'I am not Countess of Mertoun yet, Mrs Danton,' whispered I in a faltering voice.

'But you soon will be!'

Prophetic words! Shortly after this conversation, we had returned one day from an expedition to Barley Wood—where we often paid a flying visit, Mrs Danton taking the reins of our pony phaeton, being a skilful charioteer—to find the household at Edenside in a state of confusion and excitement—a summons having arrived express from Fonthill Abbey, my uncle's magnificent seat, requiring my father's immediate presence, as Earl Mertoun was not expected to live for many hours.

How my heart throbbed as I witnessed the departure of Lord St Just! my tears flowed when I thought of my dying uncle, boyishly good-natured and caressing as he had ever shown himself towards me. They were, however, but April tears, quickly succeeded by sunshine, as one variable mood chased another.

Two days subsequent to my father's departure, an official notification made me acquainted with my uncle's death; and I heard Mrs Danton's sweetly-whispered congratulation—'Long may the beautiful Countess of Mertoun live to enjoy her dignity!'

My father did not write to me, and I became surprised and uneasy at his silence, for I knew that he would remain at Fonthill until after the funeral obsequies were performed. Days passed over; the silence was ominous, and a strange creeping presentiment of evil took possession of my soul: even Mrs Danton was not exempt from the influence of a foreboding which too soon was fully realised.

Lord St Just returned to Edenside—not alone, and not to greet me, as Mrs Danton had done, but accompanied by a little boy of three years old, whom he introduced to my notice as the Earl of Mertoun—my deceased uncle's legitimate son by a private marriage with a girl of humble origin, who had died shortly after the child's birth. Shame had prevented my uncle's betrayal of the secret, and some contrition for having disappointed me; but on the deathbed things wore a different aspect, and he acknowledged his son's rights, confiding him to the sole guardianship of Lord St Just and the tender mercies of Cousin Marjory!

IV.

I can write these particulars *now*—and it might have seemed as if I was calm and reconciled *then*. I was, in fact, stunned by the heavy blow at first—the shock overwhelmed me—an evil genius was by my side, and no oil was poured on my rankling wounds. Rage and blackness usurped the place of woman's better nature, and the bitterest hate towards the unoffending child, who had not an adherent at Edenside save my noble-hearted father. Fibsey, contrary to her nurse-like propensities, flatly refused to have aught to do with the interloper; the other ancient retainers muttering among themselves 'that it was too bad for their young lady!' Mrs Danton shared my sorrows; but to my surprise and chagrin her behaviour took a different turn shortly, and she bestowed many endearments and caresses on the infant earl, who on his part, poor little thing! turned from the serious old faces surrounding him to the lovely, beaming countenance which looked kindly on his forlorn state. I taxed Mrs Danton with hypocrisy, and with clinging to the strong: her answer was remarkable: 'If I am a hypocrite, Lady Marjory, it is for you, and to do you service.'

What could she mean? Was her love for the child assumed, and for what purpose? My father was grateful and pleased when he watched little Cecil's fondness for Mrs Danton, and her attention to his ward; for though, God knows, I endeavoured to school my heart, it was awfully rebellious; nor could I feel or assume a tenderness which had no place there. Cecil was a fair, delicate child, and had evidently been much humoured, and frequently was fractious and naughty. I loathed his screams and cries, and his presence unnerved me; while Fibsey declared he was a changeling of the fairy-folk, and never would come to any good, though he *was* Earl of rtoun!

Mrs Danton disliked children, which made her mode of procedure more extraordinary; and she speedily lost favour with Fibsey, who detested double-faces, and folks who left other folks when their golden days were flown! Yet I felt in my heart's core that Fibsey was unjust to Mrs Danton; and that if she was playing a part, it was in some unaccountable manner to do me, as she had said, 'service.'

If my heart ever misgave me, it was when Basil Edmondstone came to Edenside, and I saw that he noted with pleased surprise Mrs Danton's motherly demeanour towards the young earl: it was but for a little while these misgivings arose—for never heretofore had Basil been so kind and tender towards me—so deferential and observant; while I read a language in his eye which made me almost ready to embrace my cousin with affection, and exclaim 'this loss is my gain!' Mrs Danton had read that language too; she knew that, as the poor Lady Marjory St Just, daughter of a ruined man, Basil Edmondstone might aspire to my hand, for he was well born—his ancestors of nobility equal to my own. But as the heiress of princely wealth, the gulf was impassable: Basil never would overstep it, even were a helping or beckoning hand extended. Again I observed the fiercely-flashing eye and compressed lips; but she bent over the child, and toyed with his flaxen ringlets, while I for the first time embraced my little cousin. Short-lived amity! The siren's voice was at my ear—she exerted all her powers of fascination to wean me from my dreams of love and peace—and, alas! succeeded. Were my days to be passed in this dull monotonous routine for ever?—beauty such as mine blooming in a desert!—poverty closing around me—and a life of comparative penury in store! Oh it was cruelly unjust, and I had a right to be angry and discontented! I listened and believed; and Mrs Danton wept with me, murmuring, as she placed her hand on my aching brow—'Life is always uncertain—the child Cecil is delicate—there is *still hope*.' I looked up in her face; the twilight shadows were gathering at Edenside, but a darker shadow than of twilight rested there. What did it portend? I knew not, yet shudderingly turned away.

'I am sure that Master Mertoun looks well enough,' said Fibsey (she never would give the child his rightful title); 'and yet Madam Danton most makes more fuss about the brat, and his precious health forsooth, than we did about all those little suffering angels as are gone to Heaven along with your dear ma—— I declare it provokes me to see her a-codling and a-pampering the sour-tempered babe, and a-telling my lord that he is a delicate plant; but I don't believe it: no—not I.'

This was fact, however; and Mrs Danton persisted in assuring my father and every one else that little Cecil was a sickly child, and required the utmost care and tending. My father took it all for granted, and merely said, 'Do not spoil him overmuch, my dear Mrs Danton: I fear your kind motherly heart may get the better of your wise head, you seem so fond of my interesting charge.' He added more impressively, placing his hand on her arm, to arrest attention—'I need not remind you of the peculiar and delicate position in which I am placed as guardian to this boy: my honour is concerned in his wellbeing. Man could give no higher proof of confidence in another's integrity than my deceased brother-in-law did, by committing his son to the sole care of one whose own hopes are

completely frustrated by that son's existence—an existence rendered doubly precious to me in consequence.'

Meekly, and with downcast eyes, Mrs Danton listened to Lord St Just, assuring him in return that she fully entered into and comprehended his feelings, and that she was devoted to his interests and to Lady Marjory's.

'I do not think the Earl of Mertoun will live to be reared,' whispered Mrs Danton to me in a careless way as we sat at our embroidery: 'I have hinted as much to your papa. Of course we are all *very* anxious for the child's welfare.' I looked up from my work, and met her eyes. What did I see there to rivet my gaze?—an inquiring mysterious expression, which seemed to say, 'Do you understand me?' But I did not understand her, and simply replied, 'Yes, indeed we are; for it would be very sad for papa if anything went wrong with Cecil.'

'Very sad for Lord St Just if anything went wrong with Cecil,' she repeated slowly and musingly. 'Yes, yes, certainly it would; but not if the boy died a natural death, or even by a *natural accident*.' Her voice sounded so hollow and unnatural as she said this, that, amazed, I exclaimed, 'By *accident*, Mrs Danton! Heaven forbid such a dire misfortune should befall us! Why do you frighten me so?'

'I have no intention to frighten you, Lady Marjory,' she answered quietly; 'I merely spoke a passing thought—spoke of a possibility, not of a probability: accidents *do* sometimes happen, you know,' she continued; looking at me with a smile so full of dark meaning, that, scared and bewildered, the work fell from my hands as I tremblingly cried, 'Why do you speak in this manner, Mrs Danton? Have you any forebodings or apprehensions for the child's safety?'

'Ah, you know I am not superstitious, though I humour old Fibsey's nonsense; and as to apprehensions, life is uncertain to us all. Sickness or accident may remove this impediment from your path, and you still may inherit your rights, Lady Marjory—for rights I must ever consider them, though so cruelly set aside.'

She said this in her softest, blandest manner, keeping her eyes fastened on the embroidery before her; while I—almost alarmed at the ideas she had put into my head, and shrinking from them as they would return again and again—endeavoured to speak carelessly, but my voice faltered—'I think we ought not to contemplate the possibility of this child's removal, my dear friend: it seems dishonourable and cruel-minded to do so.'

She shrugged her shoulders, saying, 'You have been dishonourably and cruelly dealt by, Lady Marjory; nor can you help contemplating the possibility of that which I allude to, despite your efforts to the contrary.'

Her words rang in my ears when I was alone—'despite my efforts to the contrary,' creating painful disturbance in my mind. My hopes of worldly distinction and power, my ambitious schemes and vain projects, had all been dashed aside and annihilated; and now, when the first faint whisper was heard of another hope springing up, I had not strength to close my ears to the voice of the charmer, but permitted my thoughts to wander on the verge of that boundary-line which conscience—that sure monitor!—pro-

claimed with its 'still small voice' might not be passed without iniquity. These thoughts suggested—'The child *may* die; but I am sure I hope not.' Yes, I added the latter sentence; but the human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked above all created things, and did I deceive myself when I believed that I actually felt that hope?

Mrs Danton by degrees drew me on to discuss these waking dreams, until I became inured to them; they were but dreams, she said; and there was no harm in building castles in the air, which could not injure a mortal creature. So we gradually and imperceptibly fell into a strain of conversation which appeared quite natural and proper, as we hinted no wishes, but canvassed what 'might be;' yet 'pretty Countess May' fell on my ear with a harsh, grating sound, as in playful mood Mrs Danton once more mimicked poor old Fibsey's almost forgotten pet epithet.

Of late, Mrs Danton had carried on a constant correspondence with her relatives in Spain, informing us that she expected her brothers, Don Guzman and Don Felix d'Aguilar, to visit the English shores immediately: they were cruising in a pleasure yacht, and intended to touch at a place on the coast which was distant from Edenside about fifty miles across the country.

'They are persuading me to join them there,' said Mrs Danton, 'for it is some years since we met; and if Lord St Just, and you, Lady Marjory, can dispense with my stupid society for a week or two, I shall crave permission to go? I dote on the water, and it is just the season for enjoying those charming excursions which my brothers promise me.'

Of course we said all that was kind on the occasion, my dear father adding many gallant speeches, and remarking that he did not know what would become of little Cecil during 'Mamma Danton's' absence.

'By the by,' said Mrs Danton, as if struck by a sudden thought, 'it would do the darling a great deal of good to have some bracing sea dips; and if you will intrust him to me, Lord St Just, I shall be proud and delighted to take the dear boy with me.'

'But your brothers, my dear madam,' replied my father in a hesitating manner, yet looking pleased at the proposal; 'they may not like the presence of a spoiled child?'

'Oh, they will do whatever I bid them,' answered Mrs Danton laughingly; 'so we must consider it settled; and the earl accompanies me, together with his nurse.' The nurse was a sturdy peasant girl.

'May we not hope to see your brothers at Edenside, Mrs Danton?' said my father: 'we can promise them a cordial welcome, though I fear we are unprepared to do honour to noble guests, so far as exteriors are concerned.' Mrs Danton gracefully acknowledged the courtesy: there was a proud humility and sadness about Lord St Just whenever he alluded to his poverty. Then—— I always hated my uncle's memory and my uncle's son, and Mrs Danton read my inmost soul, and knew I did.

'Lady Marjory,' she whispered, 'be comforted—the child is going with me.'

Good Heavens! my blood curdled at her voice and manner. Was I mad? What did she mean to insinuate? Dared I ask her? No! I could not bring my tongue to frame a sentence. I must be a very wretch myself to suspect another of evil designs, and that other the gentle Mrs Danton!

'Away with these detestable suspicions,' I cried, 'or I shall go mad in reality: yet how her eyes haunt me—they imply more than tongue can express!' Fever was in my blood—I was miserable. I longed to fly to Barley Wood, and confide my feelings to Mrs Edmondstone and Basil. But what had I to confide? Mrs Danton, they knew, was anxious about the child's health for my father's sake, and she kindly proposed taking him with her to R—— for change of air and sea-bathing: *they* had not seen her looks or heard her voice, and how *dared* I hint my foul suspicions? I loathed myself, and began to doubt my sanity.

On the evening previous to Mrs Danton's departure, which was to take place at an early hour, in the morning, in order to perform the fifty miles' journey by easy stages for the child's sake, she joined me in the corridor, where I was pacing to and fro in the streaming moonlight.

'I fear you are not well, my dearest,' she said caressingly, passing her arm round me; 'you appear feverish and restless.'

'Oh, Mrs Danton,' I exclaimed, flinging myself on a settee, and burying my face in my hands, 'God knows what ails me; but I am haunted by horrid fancies which I cannot name—it is as if a demon had taken up his abode in my bosom!'

'You must take a composing draught, dear Lady Marjory,' she replied, 'and you will no doubt be quite well in the morning.' I know not what impulse caused me to kneel down beside her and crave forgiveness. 'Forgiveness!—for what?' she exclaimed: 'your looks are wild, dear Lady Marjory; what have I to forgive in you?'

'Injurious thoughts. Oh ask me no more; I dare not name them; but promise—— promise me to guard and watch over my uncle's son with fidelity and truth!'

It was her turn now to gaze with wild amazement on me, as with passionate emphasis she cried, 'Your acting is excellent, Lady Marjory St Just; but wherefore waste it on me? Why not reserve your strength for future emergencies, when the audience may be worthy of such display?'

So saying, she left me kneeling in the moonlight, pressing my hands on my throbbing temples, stupified and tearless. What had I done or said? Had I insulted Mrs Danton? Did she guess the thoughts that were swiftly passing through my mind, and abhor me for them? The wailing winds were sweeping round the gables, and waving the dark tree-tops like funereal plumes, seeming to my excited imagination as if innumerable wings were swiftly rushing past—good and guardian angels forsaking Edenside!

V.

Nights of delirium and days of exhaustion succeeded Mrs Danton's departure; Fibsey saw that I was ill, and plainly told me it was the sickness of the mind, urging me to confide my grief to her who had nurtured me from my birth, and received me from my dying mother's arms.

'Oh, Fibsey,' I cried, 'would that I dare tell you my misery—I comprehend it not myself. It seems as if some baneful unseen influence was

coiled around me, and that what I would not, that I think. Fibsey, did you ever hear there was madness in our family? Perhaps I am the victim of insanity.'

Tenderly and assiduously Fibsey sought to allay my fears, assuring me that the St Justs had always been considered a peculiarly sensible and well-conducted race; and that the shock and disappointment I had sustained on my uncle's death were quite sufficient to account for this derangement of my nervous system. Yes, that was it doubtless. I snatched at the idea: it was my nerves that were disordered; and Mrs Edmondstone, who came to Edenside, agreed with Fibsey, commiserating my pallid looks and wretched condition.

Racked nerves accounted for these morbid fancies and baleful visions when sleep brought no refreshment; but still—still, oh I was cunning, as mad people often are, and I knew it. I never hinted that it was the child's absence with Mrs Danton that worked upon me now; I never told them how I yearned to clasp him to my bosom, and hold him there in safety for evermore.

In Mrs Danton's letters she dwelt on the exhilarating enjoyment of their sea expeditions, when little Cecil, with his nurse, always accompanied them. At length she wrote that Don Guzman had sailed for Cadiz in his yacht, being suddenly summoned on urgent business. 'He left us this morning, but Felix remains here for the present; and as the day is calm, is waiting to row the earl and myself on the sunny sea, an exercise in which he delights. Unfortunately Fanny (the nurse) has a lethargic sick headache, which confines her to bed, consequently the charge of the dear boy devolves on me, and his spirits are so wildly exuberant, that he requires unceasing care and watchfulness, for if he fell overboard, I certainly should fling myself after him. Excuse this haste. I see the green speck on the waste of waters which is to bear so precious a freight. Felix is impatient: oars in hand. Adieu.'

What was there in this letter to account for my paroxysms of agony? The climax had come, and I was raving! I flew to my father: I told him that I had received a letter from Mrs Danton, which made me desirous of setting off instantly to join her; and when he expressed surprise, I told him that I could not bear to be separated from Mrs Danton, and that loneliness made me fearfully nervous. The good, guileless man said this was quite natural, that Edenside was dull for me, poor thing! And when I gave him Mrs Danton's epistle to read (I was impelled to do so by an impulse I could not resist), he continued—'Good creature! yes, I'm sure she would risk her own life to save the dear boy's: he is safe enough beneath her fostering wings. But it is unfortunate Fanny should be ill—such a strong blooming lass too! However, my darling girl, your wishes shall not be thwarted. I will myself accompany you as soon as you can get ready.'

'I am ready this moment, papa:' I exclaimed; 'I must go at once. Do you not see that Mrs Danton does not ask me to join her? It may not be agreeable, but I cannot help that. Let me go alone with Fibsey—I must not tear you from your quiet home, papa, dear, and I shall soon return well and strong again.'

These, and many more such representations, were needed ere my father gave his consent to my departure: but he was averse to quitting Eden-

side even for a day, and it would have proved a heavy punishment had he been compelled to sojourn at a watering-place, so that he was easily persuaded to forego the journey; and seeing my feverish restlessness increase, his permission at length was won.

Fibsey, indeed, had privately told my father that immediate change of scene and air would prove the best restorative, to say nothing of Mrs Danton's cheerful company. How far her own anticipations of a pleasant trip had to do with this sage advice I know not. We started the next day, intending to halt but once for rest and refreshment at a small roadside inn (the hostess of which was a gossip of Fibsey's) about twenty miles from the coast. Here we alighted: yes, I remember alighting, entering a parlour, and finding myself in Mrs Danton's arms. She looked pale and agitated, while Fanny sat cowering and weeping in a corner. They were on their way to Edenside, and had halted for the same purpose that we had. I looked hurriedly round, and my head swam. Where was the infant earl? '*Where?*' I screamed.

'Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory,' said Mrs Danton. Surely her eyes shot forth sparks of fire as I encountered their glare, her voice seeming to issue from a subterraneous cavern as she repeated, 'Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory. Pity me, not the child, who has gone to join his kindred angels. He sleeps in twenty-fathom water! Pity me: how am I to face Lord St Just?'

Nothing more—nothing more I heard or saw. Years seemed to pass, and in those years haunting demon eyes surrounded me on every side, shrieking voices screamed in my ears words of fiendish horror, while whispers more terrible and distinct in their import sounded close—close to my face like fiery breaths passing over it! A life—a long life was to come of chaotic and impenetrable blackness. Ages rolled on. I was borne along on sluggish rivers, slimy hands pressing me down beneath the surface! When I struggled, choking, the roar of ocean surges and the screams of a child mingled with everything!

Weeks, they said, I had lain at the roadside inn unable to be moved, tended night and day by Mrs Danton, assisted by Fibsey; and when I opened my eyes to gaze forth on the earth again, it was with such feeble perception, body and mind being both utterly shattered and prostrated, that I was as a helpless infant in the hands of my attendants.

Even when they carried me to Edenside—and I found that my home was desolate, and that I was an orphan—not a tear flowed, not a sigh escaped, merely a dim consciousness of overwhelming affliction pressed crushingly on my heart. Afterwards I knew the catastrophe of his sudden end—it was the disastrous blow which struck my father down. He accused himself of having permitted the precious child to leave his roof; his honour was tarnished, though he never cast a shadow of blame on Mrs Danton, who, he was told, had only been withheld by her brother from seeking a watery grave. The unfortunate boy, in unmanageable spirits, during a sudden squall, when the boat was difficult to manage, had been plunged into eternity. My father listened to the dismal tale, spoke but little, and a fit terminated his career of sorrow.

Gradually I awoke to realities at Edenside: Mrs Danton never quitted me—to her care I owed my life; in the ravings of delirium she had

smoothed my pillow, and now in the weakness of my utter prostration she watched over me as a mother watches a babe—exercising all her powers to soothe and solace, to fascinate and charm me.

I met the tender gaze of her soft eyes—and how could I have fancied they were ever fierce and passionate? Ah, it must have been a dream of fever! Her sweet voice sounded like subdued music, and yet—yet a serpent's folds seemed inextricably coiled around me; and when I impotently struggled to be free, they twined more firmly. I never questioned her. I was passive in her hands, and did whatever she bade me: she prohibited my seeing Mrs Edmondstone until I became stronger, the medical men enjoining perfect repose. When they addressed me as Countess of Mertoun, I felt an involuntary shudder convulse my frame. Mrs Danton noticed this—assuring me that time would work miracles, and reconcile me to the change.

I had formed determinations concerning the future, which I kept fast locked within the secret recesses of my inmost heart—saying to myself, 'I am too feeble yet; wait for a while, hapless Marjory!'

I went forth amid the birds and flowers again; and I gazed after the birds skimming the summer air afar off, wishing that I, too, had wings to flee away and be at rest.

As I grew stronger, Mrs Edmondstone was admitted to see me. I thought her manner cold and constrained, but all agitating topics were avoided. Mrs Danton was always present during these visits; and I observed that Mrs Edmondstone never looked at or addressed her, save when strict courtesy demanded it.

Another guest was now admitted at Edenside without my knowledge or permission—this was Don Felix d'Aguilar; and Mrs Danton seemed to view it as a matter of course that her brother should be almost domesticated beneath the same roof with her. I was hers—yes—*hers!* She claimed me by a silent, mysterious influence—as if I had invoked a Zamiel—ever ready to envelop me in the shadowy folds of a mantle of blackness.

I had seen pictures of Spanish brigands, and I thought that Mrs Danton's brother resembled one of these; but his manners were pleasing, though his appearance was fierce. It was by very slow degrees that his evident desire to please assumed the form of an assiduity which became offensive; nor was it possible for me to mistake the meaning of his attentions. Despite continued repulse on my part, the persecutions of Don Felix increased to such an unbearable extent, that, notwithstanding my weak state, I saw it was imperative that I summoned up courage to speak explicitly to Mrs Danton, and remonstrate with her, if necessary, on the annoyance her brother's presence caused me.

'My brother loves you, Lady Marjory,' she replied in answer to my mild representations: 'he woos you for his wife. Nor will you be degraded by union with a D'Aguilar, for our blood is more ancient than your own.'

'But it is impossible, Mrs Danton,' I exclaimed with more spirit than I had yet had the power to evince—'it is impossible that now, or at any future time, I can listen to your brother's addresses; and let me hope that,

after this explanation, I may be released from further persecution. My decision is unalterable; and you will oblige me by requesting your brother not to intrude upon me again.'

I had been led to speak thus by the provoking smile of insolence which distorted Mrs Danton's beauty: yes, absolutely distorted it. She looked a bold, designing, revengeful woman.

'This to *me*?' she cried in an angry, taunting voice; 'this to *me*? Is *this* your gratitude? Do you dare to brave me?'

'I understand you not, Mrs Danton,' my voice faltered; 'and I would fain hope that I am deeply grateful for your care during my long sickness, though I cannot see how even that may warrant your using such singular language.'

'I have witnessed your excellent acting more than once, Lady Marjory; or I should say, with all due deference, Countess of Mertoun!' Here she curtsied ironically.

'Oh, would to Heaven,' I cried, 'that the hated title were not mine!'

'You are a little too late in your wishes,' she continued in her former strain. 'You thought rather differently previous to my going to the coast.'

'Say not so, Mrs Danton; oh say not so, if you hope for mercy hereafter, or I shall be mad again! What you hint at is too frightful for me to contemplate, and live.'

'And yet you did not think it too frightful for me to do, Marjory St Just. You are young to be so consummate a hypocrite and deceiver!'

Her voice hissed in my ear, and I remembered the fiery breath that had fanned my cheeks when I lay in the roadside inn, when raging fever scorched my veins. Was delirium returning again, with the horrible visions of the past?

'Mrs Danton'—I spoke with unnatural calmness; I staked my all on her answer—'what dark deed do you allude to which you infer I was cognisant of?'

'Oh, this is too—too much!' She laughed wildly, as with the gestures of a fury she screamed, 'I *infer* nothing, but I affirm that you *wished* for the child's death, and I claim the price of his life at your hands: deny it on your peril! Consent to be the wife of Don Felix d'Aguilar, and your share in this deed—your share by abetting and consenting—shall be hushed up for ever. Refuse, and I will brand you to the world—to Basil Edmondstone. Ay, you may start, for I know your heart's secret—even to my own destruction! We will perish together. Think you to pass free—think you to escape—with such a debt as this between us? Remember, ere you decide, that revenge is sweet when love has flown.'

I knelt in abject misery before Mrs Danton, though a mist and gathering darkness seemed closing around me. I knelt, imploring her to recall those dreadful words: not to save me from exposure to the world and to Basil Edmondstone, for I was ready to swear that I would never see him more, if she would but express her belief that I had not wished the death of the innocent child by unfair means.

'Pay the price of his life,' she cried vehemently, 'and I will say whatever you desire, and *endeavour* to believe you!'

'Never! I deny the debt, and repel the charge with detestation,' I exclaimed, the proud, determined spirit of my ancestors swelling and boiling in my outraged, breaking heart. But, alas! my steps tottered, the room swam round, and my weakened frame lost a sense of mortal sorrow in the oblivion of long-continued insensibility.

VI.

For days succeeding this scene with Mrs Danton I was sensible of being closely watched, and literally a prisoner in my own house. Fibsey attended upon me, but she looked scared and bewildered, spoke little, and avoided entering into conversation. It is true that she was always accompanied by Mrs Danton, who had evidently regained all her former influence over the old woman, doubtless by humouring her prejudices and foibles; for Fibsey, despite an affectionate nature, was often obstinate and domineering. Mrs Danton treated me as a petted child, coaxing and caressing; but I quailed beneath her eye, and when I clung to my ancient nurse, intreating her not to leave or forsake me, but to send for Mrs Edmondstone, she looked appealingly at my tyrant, who whispered something in her ear, and turned to me with an authoritative air, oddly mingled with a show of tenderness —a show, indeed, for I read hate and revenge in the expression of her countenance.

How inexplicable was my situation! What did it portend? Was I mad, and were they treating me as a lunatic? Never left alone; watched night and day; and even my dear old nurse leagued against me! Those resolutions for the guidance of my future conduct which I had formed in the solitude of a sick chamber when too feeble to express them resolutely, I determined now to impart to Mrs Danton in Fibsey's presence: they might free from persecution, and relieve me from Don Felix's hated addresses. That evening, as Mrs Danton sat beside me, Fibsey busying herself about the apartment, I opened the subject by commencing—'I have long wished to speak with you, Mrs Danton, on a painful topic from which I shrink; nevertheless, I must delay no longer informing you of my unalterable decisions respecting the future. I am utterly careless of the constructions that may be placed on my conduct, for this misery is greater than I can bear.'

'And what may be your sage resolves?' said Mrs Danton with a pitying smile of contempt.

'Never to assume the hated title which my uncle's son inherited—never to touch the fatal wealth! To cast it from me as I would cast the wages of iniquity, and in poverty, reproach, and humiliation, to lead a life of self-subjection; for I have tampered with guilt—not the black guilt which you impute to me—but that which is more shadowy, and more leniently viewed by the world—the guilt of contemplating with satisfaction the possibility of the unfortunate boy's accidental decease. Oh, Mrs Danton, say you have trifled with me; say that his end *was* accidental—that he fell not a victim by your contrivance and at my suggestion! Spare me, spare me, or take my life too; for reason is nearly unseated!'

I tried in vain to check the hysterical paroxysms that gained the mastery, and I thrust their proffered services away with violence. Then I overheard Mrs Danton whisper to Fibsey, 'I fear we cannot hush up the matter much longer; she is becoming worse, and we must call in help.' I saw Fibsey shake her head, and I essayed to speak calmly, but my struggles nearly choked me.

'Fibsey, Fibsey, what does all this mean? I am not ill—I am not mad; but you will make me so! Send for Mrs Edmondstone. Who dares prevent it?'

Mrs Danton exchanged a look of concern with my nurse: to me that look conveyed a plot of deep-laid villany and daring on her part, and I saw that she had belied me to my old attendant. Suddenly my resolve was formed; I became passive, and received Mrs Danton's farewell for the night, she bending over me, and hissing in my ear, 'To-morrow, Lady Marjory St Just, you and I must come to an understanding.' Aloud she added—'Pleasant dreams, Countess May!'

Fibsey slept in an adjoining closet which communicated with my apartment, the door being left open. I refused the night-potion, saying I felt drowsy without it, and closing my eyes, as if asleep. Very soon I heard indubitable signs that Fibsey was in a deep slumber, and soon after the midnight chimes, I rose, threw on my clothes, and a large warm cloak and hood which amply protected me. The key of my chamber door was in Fibsey's pocket, which, with the rest of her apparel, lay by her bedside: tremblingly I extracted it, applied it to the key-hole, and stood in the corridor, where the moonlight streamed in as it had done on that well-remembered night previous to Mrs Danton's departure for the coast. All was still, yet my poor heart throbbed almost to suffocation: here, in my own house, to be stealing out like a criminal, it was verily strange and dreadful! I had but one overpowering desire—to reach Barley Wood, to throw myself on the protection of those dear friends, and to unravel or break the meshes of that detestable web which was closing around me like the grave.

I gained the garden entrance at the end of the corridor, and succeeded in unfastening the door. Mrs Danton's room was at the other end, and I did not fear that she would detect the noise. I sprang down the steps—across the greensward, glistening in the cold moonlight with heavy dew; I threaded my way among the well-known but intricate paths and defiles—passed the shrubbery—down towards the valley and the streams—through the wicket-gate—out into the open pastures: there I stood alone—Barley Wood ten miles off, my weak frame tottering, but my spirit brave. 'Onward, onward, or death!' I cried. I have no clear idea how I gained a small farmhouse, distant about a mile and a-half. Farmer Aston, the proprietor, had loved and respected my father, who on more than one occasion had befriended him in times of need. I succeeded in gaining admittance, and in persuading the farmer to drive me in his covered cart to the spot I yearned to reach. I made Dame Aston comprehend that I was flying from persecution and despair, though she glanced at her goodman with a puzzled air, as he dubiously shook his gray head, and hinted that I had best return to Edenside.

'No, no!' I cried: 'if you will not have pity on me, I must toil on on

foot; but I *must* reach Barley Wood ere daylight dawns; and *can* you do wrong, Farmer Aston, in conveying me to the good Mrs Edmondstone?'

'Nay, nay, I doan't think I can, your ladyship, though my missis and I be sore grieved to see ye in such a plight like. But I'll put to Dobbin, and carry ye over to the minister's in less nor an hour.'

I bade him go to Edenside on his return, and tell Fibsey that I had sought refuge with Mrs Edmondstone; for notwithstanding her late singular behaviour, I knew how agonized the old soul would be when she awoke and found her caged bird flown.

I gained the blessed haven—I nestled in my early friend's bosom. Basil held my hand, and in a torrent of wild incoherent words I discharged my bosom's load. Passionate floods of tears came to my relief, relieving the overcharged brain, and assisting to clear my clouded apprehension. I was sensible they did not loathe me; they believed me innocent; and I sank to rest in Mrs Edmondstone's arms, and slept like a wearied infant. I had heard Basil say, 'We will talk over these distressing matters in the morning, my dear Lady Marjory; but be comforted—put your trust in Him from whose scrutiny nothing is hid.'

In the morning I recapitulated to Basil and his mother all that had taken place: I made a full confession of the past: of my own weakness and culpability in harbouring thoughts of 'possibilities,' suggested by Mrs Danton; of the horrible suspicions she had awakened by her tone of voice and looks, and of my shame to breathe these foul suspicions to any human creature; of the frenzy her letter from the coast wrought in me—all the rest they knew—attributing my illness to the sudden shock. But one circumstance had impressed them strongly against Mrs Danton, which was this: Fanny, the deceased child's nurse, now a domestic at Barley Wood, having partially recovered from her attack of lethargic headache (which she persisted was 'a very odd one'), unexpectedly entered the apartment where Mrs Danton and Don Felix d'Aguilar were closeted on their return from that fatal excursion. Fanny had not learned the disaster, but she heard them laughing and talking, and sought the little earl. Mrs Danton, whose back was towards the entrance of the apartment, indulged in prolonged bursts of merriment, mimicking some absent individual (Fanny declared it was me), until a sign from Don Felix caused her to look round; when, on seeing Fanny, she assumed a grave countenance, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. But it was too late: the panic-struck girl listened with dismay to the sad tale of the child's accident and loss, but she shrank from Mrs Danton with ill-concealed disgust.

This was the occasion of Mrs Edmondstone's marked coldness to that lady at Edenside; for a suspicion of the reality had never crossed her pure mind. 'Basil, my dear,' she said, 'can you not fathom Mrs Danton's motives for committing this crime—was it not to secure Lady Marjory's hand and fortune for her brother, by terrifying her into compliance if all other means failed?'

'That was one of her motives assuredly, mother,' he replied thoughtfully. Hereafter I drew from Basil an elucidation of another motive which had influenced this beautiful fiend.

I impressed upon these dear friends my resolution of never profiting by

the child's death—of never claiming the title or property. I told them that peace of mind had flown for ever; that Mrs Danton's belief in my guilt embittered existence; and that I must live a prey to remorse.

'Lady Marjory, she does not believe that you are guilty of aiding or abetting her in this crime of darkness,' said Basil Edmondstone; 'but she affirms it in order to obtain a hold and mastery over your actions. I perfectly agree with you in the noble resolution you have formed as to the title and its adjuncts, and I advise that immediate steps should be taken as to the necessary disposal of these affairs. I will also instantly depart for Edenside, tax Mrs Danton and her brother with the crime she has boldly confessed to you, and deliver them up, if needs be, to the hand of justice.'

'But remember, Basil, my dear,' said his mother, 'that we have no proof. She may deny her own words; and besides, what a situation it would place Lady Marjory in if the wretched woman accuses her publicly of consenting to it!'

'Alas! mother, I see it all,' sighed Basil. 'What a mesh of entanglement! Nevertheless, we must walk in the plain honest path, and leave the rest in His hands who will not suffer the innocent to be wronged.'

'But you must not go to Edenside,' I cried in alarm.

'Wherefore?' replied Basil in astonishment. 'What else remains to do?'

'Oh I am afraid of that fierce, desperate man: he may insult you, Basil; and then'——

'Then what?' said Basil smiling, as he tenderly took my hand. 'Do you forget that I am a man of peace—my office, my garb—— His insults, Lady Marjory, will glance off the armour I wear without injury to me.'

He spoke with gentle dignity, and I felt reassured, though I had betrayed more than a prudent maiden would willingly have done as to the state of my affections. This was not the time to speak or dream of love, yet there was a softness in Basil's eye, and a tenderness in his voice, to which I had been long a stranger.

Farmer Anson had seen Fibsey, according to his promise; but when Mrs Danton heard of my escape, her rage knew no bounds, and she accused Fibsey of neglect, who in her turn began to suspect that her credulity was imposed on, and her young mistress ill-treated. Mrs Danton had told my nurse that I had tempted her by bribes to remove the impediment; but that she, the gentle Mrs Danton! had rejected them with scorn, and had taken the boy with her out of harm's way. She made Fibsey believe that I was insane, for that I actually accused her of the deed, which I myself had originally suggested, but which the interposition of an Almighty hand had decided in the way already known. She promised Fibsey never to divulge my premeditated guilt, and impressed upon her the necessity of not calling in a witness. Poor old foolish Fibsey! she believed me mad—not guilty; and self reproaches shortened her days when she found that Madam Danton had deceived her. 'But she had such winning ways,' quoth Fibsey, 'that she most made one believe black was white, if she had a mind.' And in this, alas! I was able too fully to corroborate my nurse.

But she had flown from Edenside with her brother Don Felix hours

previous to the arrival of Basil Edmondstone. Every means was used to trace the fugitives, but without success, and the affairs were speedily placed in competent hands. My existence being so little known beyond the retired precincts of my home, curiosity was not aroused, save in the distant heir who so unexpectedly succeeded to the property, and the wary lawyers who were engaged in transferring it.

I was eventually the affianced bride of Basil Edmondstone. Long, long I had combated with my own heart, and refused to listen to his addresses, until the foul aspersion cast upon me by Mrs Danton was cleared away. 'And how can that ever be hoped for?' said Basil; 'in all human probability you will never hear of her again, and would you sacrifice my happiness, Marjory, to a false notion of honour? Do not I know your purity and innocence? If you wait to become my bride until Inez Danton does you justice, you may wait in vain. Marjory, she is a disappointed and a revengeful woman!' And then he told me a tale which caused my cheeks to tingle, and my eyes to seek the ground—a tale he never would have betrayed to mortal man or woman save to her about to become his wife.

Mrs Danton had confessed her love for him unasked. She had flung herself in his way, and passionately sought him. Need it be added, that not her excessive beauty, talents, or fascinations, had power to touch a heart like Basil Edmondstone's, when modesty, that first and sweetest charm of woman, was wanting. He mildly repulsed her, but decisively; and he told me (blessed assurance!) that my image at the moment reigned in his bosom, and forbade the entrance of another, even if that other had been everything he could have loved. I returned to Edenside, to complete final arrangements prior to quitting it for ever, and taking up my rest at Barley Wood as the pastor's helpmeet—sweet title!—blessed hope! Yet I was not happy; for though I tried to be convinced by Basil's arguments that Mrs Danton did not in her secret heart attribute consent to me, yet to recall that precious child to life again I would willingly have renounced my most cherished hopes.

VII.

Happy? oh far from it! I was not even tranquil. The storm in which my young life had been passed had swept by; but the surges it had left still rose black, and dreary, and ominous around me. Was it possible that a fault like mine could be so atoned? Were we really at that conclusion of the history in which it was said, in the fairy tales, I loved when a girl, 'and then they lived happy all the rest of their lives?' I could not believe it—at least never when alone. When Basil left my side, with love on his lips, and hope and heaven in his eye, I looked strangely after him; and then, turning round, I gazed as if expecting to see a phantom. I wondered what was to come next, and whence it was to come. I felt as if it was a denying of Providence to suppose that the end had already arrived.

This idea more especially beset me at night. Often have I sat up in my solitary bed to listen for what was to come; to try to penetrate the dark-

ness that surrounded me like fate. In the daytime, when Basil was not with me, I went about like one in a dream; and when anybody talked to me of my approaching happiness, I stared with a wondering and incredulous look. This, it may be said, was the remains of my fever—an affection of the nerves! It was an affection of the conscience; it was an instinct of faith; it was the heart's secret acknowledgment of a just, awful, and mysterious God.

Some evenings I was alone, for Basil's time was always at the command of the distressed and the dying, and on such occasions I loved to saunter along my favourite path, bounded on one side by a solemn pine wood. One evening the twilight was more than usually beautiful, and I looked, in passing, with more than usual admiration down the vistas formed here and there by the trees, where the dim religious light faded away into impenetrable gloom. At this hour the picture was rarely enlivened by the human figure; but on the occasion I refer to, some belated wanderer appeared to be threading the paths of the wood, for I saw, although only for an instant, a woman appearing, and then vanishing among the trees. It was a feature of the picturesque which in another frame of mind would have interested me, but just now I felt disturbed, as if by an intrusion. I suddenly found that the gloom had increased, and that there was a chilness in the air which warned me to return; and retracing my steps, I hastened home.

'Has anything alarmed you?' said Mrs Edmondstone.

'No, nothing.'

'Did you meet any one in your walk?'

'No one: the only person I saw was a woman coming out of the wood.'

'You look pale, my love: you should go to bed and rest: the early morning would be a more cheerful time for your solitary walks.'

I did go to bed. I had not seen Basil for many hours, and perhaps that made me more uncomfortable than usual; but I remember my last waking thought was—I wonder what is to come? Yet my eyelids were heavy, and I slept soon. I know not of what I dreamed, or if I dreamed at all; but in the middle of the night I awoke suddenly, and sat up in my bed. What fantastic tricks are played by the imagination! The belated figure which I had seen only distinctly enough to recognise it as that of a female, was now before my mind's eye, and it was associated, nay, identified, with that of her who had caused the unhappiness of my life! The figure, which I had forgotten before I went to bed, now haunted me after my sleep was over; and the solemn wood, the dim vista among the trees, and the flitting female, were before me till night and its spectral show were dissolved in the dawn.

The next evening I was again alone, and I was glad of it. This, however, I tried to conceal from myself, for I was ashamed of the sickly fancies that had beset me. I set out, nevertheless, on my lonely walk, skirting the pine wood anew, examining anxiously every vista I passed, and coming to a dead pause at the one where I had turned back the evening before. I looked down the natural alley of trees, their branches meeting at the top like the arches of a cathedral, and the dim light fading slowly away in the gloom beyond. I felt awed, and yet firm; and when a figure emerged from the farther darkness like a spirit, and glided slowly up that solemn

aisle, I stood still and self-possessed, as if I had come by appointment to hear its errand.

As it approached, I wondered how it was that my eyes had not recognised at a glance the truth which my heart felt by instinct; how the figure should have impressed itself slightly and dimly, like an indifferent thing, upon my memory, and have there burned, and deepened, and blackened, like hot iron! There was no mistaking that noiseless footfall, that gentle carriage, that graceful form; and long before her slow step brought her to me, I was prepared to see, to hear, to confront Inez Danton. She was shrouded in a long black cloak, the hood of which concealed her face; and so silently and shadow-like did she glide along the path, that I might have supposed her to be a messenger from the dead.

She threw back her hood, and I was startled by the alteration in her appearance. Her eyes were hollow and sunken, her cheeks emaciated and sallow; excessive mental suffering, and the struggles of passion, were impressed indelibly on every lineament of her face. Perhaps it was weakness on my part, but I had loved her once, and I was touched by these traces of sorrow and misery.

'You pity me, Lady Marjory?' said she.

'I do, from my heart.'

'You find me changed?'

'Oh yes.'

'And you?—are *you* happy?' I recoiled from the hissing tone with which she spoke these words.

'You know,' she continued, 'you are about to be married to Basil Edmondstone. Is not that happiness? Is there anything in this world for which you would exchange such a fate? Come, bethink yourself, for impossibility is a fable. Is there anything in existence—any boon so vast, so unheard of—as to buy back your plighted hand?'

'This is futile, Mrs Danton!' I cried in some alarm, my trepidation increasing each moment as I beheld her excitement. 'Let me warn you, that in case you are discovered, your person will be secured. Pass on your way, and suffer me to pass on mine—our paths are different for the future, believe me.'

'Not so far apart as you may imagine. Listen, Lady Marjory St Just! —Cecil, Earl of Mertoun, lives!'

'You are mocking me, Mrs Danton!' I cried in extreme terror. Her hand was on my arm, and her dark eyes flashed fire.

'Nay, I am not jesting or mocking, Lady Marjory,' she said in a grave, low voice; 'that child lives in health and safety, and I have come to tell you so.'

'Then you will restore him—then you will hear my blessings heaped on your head'—— I had thrown myself on my knees before her, for I doubted not the truth of her asseveration: her tones and gestures bore the stamp of veracity. 'Oh wherefore have you played this cruel part, Mrs Danton? Why did you affirm his death, and hasten my poor father's end?' I scarcely knew what I said or did, the rush of mingled feelings was so tumultuous, banishing reason momentarily; but Mrs Danton quickly recalled my scattered intellects by sternly rejoining—'Heed not the past, Lady Marjory St Just—with the present you have

enough to do. The Earl of Mertoun *lives* I tell you. I transferred him to my brother's vessel, which hovered a few miles from the coast. Safe in the mountains of the Ronda the boy is concealed; but he shall be restored uninjured within a month from this day if you are willing to abide by the condition I propose. If not'—her countenance grew, oh, so dark and dreadful—'his fate rest on your head—you will never see or hear of him more.'

'Name the condition: it must be hard indeed if I refuse compliance,' I uttered steadily, meeting her gaze as she slowly and deliberately said, 'You must swear, as I shall dictate, never to become the wife of Basil Edmondstone; and, moreover, never to reveal to mortal aught of what has now passed between us!'

My heart sank despairingly, but a glimpse of hope supported me. 'If the child really lives,' I cried, 'the hand of justice shall recover him.'

With a taunting laugh Mrs Danton exclaimed, 'Recovered from our mountain fastnesses! You know not what you say, Marjory St Just. My kin are bold, daring men, amenable to no laws, and a word from them seals the boy's doom. They demand a ransom; but the ransom is mine: it is that which I have named. And were you to offer me all the gold of the universe in exchange, I would fling it from me as worthless dross!'

Alas! I wished to gain time, for she was becoming impatient; and I murmured, 'How can I believe that you would abide by your part of the covenant were I to bind myself as you desire? And oh, Mrs Danton, wherefore do you exact so hard a compact?'

My heart whispered too well the wherefore.

With a glance of scorn she replied, 'First, unless my part of the condition be fulfilled within a month from this day, yours will be null and void—your oath cancelled. Believe me when the child Cecil stands before you in health and safety, and not till then. As to your other question'—her voice faltered, her head drooped—'let your own heart answer it.'

I was silent and undecided. She continued more vehemently, 'My time is short; decide, and we part for ever!'

Appeals, supplications were unavailing; she folded her arms, drew her cloak around her, and stepping slowly backward, coldly said, 'I give you five minutes more, Lady Marjory, to decide your own fate and the child's. Then farewell!'

She withdrew into the black shade of the trees as she spoke, and as she stood there mute and motionless, I *felt* that her eyes in their snake-like beauty were fixed upon mine, and I trembled half with terror, half with indignation. Was it reasonable to suppose that even a desperate woman would commit so horrible a deed as she hinted at, when it could no longer answer the slightest purpose? Might not her kinsmen be wrought upon by motives to which passion made her deaf? Would it be difficult to move even the government to interfere in circumstances involving the life of a grandee of the empire? Was I called upon, when such matter for hope existed, to give up the betrothed of my heart, and, setting aside my own feelings, to inflict upon him a blow so terrible? Such were the first reflections that chased each other across my brain; but by and by they were effaced by a

different and better train. My father—my dear father—seemed to stand before me in that cathedral gloom, fixing surprised and sorrowful eyes upon his child. It was he who had been murdered—not the youthful earl. He had died of the wound inflicted on his character, and had descended broken-hearted into a dishonoured grave. To accomplish what the sacrifice demanded of me was to purchase, he would have given every drop of blood in his body; and was I, the daughter of that noble spirit, to stand thus coolly calculating chances? Was it even a real sacrifice that was sought to be extorted? It would be impossible for me to enjoy a moment's happiness situated as I should be; and it was a fallacy, therefore, to say that I abandoned any by complying with Mrs Danton's terms. Since unhappiness was to be my lot in life, it would be more easily endured with peace of mind; and better even for Basil to suffer a thousand disappointments than marry a woman whose days would be passed in unavailing remorse. With these reflections there came that sense of guilt to which I have already alluded—the consciousness that I did not *deserve* the bliss to which I clung; and so fortified, ere the allotted five minutes had elapsed my decision was formed, and I bound myself by a solemn vow never to divulge what had passed, and to adhere to the other condition of the cruel ransom. Oh the wild exulting laugh that rang through the dark pine wood as, in promising to keep the compact, I added, by way, I suppose, of retaining some gleam of hope, 'Unless absolved by herself!'

Basil Edmondstone and I were parted for ever in this world.

'Farewell, Lady Marjory!' she said, 'you will receive due notice of the day when your presence is required at that point of the coast so fatal in your history; on that strand where the music of the sad sea waves shall chant the dirge of love!' Passionately she clasped her hands, as she added, 'Oh, fool! is *this* your love? Me, who would have lost my soul for him, he slighted and rejected; while you—tame, cold, passionless idiot—he loves; you, who give him up, for what?—for a child's worthless life! Basil Edmondstone loves you, Marjory St Just, and Inez Danton is revenged! Farewell! Yet one word more'—she lingered and spoke more softly, 'When he demands an explanation of the mystery surrounding you—when your heart yearns tenderly towards him, yet you reject his approaches—then, then remember Inez Danton, and in your own suffering picture hers!—But no; you cannot! Tell him that you have purchased peace of mind, and that his love is nothing in comparison with that!'

My wrung spirit struggled to be free, and I was wonderfully sustained, replying with a calmness which astonished myself, 'You are right, Mrs Danton; not even Basil Edmondstone's love may be placed in competition with that "peace which passeth all understanding"—a conscience lightened of a heavy burden—the "sunshine within" I was told of when a girl, but which as yet has shed but little illumination on my unhappy life.'

The memory of happy childhood's hours arose vividly before my excited imagination as I uttered the well-remembered words, and I was transported back to other days. I heard a voice retreating in the distance

exclaim—'Adieu, Lady Marjory: "Countess May" no longer!' The rocks and woods re-echoed the sound—'Countess May no longer!' and I stood alone, with the quiet stars looking down upon me. Was it an illusion of the senses, or had all this really happened? Was a load of care removed from off my heart, even while I was separated by an impassable barrier from him I loved? Yes, it was reality; for though bewildered and agitated, genial tears flowed forth, with supplications and thanksgiving to Him who had removed from me a great affliction. I supplicated for strength to bear my approaching trial—above all, praying earnestly for the fulfilment of Mrs Danton's promise. Yet I loved Basil Edmondstone as few in this world have ever loved; but he himself had warned me not to trust in my own strength, but to pray for strength from above—and who ever offered up such petitions in vain?

It were tedious to dwell on subsequent hours and days of suspense and weariness; of Basil's wounded heart when I postponed our marriage indefinitely, giving no reason, but intreating him not to judge me harshly, but to wait for coming events. He saw my restless anxiety, and he tenderly intreated me to confide my sorrows to him; then, then, Inez Danton, you were revenged indeed, as I silently turned away, though my full heart yearned to pour itself out at his feet. 'Remember your oath' seemed traced on the blue skies, and on the summer flowers; the birds of the air re-echoing and prolonging the admonition with a dismal wail.

The allotted month had nearly expired—but two days more remained—and my rebellious heart was so treacherous, that lurking hope actually found its way there, for truly the 'spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak.' Hapless Marjory! Human love was strong, and conscience slumbered; but, praised be God, events are not in our own hands, and I received the promised missive, appointing the next day for the ratification of Mrs Danton's part of the contract. I set off to keep the fateful tryst alone, unknown to Basil Edmondstone, as I had stipulated. I stood on the beach, the waves curling and foaming at my feet, watching the approach of a small skiff which had put off from a foreign-looking barque in the offing. There were two persons in it, one of them a child. My heart throbbed to agony, the booming waters hymning a funereal dirge over buried love, as I clasped the restored boy wildly to my breast. I held him at arm's length; I contemplated his blooming beauty; the 'sunshine within' chased the dark shadows away, and the funereal dirge was changed to angel-songs of joy!

VIII.

It is easy to look back upon fifteen years, to recall the prominent features which stand distinctly forward, and to sum up those thousand trivial occurrences which, for pleasure or pain, constitute the aggregate of daily life. But were we desired to retrace our feelings step by step, to record minutely the joys or sorrows which have changed or warped our hearts, the task would be a difficult, nay, hopeless one. I might describe the delighted amazement of Mrs Edmondstone and Basil on my return to

Edenside with the dead restored to life; of the questions unanswered; of the painful mystery shrouding the transaction; and finally, the terrible ending of all, when I told Basil that I never could be his.

He never doubted my affection, and I was sustained by that belief: he trusted and believed me when I affirmed it was unchangeable, a fatal barrier interposing to prevent our union. His glance rested on the child; mine had done so involuntarily: I had no explanation to offer, but I earnestly assured him that, were such in my power, he would not condemn the course I had adopted. He divined somewhat very near the truth; but the exact truth was too wild and startling for imagination to conjure up distinctly; nor did he consent to the dissolution of our engagement without making strenuous efforts to fathom the mystery of my conduct. The struggles, the tortures I endured during that season of probation are indescribable; for Basil, noble and excellent in every respect, was but human, and it was a hard case for him; and when he complained in bitterness of spirit, I wept in silence and agony.

There was a strange, deep love springing up betwixt the child and myself. I could not bear him out of my sight; my eyes literally devoured him; while he returned my anxious care with a clinging tenderness and docility which made me often wonder how I could ever have hated such a fair and promising creature. No longer fractious or sickly, the sojourn among his Spanish captors had restored bloom to his rounded cheeks and strength to his symmetrical limbs: no longer pampered or spoiled, he was a brave, spirited, but obedient little fellow. They had truthfully shielded him from evil; and when I fondled his golden locks, and his bright blue eyes closed in happy slumbers, I bent over the cherub, remembering with a shudder Mrs Danton's dark threat in the pine wood. At those moments I forgot even Basil Edmondstone's disappointment.

Cecil became a ward in Chancery, though I, as next of kin, continued his natural guardian or 'nursing mother.' I pass over the unnecessary and troublesome details of the law, the identification of the heir, and complication of the affairs, whose settlement afforded much pleasant work for honourable brethren of the long robe. We continued to dwell at Edenside; but though a short ten miles from Barley Wood, Basil Edmondstone and I were as strangers and pilgrims in the world. We seldom met; for, loving each other as we did, it was hard to be something more than friends, and less than lovers! Yet Basil, by his superior judgment and well-timed advice, materially assisted in superintending the earl's education and pursuits, while the sweet boy's love for Basil almost rivalled that which he cherished for me.

Fifteen years! Yes, there were many tedious weeks and months in those years, despite the dearly-purchased peace of mind. To be so near, yet so far apart! to say cold, conventional 'how d'ye do's' and 'good-by's,' when we were one in heart—the secret between us unexplained! This state of things perhaps made the lines of time be more deeply traced on Basil's open brow, and the silver threads meander in my brown hair sooner than age demanded.

As to dear worthy Mrs Edmondstone, she was puzzled and provoked, and never fully forgave me; openly declaring, however, that 'that wretch, Mrs

Danton, was at the bottom of it all.' She endeavoured to make Basil's home a cheerful and happy one, and I doubt whether he would have been better off during those fifteen years had I been his wife; at least I once told him so, when he smiled and said, ''Tis easy to look back when we have attained the summit of our desires; but a steep road always in prospect makes it painful for the weary wayfarer to ascend.'

I heard from Mrs Edmondstone that Basil had departed for the metropolis on a hasty summons to attend the sick-bed of his former pupil Lord Morley, who was dangerously ill, and not expected to live.

A correspondence and firm friendship had continued between Lord Morley and Basil. Old Lady Morley was dead, but her son trod in his mother's steps—his public career and private fortune and time being devoted to the amelioration of human misery in all its varied forms. Lord Morley's recovery was tedious, and Basil having left a competent substitute at Barley Wood to discharge his ministerial duties, consented to remain another week with his friend, who thankfully deputed him as his almoner on many charitable errands. One of these was to seek out the abode of some destitute foreign exiles, victims of revolutionary violence, who had solicited aid in their extremity; officers of rank were among them, with their wives and children, perishing of cold and hunger in a strange land; unable to procure employment, but willing enough to toil at the meanest drudgery could they have found it. White slender hands were outstretched for food; and fairy feet, once scarce pressing the ground for 'very delicateness,' now bare and toil-worn.

In a close dingy alley, amid the intricacies of lanes near Leicester Square, Basil entered a confined tenement, ruinous from neglect, and ascending to the garrets, inquired for Captain T——. A woman pointed to a half-open door, at which Basil knocked, when a young man presented himself, whom the visitor rightly conjectured to be the individual he sought; for notwithstanding poverty, squalor, and untrimmed moustache and beard of many days' growth, the stamp of 'gentleman' was still distinguishable, as, gracefully bowing, he ushered Basil into the interior of the miserable apartment.

A dirty little child was crawling about on the floor, while from a bed in one corner, whose curtains were closed, the faint cry of an infant proceeded. They conversed in French, and the exile informed Basil that his wife was just confined of her second babe (they had only been married three years), and that, owing to privation, her situation was so critical, as to admit of no hope of her rallying from the fever which had attacked and nearly consumed its victim.

The gentleman appeared a mild, amiable person, and he assured Basil Edmondstone that his wife's ravings were frightful in the extreme: he feared that she had some painful secret pressing on her mind, and disturbing her last hours; and adding that she had been high-spirited and unbending when in health, Basil did not draw an inference favourable to the poor man's wedded felicity.

However, in Lord Morley's name, Basil requested that nothing might be left undone for the sufferer's immediate relief, so far as human aid could go.

He was still speaking, when a shriek issuing from the bed caused him to look round, and he saw the curtains withdrawn violently by the sick woman, who was leaning forward with eyes that shone like stars from out the deathly pallor of her face. She screamed rather than spoke—

'Whose voice is that? 'Tis his!—'tis his! Basil Edmondstone, come near, or you will be too late! I am dying—come near, or you will be too late!'

Basil approached, for even then, in that awful hour, changed, dying, he recognised Inez Danton. Her cheeks were hollow, and the rounded lines of youth were gone; but the hectic of fever lent an unearthly glow to the countenance, and the large wild eyes flung over the whole a perfect blaze of beauty. The shock of his sudden appearance seemed to have been too much for her feeble reason; incoherent exclamations succeeded the wanderings of delirium; but again she was calm, and more faintly ejaculated—'Come near, or it will be too late!' Basil bent over the bed.

'Has she kept her covenant with me? Are you married?' she continued.

'I know not what covenant you mean,' replied Basil mildly; 'and I am not married.'

'Is Lady Marjory St Just married?'

'No; she also remains single,' answered Basil.

'Do you still love each other?' said the dying woman, placing her thin hand on Basil's arm, and fixing her wild eyes on his.

'We do,' was the low but distinct reply.

Her eyes slowly fell, a spasm convulsed her face, and a strange expression struggled with the calming power of death. But these were only momentary. She raised her eyes once more; and while her features softened almost into a smile, she said—

'Then listen: tell her that she is absolved from her oath; that I release her; that she is free to confess all! Tell her that Inez Danton died a penitent; for oh, Basil, darkness is closing around me, and on the deathbed revenge and jealousy are obliterated and forgotten: mercy and forgiveness are all we care for!'

She never spoke coherently again; and ere morning light dawned, the once gay and beautiful Inez Danton was no more—the dead babe sleeping on its mother's bosom.

She had run a race of profligacy in her native land, until at length a young, handsome, and prosperous man, fascinated and blinded by her allurements, made her his wife. Political reverses were at hand, and, with many others, they were compelled to fly, seeking an asylum in the country which has always proved a haven of refuge for the exile.

'Absolved from her oath—free to confess all!' These words rang in Basil Edmondstone's ears, chiming vague promises of hope and joy. An overruling Providence was manifested in leading his steps to that death-chamber: never did he deem it chance, nor did I.

He came to Edenside; he conveyed to me Inez Danton's parting message. Ah, need I add how fully and freely I tendered my confession, or how gratefully he received it?

When I soon afterwards demurely hinted to Basil that I was too old to think of marrying now (fifteen years had passed away since I had first promised to be his bride), pointing out to his observation my silver threads, he paid so many flattering and gallant compliments about

'The line of timeless snow,'

that in self-defence I was obliged to return them in kind. And in truth mine were not undeserved; for Basil was one of those men whose appearance is improved by years—their figures acquiring only dignity, and their features only precision, from age. About myself I ought to say less; and yet I will candidly admit that I grew a good deal younger after marriage; that the fifteen years of weariness and mystery appeared to have been gradually blotted from my life; and that therefore my union with Basil can only be reasonably counted from the time when I promised to be his. When we did at last grow old, we grew old together, and had therefore no invidious comparisons to draw. Even the young Earl of Mertoun is now a man in the prime of life, with a charming countess by his side, and children growing up at their knees. He is beloved in private life, and felt, in the influence of virtue and intelligence, in the councils of his country. This doubtless carries forward the view through a good many years, and the reader will consider that Lady Marjory Edmondstone, *née* St Just, is by this time a somewhat elderly dame, and her husband verging towards patriarchal honours. It may be so. All I know is, that although our snowy heads show traces of many a winter frost, our loving hearts retain the 'sunshine within,' which warms and cheers when the departing light of day is fast waning in the west.

SCIENCE OF THE SUNBEAM.

IT is to be regretted by the student of the phenomena of nature, that the science of the sunbeam is almost wholly of modern origin. In its completeness and development it is entirely so; but, as we shall immediately have to notice, glimpses of truth upon this subject were not altogether wanting in the conceptions of the philosophers of a former period. Yet the science of optics has, during the revival of philosophy, received large attention, and has become a highly-abstruse and widely-developed department of human knowledge. The Newtonian theorist yet exists to aver that light is an emission of particles from bodies, and is opposed by the follower of Young and Fresnel, who affirms that it is a mere undulation of a highly-subtile medium. Yet neither thought of inquiring into the influences of this wonderful agent upon nature; an inquiry, as we have presently to show, more real in its character, and even more interesting in its results, than all those learned, and often almost vain, speculations upon the nature of light. It is to this inquiry we are invited by the title of the present Paper: and it will be found, as we proceed, that a beautiful connection subsists between the various realms of nature and those subtile beams of light whose gleamings on the river, and whose reflection and decomposition by the flowers, the grassy plains, and heathered hill, give to the earth on which we dwell so much of its lustre and loveliness.

The science of *sunlight* is, therefore, a very different theme from that of *light;* by which would be implied the deep and abstruse philosophisings we have alluded to, and the laws and principles of optics. Let us, in the endeavour to present a sketch of this science, defining it as already defined, take a step back, and inquire into its past history. From the cause to which we have already adverted, attention was not early drawn to the constitution of the sunbeam, or to its connections with the kingdoms of nature. The philosophy which exercised itself in intricate calculations, and confined its range of vision to the paper on which its formulæ were depicted, had little taste for the less formal study which would have revealed the almost magical powers in the external world possessed by the principle of which it treated. The old philosophers were well acquainted with many of the laws of reflection and refraction of light, and of its decomposition, but remained in ignorance of its precise operations on the world. Poets could sing of the pervading, bright, life-giving principle which flowed around the earth; and all mankind, even in the

most savage state, must have felt, as early dawn chased away the shades of night, that, in the words of inspiration, it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun. Nor could those who dwelt in rural scenes, who saw the flower lift up its painted beauties to the greeting of sunlight, and beheld all nature silently rejoicing in its rays, have remained ignorant of the fact, that the sunbeam must have been in some manner connected with the well-being of every object enjoying animal and vegetable life. This was the extent of their knowledge; and the dim recognition of this connection, and of the life-sustaining influence of the solar ray, led doubtless to the impersonation of the fact in the mythological personages, Apollo and Baal, the unenlightened mind of the heathen leading him to the adoration of the creature in the place of the Creator.

But as science was developed, it became evident to philosophers that the principle of light was not simple. The solar ray was not merely light; with it were combined heat, and a certain principle with the properties of which they were unacquainted, though not with some of its effects. This is apparent from many of the writings of those who lived at the dawn of philosophy in the middle of the seventeenth century. The following remarkable words are found at the sixteenth chapter of the Jesuit Kircher's book on 'Sunshine and Shadow:'*—'It is certain that in the sun, moon, and stars, besides light and heat, and other primary qualities, other properties exist, as is evident from various effects of a curious or even paradoxical nature produced by them.' Among the effects, Kircher, with his usual credulity, classes falsehood and truth together. For instance, he gravely tells us that a wonderful stone brought from India—it is always India which is the parent of these prodigies—which was of a spherical form, and of the bigness of a pigeon's egg, and black in colour, exhibited the waxing and waning of the moon by the increase and decrease of a certain spot of light upon it: when the moon was at the full, this was as large as a pea; when it was new moon, it had shrunk to the size of a millet seed! We are told also that this greatest of nature's miracles was sent as a present to one of our kings! Yet reading farther on, the influence of solar light upon plants is plainly acknowledged. Though, in all the properties referred by these philosophers to the sunbeam, and to the rays of the moon and stars, it is manifest that there existed much erroneousness of conception; yet it is very certain, that though they could not either demonstrate its existence or ascertain its nature, they distinctly recognised in sunlight the presence of a third or a fourth principle, which modern science has now revealed in magnetic and actinic force. Kircher distinctly declares the existence of a force corresponding to the magnetic force in the solar ray; and the experiments of Mrs Somerville, to which we shall again have to refer, together with those of other investigators of the phenomena of light, appear to prove that the sunbeam does possess a degree of magnetising power.

The alchemists were fully convinced that light produced extraordinary changes in bodies. In fact it was one of their delusions, that upon the presence, abundance, and absence of this principle in metals, depended their appearance in the baser forms of lead or iron, or in the nobler condition of

* 'Ars Magna Lucis et Umbræ.

gold and silver. 'In 1556,' says Mr R. Hunt, 'it was noticed that horn-silver was blackened by the sun's rays, and other peculiar influences which the alchemists observed led them to fancy that the subtile element light was one of the most important agents in giving to nature her infinite variety of form.' And in the writings of Homberg there occurs the following paragraph:—'The light of the sun impinging against terrestrial bodies, modifies them according to their several textures. The luminous matter insinuates itself into the substance of bodies, changes the arrangement of their parts, increases them, and consequently alters the substance of the body itself, after as many different manners as in different quantities it can be differently placed.' Sir Isaac Newton entertained a similar idea, and he asks, 'whether gross bodies and light are not convertible into one another? and may not bodies receive much of their activity from the particles of light which enter into their composition? For all fixed substances, being heated, emit light so long as they remain sufficiently heated; and light mutually stops in bodies as often as its rays strike upon their parts.'*

The doctrine of the influence of light upon external nature recognised by many in the middle ages, was intermingled with a multitude of fables. We read of strange sympathies subsisting between sunlight, moonlight, and starlight, and plants and animals. Such, in fact, formed the basis of the delirious dreams of astrology. It was held as a certain truth that molluscous and crustaceous animals waxed fat when the moon was rising to her full, and wasted away when she paled her silver orb. Yet it was also well known that on many plants the full glare of the solar ray had an injurious influence, and that the green shadow of the woods defended them, and favoured their development. Again, to set the fact between the fables, it was asserted that the modified light falling under a shady walnut-tree gave one a violent headache, while that under a lime-tree immediately cured it! The necessity of sunlight to the production and development of colours appears to have been generally known.

That firm and entire possession of certain clear and distinct general ideas which, as Mr Whewell observes, is necessary to sound science, was wanting in all the knowledge about light and its influences which at this time existed. The philosophers who might have investigated with success many of the properties of this subtile agent, were busied with its nature and laws. And while a Newton was occupied thus, a Kircher—the very type of a middle-age philosopher—was playing the oddest conceivable pranks in the sunlight, frightening and astounding his disciples and the world, but giving no certain guidance to the development of scientific truth. Nearly two hundred pages of Kircher's book are occupied with natural magic by means of natural and artificial light. There we may learn how to exhibit spectres in the air; how to arrange a landscape that, when the sun shines, will give us shadows which form various figures; and among a variety of similar ingenuities, we are taught how, by the sun's rays, to set a machine in motion which would set fire to a mass of incense on an altar, light the tapers by its side, and, the sacrifice ended, would set a fountain playing which would extinguish the burning incense, and put out the lights! But of this enough.

* 'Researches on Light.' R. Hunt.

With the advance of the science of chemistry, the knowledge of the properties of the solar rays became progressively developed. The celebrated chemist Scheele, in a series of careful experiments, exhibited the operation, and analysed the influences of the different-coloured rays, forming the prismatic spectrum upon nitrate of silver. Dr Priestley, in his well-known and deeply-interesting investigations touching the effect of light upon plants, opened the way for the most beautiful discoveries of later days, and indicated in a novel manner the dependence of the vegetable kingdom on the quickening influences of the streams of sunlight. Light was now distinctly perceived to possess the power of setting in action certain chemical changes, although the existence in the sunbeam of a distinct class of rays producing such results was not yet made out. Towards the end of the eighteenth century an elaborate research was undertaken by Count Rumford on the chemical properties attributed to sunlight, in the progress of which several remarkable evidences of the chemical phenomena occurring in substances exposed to light were developed.

The first experimental evidence of the existence of a third principle in sunlight, in addition to its heat and light, was obtained by Ritter of Jena. He found that there existed beyond the violet extremity of the prismatic spectrum, solar rays which did not affect the eye with the sensation of light, but yet produced the most powerful chemical effects upon preparations of silver subjected to their influence. Beyond the red rays of the spectrum it was also found that there existed a class of invisible heat-rays.

The first application of the solar rays to produce pictures—in other words, the first attempt at photography—was made by the celebrated Mr Wedgewood. His account is so interesting and instructive as a record of the progress of this beautiful art, that it well deserves extraction into our pages.* The preparation employed was a solution of nitrate of silver applied to white paper or leather. It was found that an exposure of two or three minutes to the direct rays of the sun was sufficient to produce the full effect; and that blue or violet light produced the most decided and powerful effects. 'When the shadow of any figure is thrown upon the prepared surface, the part concealed by it remains white, and the other parts speedily become dark. The copy of a painting (paintings in glass were employed in these experiments) or the profile, immediately after being taken, must be kept in an obscure place. It may, indeed, be examined in the shade, but in this case the exposure should be only for a few minutes. By the light of candles or lamps, as commonly employed, it is not sensibly affected. No attempts that have been made to prevent the uncoloured parts of the copy or profile from being acted upon by light have as yet been successful. . . . . Besides the applications of this method of copying that have just been mentioned, there are many others; and it will be useful for making delineations of all such objects as are possessed of a texture partly opaque and partly transparent. The woody fibres of leaves and the wings of insects may be pretty accurately represented by means of it; and in this case it is only necessary to cause the direct solar light to pass through them, and to receive the shadows upon prepared leather. The images formed by means of a camera-obscura have been found to be too

* For this extract *vide* in full 'Researches on Light.'

faint to produce in any moderate time an effect upon the nitrate of silver. Such was the first, and unfortunately unsuccessful attempt, to produce pictures by sunlight.'

The rise and progress of the present beautiful art, by which the Daguerreotype pictures are produced, is very interesting. We can only afford space for a few condensed observations thereon. In 1814 M. Niepce of Châlons instituted a series of ingenious experiments upon this subject. He was followed by M. Daguerre in 1824, at first with no better degree of success than had attended Mr Wedgewood and Sir Humphry Davy. Subsequently these experimentalists united their efforts, and agreed to pursue their investigations in concert, and for their mutual benefit. Their processes were very ingenious, but remained tedious to the last degree. M. Daguerre, however, ultimately succeeded in perfecting the art; and 'in January 1839,' says Mr Hunt, 'the discovery of M. Daguerre was reported, and specimens shown to the scientific world of Paris. The extreme fidelity, the beautiful gradations of light and shadow, the minuteness, and the extraordinary character of these pictured tablets, took all by surprise; and Europe and the new world were astonished at the fact, that light could be made to delineate on solid bodies delicately-beautiful pictures, geometrically true of those objects which it illuminated.' The French legislature rewarded the author of this discovery with a pension for life. 'This discovery,' says M. Arago, 'France has adopted: from the first moment she has cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it—a gift to the whole world. Yet it happens, rather oddly, that, in spite of this generosity, the process is protected by patent in England. The gift was perhaps repented of, and withdrawn! The Talbotype process is one of photogenic, or rather heliographic drawing, discovered about the same period as M. Daguerre's invention by Mr Fox Talbot. Prepared paper is employed in the camera.

Leaving the proper history of the principles resident in the sunbeam, let us now advert to the facts which modern science has revealed upon the constitution of sunlight, whence we shall proceed to consider its connection with the phenomena of external nature. Were the philosopher to isolate one of the beams of sunlight which fly on their life-sustaining errand from hill to hill, it would be found to be a compound ray, in which three distinct forces of light, heat, and chemical energy would be discovered. Sunlight is not only light associated with heat; every ray is a combination of at least three principles; and these are separable from each other. It has been decided to distinguish them by the respective terms light, heat, and actinism. They are separable by the instrumentality of the prism. When a sunbeam falls upon this apparatus in a dark chamber, it becomes decomposed. Its subtile constituents are mysteriously disturbed, and precipitate themselves at different distances from each other on the white tablet which displays to us the phenomenon of the prismatic spectrum. This beautiful strip of colour deserves our attentive examination. On one side we behold a pencil of brilliant sunlight falling undivided upon the surface of the glass; on the other it is to be seen flattened, as it were, into a painted ribbon, glittering with purer beauty than ever shone on artist's palette or lady's dress. In the three primary colours—blue, yellow, and red—out of which all the

others are composed, we behold the analysis of *light*. But this is not all. If a sensitive finger were held in the yellow rays of the spectrum, a degree of warmth would be felt greater than if it were held at the violet end. But if it were carried to the red rays, and there stationed, the heat perceived would be greater than either in the yellow or in the violet rays. With a sensitive thermometer these results are strikingly conspicuous. In the blue ray the mark will be 56° Fahrenheit, in the yellow it will have risen to 62°, and a little beyond the red ray it will be 79°. Were we to take a band of unbroken solar light of precisely similar dimensions, and use the same method of investigation in ascertaining the relative proportion of heat in its parts, no difference would be shown. The thermometer would mark the same calorific degree in all its parts. The prism has therefore acted in a second direction upon the solar ray; and we are called upon to acknowledge, in the unequal heat of the prismatic colours, the separate existence of a second principle in sunlight—that is, *heat*. The same instrument gives yet another and not less singular result. But here we must call in the powers of chemistry to our aid, if we would reveal the fact, that our sunbeam has undergone a still further disturbance. To this end, recourse must be had to a piece of paper prepared for the photographic process. On exposing this to the band of colours, it will be found that it is most blackened at and even beyond the blue and violet rays. Here, it is manifest, chiefly resides that principle in light which either produces or excites chemical change in bodies—and this principle is *actinism*.

The application of the prism to the solar ray thus reveals to us the composition of its beams—light disunited into its primary colours, heat separated and revealing itself most intensely at the one end of this painted band, and actinism at the opposite extremity. The process of separation is considered to be as follows: the prism affects variously the course taken by the rays of light, heat, and actinism. Light, represented by the yellow ray, being taken as a point of departure, heat lies or is turned away from it on the one side, and actinism on the other. These all, however, blend together, and are diffused through each other in most parts of the spectrum.

It thus appears that in the sunbeam there reside either three distinct principles, as we shall continue in the present Paper to consider them, or a similar number of modifications of a single great principle; but upon either view, producing the varied phenomena attributable to light, heat, and actinism. Of these, the luminous principle is that which paints the world and decks our fair creation in all its glories—which, softened, tinges the blue heaven above—and, reflected, gives warmth of colouring, or depth of tone, to the flower beneath. The calorific principle spreads life and motion round the world, bids the seed awake, the wind arise, and the waters flow; and the chemical principle acts assiduously not only on all animate, but on all inanimate bodies—quickens life in the plant, and effects a thousand molecular changes in various substances.

I. Let us now proceed to notice the sway exercised by the solar beams upon creation; and, first, upon the influences of the purely luminous principle upon vegetable kingdom. If we plunge into the recesses of the few scattered rays come glancing down among the

dense foliage overhead, and from thence pluck any common plant, and contrast it with one of the same species growing by the wayside, and luxuriating in a copious flood of sunlight, we shall find a remarkable difference between them. If, again, we were to form a scale of colours by which the prevailing hues of the tropics would be contrasted with those of our temperate clime, a difference yet more marked would be perceived. This difference is in the intensity of colour; the wood-born plant, contrasted with its lusty fellow nurtured by the wayside, is a pale, blanched, and delicate thing; and the leaf of the palm-tree of the tropics, contrasted with those plucked from an English orchard, has a depth of tone to which the latter is a stranger. The cause of this difference is the proportion of the principle in question to which the plants in the one and in the other case are exposed; hence it is evident that sunlight has a most intimate connection with colour. A simple experiment will prove this. If we take a geranium, which has hitherto enjoyed the full influence of daylight in the open air, and confine the plant to a sitting-room window, where, long after daybreak, the shutters are closed, and where light can only fall upon it in one direction, a remarkable effect is produced: the stalks of the leaves lengthen on the side away from the light, and thrust the leaves from a horizontal into an almost perpendicular direction, so as to place them in such a position that they shall receive most largely the scanty beams to which the plant is now exposed. The entire aspect of the plant is altered. In a little while it presents all the appearance of distortion; and blanching from a full to a sickly green, affords us a complete specimen of vegetation debilitated and diseased. If the same plant is now removed to its former position, it speedily recovers, and testifies by its luxuriance of growth and vivacity of colour that a mysterious bond of union exists between its vitality and the solar ray.

Modern science is engaged in dealing with this interesting discussion. Already numerous facts exist which demonstrate in the clearest manner the dependence of colour upon light. A very natural mistake may arise upon this point, against which it becomes necessary for us to guard—for light has no uniform arbitrary power of producing colour. A mineral dug from the earth's recesses may have the property, when brought to light, of displaying the most brilliant colours, although up to that time not a beam had ever fallen upon it. A fluid prepared in the dark laboratory of the chemist, when examined by daylight, will reveal the most exquisite tints. But this is a mere physical property of matter. We are not able to explain it; but we know that the property of reflecting such colours has not been produced in the mineral or in the fluid by the agency of light. It is not so, however, in plants. When a potato germinates in the dark, and puts forth its long, pallid* shoots in quest of sunlight, and when such a plant is brought into the light, it still remains colourless. Let it continue, however, to be exposed to the light for a few days, and the growing part becomes dark and green. In this case it is quite evident that the sunlight has in some manner acted upon the vegetable tissues, and endowed them with the property of reflecting certain coloured rays. In the vegetable world, therefore, it is certain that, as a general rule, light exercises the most important and direct

*A plant in this condition is said to be etiolated—that is, blanched.

influence upon colour; and, as a consequence, upon the healthy development and perfection of vegetation.

The vegetation of the tropics illustrates this remark very strikingly, disregarding individual exceptions which abound; and if we take the sum of the chromatic intensity, in no other region of the earth shall we find such magnificence of colouring as in the flower-crowned tribes whose home lies there. Look at some of the tropical orchids to be found in our various public conservatories, and contrast their gorgeous colours with those of the primrose, the daisy, and the chaste blue bell. What humble, feeble tints are these! What lustrous and glorious hues are those! And if we ask, what made them to differ? Let us seek a part of our answer in the effulgence of these sunny regions, where the creations of the Divine Hand appear clad in raiment by the side of which the most gorgeous robes of majesty grow pale.

'No language,' observes the distinguished authoress of the 'Physical Geography,' 'can describe the glory of the Amazons and the Brazils—the endless variety of form, the contrasts of colour and size. There even the largest trees have brilliant blossoms: scarlet, purple, blue, rose-coloured, and golden yellow, are blended with every possible shade of green. Majestic trees, as the *bombax ceiba*, the dark-leaved *mora*, with its white blossoms, the fig, cashew and mimosa tribes, which are here of unwonted dimensions, and a thousand other giants of the forest, are contrasted with the graceful palm, the delicate acacia, reeds of a hundred feet high, grasses of forty, and tree-ferns in myriads. Passifloræ and slender creepers twine round the lower plants, while others, as thick as cables, climb the lofty trees, drop again to the ground, rise anew, and stretch from bough to bough, wreathed with their own leaves and flowers, and studded with the vividly-coloured blossoms of the *orchideæ*. An impenetrable and everlasting vegetation covers the ground—decay and death are concealed by the exuberance of life; the trees are loaded with parasites while alive; they become masses of wiry plants when they die.'* In a country like our own, on the other hand, where the luminous principle is less abundant, the skies less bright, the soil less fruitful, a subdued tone of colour prevails, and every hue in which nature is adorned is chastened and attempered accordingly. Were we to regard nature in her various aspects simply as we do the work of an artist, we should find the most exquisite harmony prevailing. Bright flowers were ill seen in a dull light, and quiet-toned flowers would seem ill placed in a tropical glare. Without a doubt the minutest circumstances in creation are associated in a common bond of union. All is 'in keeping,' to use the technical expression. The pictures formed for man's enjoyment and contemplation by the Divine Author of nature exhibit the most admirable 'feeling' throughout. That this is really so, the most consummate artist acknowledges, and acknowledges most in his constant aspirations after, so to speak, a similarity of style in his artificial productions.

These considerations render it evident that light and colour are in the closest relationship in the organized creation. With regard to the extent and nature of this relationship to the colours of flowers, and to any parts of

* The vegetation of the sea exhibits the same fact. The sea-weeds that lie basking on the shore are often of the most beautiful colours, while those taken from a deeper zone are paler, and quietly-coloured.

a plant not coloured green, much remains to be investigated. The green colour of plants is due to the formation and existence in their cells of a peculiar compound, rich in the element carbon—called chlorophyll. It is an ascertained fact that this compound is produced in the plant directly in consequence of its exposure to light. No plant grown in the dark is green; but on exposure to light, chlorophyll is immediately begun to be formed in it, and in process of time the plant becomes green simply because this green colouring matter has been deposited in its cells. The formation of this principle, therefore, may be unhesitatingly referred to some action determined by the sun's rays. Analytical experiments, undertaken with the express object of discovering which of the principles of the sunbeam produced this effect, have plainly revealed to us that it is due chiefly to the influence of the rays of light as distinguished from heat and actinism. An anecdote related in the 'Gardeners' Magazine' may be taken as an apposite illustration of the greening influence of the sunbeam. Over the vast forests of North America clouds sometimes spread and continue many days, so as almost entirely to intercept the rays of the sun. Such a circumstance took place in a particular district, and the sun was obscured for twenty days, during which time the leaves on the trees, growing fast under the influence of heat and moisture, had reached nearly their full size. Having developed their tissues in the absence of a sufficient degree of illuminating power to produce chlorophyll, they exhibited the extraordinary aspect of a pale-whitish hue. The clouds dispersing, at length the sun broke through, and poured a golden flood of light upon the leaves. The effect was highly remarkable. Chlorophyll was instantly in process of formation; by the middle of the afternoon the whole forest was dressed in green, and the declining rays of the sun fell upon it adorned with hues as verdant as though they had been developed in the ordinary way. In what way light acts in producing this effect the chemist is unable to state. It is remarkable, inasmuch as it shows us that those rays of sunlight which are not ordinarily associated with the production of chemical change, supply in this instance the really exciting principle which sets decomposition in movement.

Upon the production of chlorophyll by the agency of light depend consequences the most momentous to man and the animal world. We presume it is now all but universally admitted that plants derive the chief part of their solid constituent carbon from the atmosphere. At anyrate such is the fact; the fractional quantity of carbonic acid present in the air is the true source whence a large proportion of the wood, which in its various developments adorns the earth, in field, forest, and flower garden, is derived. Light falling upon the young seed-leaf of the up-springing plant develops chlorophyll in its tissues, and the formation of wood begins with the dawn of above-ground life in the seedling. Woody tissue scarcely forms at all if the actinic and calorific principles alone, or unitedly, and separated from the purely luminous energy, fall upon the plant. Let the reader pause and reflect—it was the subtile ray of light which consolidated and gave firmness to the structure of the oak; without it, it had grown in a little while a pallid, soft, and succulent thing, fit to be broken by an infant's hand, and had perished after an abortive attempt to exercise the functions of its nature.

Directly in connection with the formation of chlorophyll, and the development of ligneous tissue in the plant, is the decomposition of carbonic acid

and elimination of oxygen gas, a process of respiration not more important to the animal than to the vegetable kingdom. Excepting at night, plants during life are constantly engaged in inhaling the carbonic acid of the air, and exhaling oxygen arising from its decomposition. This process is strictly dependent on the excitement of light. Soon as morning breaks, the plant, obedient to the early light, commences its daily task. The leaves, dancing in the fresh and dewy air, drink in its carbonic acid; the sunbeam falls on them, and quickens them to their function of decomposition; the gas, yielding to the powers of vital chemistry, surrenders its carbon and oxygen to the plant, which, retaining the former for its own use, dismisses the latter on its errand of health to animals and man. The livelong day science teaches us to behold streams of this pure element rise from every grassy field and leafy wood—the while we are also instructed in the mysteries of the growth and solidification of vegetable organisms. The sun goes down, indicating the hour of rest, and all nature responsive sinks to repose. The forest and the field rest also. Deprived of the stimulus of light, the plant still decomposes carbonic acid, but in greatly-diminished quantities, and it, too, may be considered to take its repose—to commence again with the morrow's sun its round of duties.

Wonderful and mysterious connection between vegetable life and light! Light spreads her green mantle over nature. The poet, had he substituted 'light' for 'spring,' had expressed a truth as scientifically correct as it is poetically beautiful—

> —— Great Spring, before
> Greened all the year.

Light paints the flowers. Light, as it were with magic wand, touches the slumbering leaves, and wakens them into activity. Obedient to the impulse, the vegetable world resume their office; and while they grow in strength and vigour themselves, pour a flood of a pure and indispensable gas into the atmosphere.

Light is also of high importance to the health and wellbeing of animals. Self-evident though this statement may appear, its practical influence is only just beginning to be felt even in our civilised and scientific period. Light is undoubtedly necessary to healthy life and organization. We can scarcely conceive how animal existence can be carried on in its entire absence. Yet an animal unquestionably exists, in the *Proteus anguinus*, to whose wellbeing light does not appear essential. This anomalous creature wanders through the dark waters of its native caverns alone, in silence and eternal night. There it lives, dies, and is succeeded by others of its kind, to whom the charms of sunlight and the glories of colour are alike unknown. Yet to other animals light is absolutely necessary, as is rendered apparent by the simple fact, that animal life, together with vegetable, ceases with the diminution and ultimate loss of light. The researches of Professor Edward Forbes exhibit this truth in a remarkable manner. In the report of the dredging experiments undertaken by this talented observer in the Ægean Sea, the following remarks occur. It is necessary first to premise, that Professor Forbes distributes the extent of sea bottom upon which traces of vegetable and animal life exist into zones, the lowest of which, or

eighth, was at the depth of 300 fathoms. Beyond this was no trace of either animal or vegetable life existence. It is calculated that light may penetrate to the depth of about 700 feet, but in all probability its faint and scattered rays extend deeper than this. Mark the results obtained by experiment:—'A comparison of the testacea, and other animals of the lowest zones, with those of the higher, exhibits a very great distinction in the hues of the species—those of the depths being for the most part white or colourless; while those of the higher regions, in a great number of instances, exhibit brilliant combinations of colour. The results of an inquiry into this subject are as follows:—The majority of the shells of the lowest zone are white or transparent: tinted rose is the hue; a very few exhibit markings of any other colour. In the seventh region, white species are also very abundant, though by no means forming a proportion so great as in the eighth. Brownish-red, the prevalent hue of the brachiopoda, also gives a character of colour to the Fauna of this zone: the crustacea found in it are red. In the sixth zone, the colours become brighter, reds and yellows prevailing, generally, however, uniformly colouring the shell. In the fifth region, many species are banded or divided with various combinations of colours, and the number of white species has greatly diminished. In the fourth, purple hues are frequent, and contrasts of colour common. In the third and second, green and blue tints are met with, sometimes very vivid; but the gayest combinations of colour are seen in the littoral zone, as well as the most brilliant whites. The animals of the testacea and the radiata of the higher zones are much more brilliantly coloured than those of the lower, where they are usually white, whatever the hue of the shell may be. Thus the genus *trochus* is an example of a group of forms mostly presenting the most brilliant hues both of shell and animal; but whilst the animals of such species as inhabit the littoral zone are gaily chequered with many vivid hues, those of the greater depth, though their shells are almost as highly coloured as the coverings of their allies nearer the surface, have their animals for the most part of a uniform yellow or reddish hue, or else entirely white.'

Doubtless the chief cause of this beautiful gradation in intensity and brilliancy of colouring, from the lower to the higher zones, is the gradual increase of light toward the surface. The feeding-grounds of the animals may exert a modifying influence, but it is principally to the varying intensities of the light in those sea-depths that we are to look for the explanation of the phenomenon. Professor Forbes has beautifully demonstrated the fact, that these zones of marine life present us with just such a picture of the relations of climate to organization as we find represented by a great mountain in a tropical country, at whose base the palm flourishes, while ascending its steep sides the vegetation assumes a more northern character. The law he would establish is, that parallels in latitude are equivalent to regions in depth—that is, proportionately as the zone of life lies deep will the animals it contains find their allies in regions toward the pole. Just as the lichen growing near the limit of perpetual snow on some stupendous mountain in the tropics is a representative of the vegetation of the polar regions, so the shells and animals found in the lower zones of the marine provinces are representatives of the forms found on the coast in regions far north of the place of experiment. This supplies us with a beautiful illustration of

the influence of light on colour in the different regions of the globe. The cold and pale north is represented by the white or transparent animals of the deepest zone, the fuller light of temperate regions by the gradual enlivening of the colours as we near the surface, and the glowing lustre of southern skies is picturesquely revealed to us in the exquisite banding and intense brilliancy of the shells and animals which bask on the sunny shores of the Ægean.

The same law prevails equally with regard to the colours of terrestrial animals as with the pelagic inhabitants. This is beautifully exhibited in the plumage of birds. Contrast the whistling swan of the north with the flamingo of the tropical rivers, and what a contrast it is!—the first, a beautiful bird, snowy-white all but a yellow patch on its head, wintering in the cold bays of Iceland, and filling the dark, still air of the arctic night with its violin-like notes; the second, a bird in blushes, all dyed with rose-colour of such intensity as to be almost unbearable in the sunlight of the scenes which it haunts. Take, again, our russet-coloured birds, and place them by the side of the gaudy paroquets or the lustrous humming-birds of African forests, and had we not our compensation in their song, we might feel abashed at the comparison. But of many of these sun-painted and exquisite creatures their external colouring is their only recommendation. The colours of mammalia, of reptiles, insects, and fish, are in like manner adapted to the scenes where their habitats lie. Under the burning luminary of the tropics, and in those glowing scenes where the courts of the kingdoms of light and heat appear to be placed, creatures of hues the most bright and lustrous are the occupants of the earth, sea, and air. In colder regions, and under duller skies, these colours fade, and become converted into the less obtrusive tints with which we are most familiar.

It is necessary, however, that we should revert to the influence of the luminous principle of the sunbeam upon animal life itself. The most striking and remarkable facts are in connection with this subject. 'I thought,' writes Dr W. F. Edwards, 'that I might perhaps find an example of the effect of light in the development of animals—that is to say, in those changes of form which they undergo in the interval between the dawn of life and adult age. I wished to determine what influence light, independently of heat, might exert upon the development of the batrachians. With this view, I placed some frogs' spawn in water, in a vessel which was rendered impermeable to light by dark paper; the other vessel was transparent. They were exposed to the same degree of temperature, but the transparent vessel received the rays of the sun. The eggs exposed to light were developed in succession; of those in the dark, none did well; in some, however, I remarked unequivocal indications of the transformation of the embryo.' A similar series of experiments was then tried upon tadpoles, which, as need scarcely be said, is an intermediate state between the frog and the egg. A tin box, divided into twelve compartments, was procured, each compartment being numbered and pierced with holes, so that the water might readily pass through the box. A tadpole, which had been previously weighed, was put into each compartment, and the box was then placed in the river Seine some feet below the surface. A larger number were also put into a vessel filled with Seine water, but fully exposed to the light. These soon underwent their metamorphosis; but of the

twelve placed under water, *ten* preserved their form, although many had doubled and even trebled in weight! It should be observed—and it strikingly illustrates the influence of light in determining development—that all these tadpoles were of the size, when first put in the water, at which the metamorphosis usually takes place; yet the stimulus of light being wanting, they appeared unable to undergo the change, and continued to increase in size in their as yet imperfect condition. Their health was not impaired by the deprivation, but their development was arrested. These experiments, therefore, unite in proving that the presence of solar light favours the development of form—a process of growth which observes different laws from that of the mere increase of size. It may, indeed, be asked whether the Proteus itself, which presents naturalists with the extraordinary instance of a creature possessing at the same time gills for respiring water, and lungs for the respiration of air, may owe its anomalous condition to the physical circumstances in which it is found? In the waters, and crawling on the mud, in the Grotto of the Maddelana at Adelsburg, and in other deep subterranean lakes, these animals have been found far from the influence and joy of sunlight.

It cannot be questioned that the life and organization of man himself are influenced to a remarkable degree by the physical agents. It appears to have been thought that the finely-organized human frame could receive no detriment from the absence of agencies which in nature are ever employed by the Divine Creator and Sustainer of the world to quicken, invigorate, and develop life in its various forms. No delusion can be greater. Light, in particular, has been disregarded to a melancholy extent in its influence upon health. Were a sufficiently-extensive investigation undertaken, it is highly probable that a marked difference would be seen in respect of bodily development between the dwellers in the holes and corners of our cities and savage tribes. Speaking of the Chaymas, Humboldt makes the following remark:—'Both men and women are very muscular; their forms are fleshy and rounded. It is needless to add that I have not seen a single individual with a natural deformity. I can say the same of many thousands of Caribs, Muyscas, and Mexican and Peruvian Indians which we have observed during five years. Deformities are exceedingly rare in certain races of men, especially those which have the skin strongly coloured.' To this may be appended, for the sake of contrast, the following extract from a note to the 'Medical Gazette' of 1832:—'There is at present,' observes the writer, 'in Paris an artist of the Louvre, an eminent historical painter of the name of Ducornet, who paints with his feet. He was born without arms, of poor parents, at Lille. There are also about the French metropolis a number of beggars, twelve or thirteen of them at least, all deformed in various ways, and all born at Lille in certain dark caverns under the fortifications. The effect of these places, from their want of light, in producing malformed births is so notorious, that the magistrates at Lille have issued strict orders to prohibit the poor from taking up their abode in them.' The deformities of cretins have been, among other causes, attributed to their residence in deep shady valleys, where the direct light of the sun seldom penetrates. Sir A. Wylie states that the causes of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St Petersburg were for many years in the proportion of 3 to 1 on

the side enjoying the full solar beam. Dupuytren relates a case equally illustrative. A lady residing in a dark room, on which the sun never shone, had baffled the therapeutic skill of the most eminent practitioners in Paris. After a careful consideration of the circumstances of her case, Dupuytren was led to attribute her maladies to the absence of light; and on her removal to a more exposed situation, her complaints speedily vanished. What an appeal to our unwise legislators do these facts constitute, revealing to us, as they do, that to the healthy existence of mankind in cities or elsewhere, air itself is not more necessary than are the pure and genial influences of the sunbeam!

It is well known that, under certain circumstances, heat has the property of becoming *latent*. When a mass of ice is liquefied by heat, the fluid arising from its liquefaction is no hotter than the ice was: the thermometer is still at 32° Fahrenheit. Here a vast amount of heat has disappeared, has hidden itself; in a word, has become latent. Now, the question has been asked—and asked repeatedly since the days of Newton, who evidently had his own views strongly decided on the subject—May not light become latent as well as heat? May not some of the luminous principle absorbed by bodies during the sunshine hours actually remain an indweller in their substance, or are we to suppose it in part annihilated when it falls upon them? The idea thus presented is striking; and it is possible that such may be the explanation of several phenomena which now sorely tax the efforts of philosophy. In Sir D. Brewster's 'Letters on Natural Magic,' the singular experiment of reading the inscription on coins in the dark is described. An old coin, well polished, on being put on a heated mass of iron, displayed its inscription in a faintly illuminated condition. If a portion of fluor-spar in powder be thrown upon a heated shovel in the dark, phosphoric light will be seen to be emitted by the mineral. Mr Wedgewood found that a number of other minerals might be made to emit light in the dark by a similar proceeding. And Sir D. Brewster has furnished a list of nearly sixty minerals which he found to possess this singular property. In the year 1663, the Honourable Robert Boyle observed that a diamond gave out a light almost equal to that of a glow-worm by the influence of heat, or by attrition, or by simple pressure. M. Dufay states that some emeralds, and another author that the lapis-lazuli, has the same property. We have always been accustomed to treat the account given us in Arabian tales of the gleaming of gems in the dark as only a part of the fable in which it was narrated. Remembrance, doubtless, will be had of that fortunate individual who found a jewel which served him and his family for a domestic light. Yet these statements, though overcoloured, are, after all, the expression of a scientific truth. Benvenuto Cellini, in his treatise on jewellery, which was published early in the sixteenth century, distinctly states that he had seen a carbuncle shine in the dark. He also states that a coloured stone of the same kind had been found in a vineyard near Rome by the light which it emitted in the night! In 1768 Mr Canton laid before the Royal Society, 'An easy method of making a phosphorus that will imbibe and emit light like the Bolognian Stone;' which was by the calcination of oyster shells. When this material was exposed to sunlight, and then brought into a

perfectly dark room, it emitted sufficient light to discover the time by a watch, if the eyes of the observer had rested by being shut for two or three minutes before. Saturn and his ring, and the moon in her various phases, were thus represented in the dark by pieces of wood covered with a paste of this substance.

This has been the subject of scientific investigation. And it has been found that the production of phosphorescence in such bodies as become so after exposure to solar light, is an effect due to a particular class of solar rays. Some of the phosphorescent substances having been spread on paper, and exposed to the influence of the solar spectrum, were found to present the phosphorescent property only in those portions exposed to the rays which excite chemical change, and even the dark rays beyond the violet produce a lovely phosphorescence, which the red and heat rays extinguished. M. Becquerd, in a valuable memoir in the 'Annales de Chimie,' enters at large into this singular subject. The light-producing rays of the spectrum he distinguishes by the term Phosphorogenic.

It is remarkable that a similar, if not an analogous phenomenon, is exhibited by some flowers. 'If,' says Mr R. Hunt, 'a nasturtium is plucked during sunshine, and carried into a dark room, the eye, after it has reposed for a short time, will discover the flower by a light emitted from its leaves.'* It is stated also that the human hand, held in strong sunlight for half an hour, will emit light for some minutes in the dark.

In 1842 Professor Moser of the university of Königsberg excited great interest by some communications made by him to the scientific world on the subject of what he oddly called invisible light and latent light. He drew the conclusion from some of his experiments, that a portion of light becomes latent when any liquid evaporates, and is again disengaged when the same vapour is condensed. All bodies, according to him, emit light even in absolute darkness—which he calls the proper light of bodies. According to his views, light produces the same general effect upon all substances; and this effect consists in its modifying their surfaces so as to make them condense vapours differently. By a series of singular experiments, Professor Moser considered he had proved the existence of light in this anomalous condition. These experiments were of the following character:—a polished plate of silver was placed within the twentieth of an inch of a cameo of horn or agate, with white figures upon a dark ground. After remaining that distance ten minutes, the figures engraved on the cameo have impressed themselves upon the silver surface, and may be rendered visible by throwing upon that surface the vapours of mercury or water. 'A silver plate was iodised during the night, and even without the light of a candle, a cut slab of agate, an engraved metallic plate, and a ring of horn, were then laid upon it, and the plate was afterwards introduced into the vapours of mercury. A good, clear picture of all the figures, of the stones, the letters of the plate, and of the ring, was obtained.' It was even rendered evident that when two bodies are sufficiently approximated, they depict each other. Upon the polished interior of a watch-case the figures of the maker's name were depicted upon the unengraved by the engraven surface.

* Poetry of Science, p. 127.

These results are very curious. But it appears, on investigation, that while the facts observed are correct, the deductions from them are in all probability inaccurate. It is remarkable that the impressions made are not merely on the surface, but penetrate a slight depth into the metal. It has been hoped that the images thus fixed might be rendered sufficiently permanent, so that the plates might be used by engravers for working on. These facts indicate the existence of some energetic principle in action. It has been considered that the results noticed are due to the radiation of heat from bodies possessed of different conducting powers. These radiations are presumed to produce a degree of molecular disturbance in the particles of the metallic surface, which appears in the representation of the image thereon. Altogether, the subject requires the further investigation of philosophy.

It will be manifest from these remarks that the 'latent light' of Professor Moser is not to be confounded with the remarkable property of the solar rays to which allusion has been made above under a similar name. The light which, in the instances enumerated, appears to be first absorbed and then emitted by bodies, is a *visible* ray, and is quite appreciable by the human eye. What may be the precise value of this property, possessed by many bodies, and, in the opinion of some philosophers, by all, of retaining the subtile rays of light within their structure, and again gradually emitting them, in the operations of nature, we can scarcely assert. Man is surrounded by marvels, of which the unassisted senses fail to inform him. Many species of insects and other beings are strictly night-wandering creatures. When the day comes, they retire to rest; and soon as the evening shades prevail, they are out upon the still night air, rioting among the unclosed flowers, or roaming in search of their mates. When the sky is clouded, and neither moon nor stars appear, what is to be the guide of innumerable thousands of these creatures to their food or to their prey? Must we suppose them endowed with visual perceptions infinitely more acute than our own? And if we may, to what purpose the gift of sight without the medium for its impression? In a word, may we imagine that at night the light absorbed during day is gradually emitted again? The question may excite surprise, but it deserves consideration. Humboldt has shown that the earth itself is luminous: that our planet, beside the light which it receives from the central body—the sun—shows itself capable of a proper luminous act or process. The intensity of the earth-light is said to exceed by a little the light of the moon in her first quarter. To this luminosity is ascribed by M. Arago the pale diffused light which serves to guide us in the open air, in thickly-clouded autumn and winter nights, when there is neither moon nor star in the firmament, nor snow upon the ground. Granting that a portion of this earth-light is due to the chemical or electrico-magnetic phenomena taking place on its surface, may not a part of it be due to the emission of light absorbed during the day? These inquiries are perplexing, but they are full of interest: to many of them the solution lies out of the reach of philosophers; but an investigation of others would probably lead to discoveries of a remarkable character in the science of the sunbeam.

In its mere relation to man, and the animal world, and vision, the existence of the luminous principle in the solar ray well deserves our attention.

It is possible to conceive the existence of a world whose supply of light falls far below our own. Uranus is an example. In this far-distant orb, the sun appears like a small brilliant star, and the sum of the intensity of light is but the one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of that received by us. Plants and animals, constituted like our own, are therefore not to be found in that far-revolving world. The beauties of a summer's day, the glories of the skies, even had Uranus an atmosphere, the exquisite colouring of earth and all its fair inhabitants, are almost unknown. All the enjoyment we receive from the contemplation of the kingdoms of nature is directly dependent upon the luminous radiations by which objects are rendered evident to the sense of sight. And to be deprived either of the faculty of perceiving these exquisite effects of the sunbeam, or to have had the intensity of the solar rays so diminished as to render them scarcely cognisable by the organs of vision, were to lose one of the most beautiful of the golden links which connect us with the material world, and to its revelation of the works of God in creation.

We must not quit our considerations on this principle without adverting to the attractive influences supposed to exist in light. The ancients were fully persuaded of the existence of a power of attraction in the solar ray, to which they attributed the bending of plants towards the light. Certainly the idea was natural. When we behold the upbursting plumule of a young plant thrusting itself towards the genial sunbeam, as though drawn to it by an invisible or mysterious power—and when we notice plants, shaded on one side, doing obeisance to sunlight, by bowing on the side exposed to its influence—the conception of some attractive power resident in these rays is far from unnatural. What is perhaps still more singular, is the fact, that even inorganic matter yields obedience to the 'attractive' influences of the light of the sun. If a bottle, in which a lump of camphor is contained, is exposed to the light, the diamond-like crystals of the gum will be found deposited in a brilliant coating on the interior of the jar on that side exposed to light. How strange this phenomenon, how mysterious the link between the sun-ray and the crystallogenic forces! Yet we must be careful to avoid error in this matter; and the error might be great, strong as the evidence of a guiding power is, if it were confounded with the force of attraction in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Professor Macaire states, that in the case of plants, light does not act by a physical attraction, properly so called. It has been found that the *blue* rays are the most active in thus influencing vegetation. Plants turn violently away from the *red* rays.

The light received by us by reflection from the blue overarching atmosphere is in a very remarkable condition, and differs from that of the direct sunbeam: light in this condition is said to be polarised. To use Newton's idea—if we compare an ordinary sun-ray to a long, smooth, round wand, a polarised ray may be likened to a long, flat, straight stick having sides. Light in this state possesses peculiar properties, and is incapable of reflection and transmission in certain directions. The position of the sun in the sky causes a constant variation in the plane of the polarised rays, and this can be rendered visible, by proper apparatus, to the eye of the observer. Professor Wheatstone has ingeniously seized upon this fact, and has applied the principle it involves to the construction of what he

has called the Polar Clock. This instrument—of which a description would only be intelligible to those familiar with the general subject of polarised light—on being directed to a particular point of the sky, will mark the apparent solar time with great accuracy. Since it is not necessary that the sky should be cloudless, although the effect is much more brilliant when that is the case, the polar clock is a far more useful instrument than the sun-dial. It may be employed even before sunrise, and after sunset; in fact so long as any portion of the sun-rays are reflected from the atmosphere. When the air is clear, when the sky is without a cloud, blue and unfathomable, then the sun's rays, reflected by the atmosphere on to the earth, are in their most intensely-polarised state. These polarised rays thus falling on the earth all the day through, must undoubtedly accomplish some definite purpose. As yet, the peculiar effects of polarised light upon creation have not been studied. Possibly they may be more active in the development of chemical phenomena.

II. It is time the inquiry were now directed to the influences of the solar heat-rays, the companions of the beams of light whose operations have detained us so long upon the realms of nature, and the great globe itself. A ray of heat, when near the close of its long and swift career from the sun to our planet, strikes and darts through the thin upper strata of our atmosphere. In its passage towards our earth, it becomes influenced by the medium through which it speeds its way. The result is, that a considerable portion, about one-third of the heat-rays emitted by the sun, and penetrating our atmosphere, are absorbed. Professor J. D. Forbes, in a series of experiments in the pure regions of Switzerland, fully demonstrates this fact. It follows, therefore, that the beautiful aërial envelop in which our globe is shrouded forms in reality a screen to the earth's inhabitants from the full, and perhaps destructive, influence of the sun's heat. It appears probable that a part of this sheltering influence is due to the aqueous contents of the air, through which, in a state of vapour, the heat-rays become retarded. Impinging upon the surface of our globe, these rays produce effects scarcely less remarkable than those of light; and, together with them, equally necessary to the wellbeing of the organized creation. Their intensity on reaching the earth, and becoming sensible to man, is dependent upon the relative distances of the earth and sun, and also upon the manner or direction in which these rays fall; hence, though in winter the earth nears the sun by about one-thirtieth of its greatest distance from that orb, the oblique rays strike our northern hemisphere, and produce little sensation of heat. The relative position of the earth and sun indicates, together with all the other revelations of the science of creation, the wisdom and beneficence of a Divine Author. The springing of a buttercup in the meadow, and the green luxuriance of the grass by which it is surrounded, are as direct a consequence of the earth's distance from the sun, as are cosmical events of a thousandfold greater magnitude. A very little alteration in the mutual position of our planet and her central world of revolution, would introduce conditions of existence upon the former which would at once alter the entire aspect of the organized world. The primrose and the cowslip, unable to endure the tropical heat if our earth were approximated to the sun, would wither, and their place be occupied by the

palm-tree, the cactus, and the tree-fern. Or the earth being at a greater distance, the verdant fields of temperate regions would be enveloped in perpetual snow, and the splendid plant-inhabitants of the tropics would yield to the barren and stunted vegetation of northern regions. Similar results would affect the animal creation; and in either case the earth would no longer remain the same beautiful and fair abode for man. It is therefore literally true that there is not a flower that grows, or an animal that breathes, which does not depend for life itself upon those beautiful attractive laws, instituted and maintained by a Divine Creator, which link our rolling sphere to the great source of light and heat.

If we can imagine a globe similar to our own covered all over with a shell of solid ice forty-six feet thick, the whole quantity of heat received by us in one year would be sufficient to melt this enormous mass of solidified water. The heat-rays, striking the earth, become dispersed in a variety of ways, and in each fulfil a number of different intentions. The warmth of sunshine, though diffused as variously, must not be lost. A part flies back by reflection from the surfaces on which it falls; these rays passing through the air seek, together with the heat-rays radiated from bodies, the immensities of space, and become scattered therein. Another part becomes absorbed by bodies, which again lose it by radiation. Other rays warm the earth, and then warm the overlying air, and expanding it, rise with it to the upper regions of the atmosphere. By far the greater part in summer penetrates the earth, and descending to a certain depth, being conducted from particle to particle of the earth's crust, there remains for a time. Hence it is dispersed laterally, warming the surrounding strata. In winter, this heat partly returns to the surface, supplying the place of that lost by radiation, &c. at this season, and ultimately becomes dissipated into the air, and from the air into the boundless regions through which our rolling world travels in her annual route. As we descend into the earth, it has long been noticed that the temperature rises, and formulæ exist by which it is possible to come at an approximation of the depth of a cavity made into the earth by an estimation of its temperature—so regularly in many instances does the temperature rise as we descend. At a certain depth, however, below the surface, a stratum exists which maintains an invariable temperature, and has been so called from that fact. In certain mines the changes of the seasons are unknown. The warmth of a perpetual spring cheers these dark regions where its light and gladness penetrate not. The sun's rays are felt, therefore, where his beams of light are never seen. The great overlying beds of solid rock give a slow passage to these subtler rays down to this point, refusing to let the elements of light and actinism accompany them. The temperature of this zone is also maintained by the internal temperature of those unknown depths lying beyond the reach of human investigation. This zone varies in depth with the latitude. Toward the poles it lies deeper than toward the equator. In the caves of the French Observatory, the thermometer invariably marks 53° on Fahrenheit's thermometer. These caves are ninety feet below the surface, and no change has ever been observed in their temperature. The stratum of invariable temperature may be taken as the limit of penetration of the heat-rays of the sun, and of those which some philosophers deem to have origin in the incandescent centre of our globe.

These remarks render it evident that the absorbing powers of the crust of the earth for heat are considerable, and the results are highly important to the organized world occupying the surface. The rays of solar light which gave beauty to the earth and skies in spring, summer, and autumn, vanish and become lost to us with every declining day. No property of matter can retain them for our purposes when the night comes down upon the world. A fresh day only supplies us with its daily portion, which ceases at the completion of its circle. And the animal and vegetable world, unable to retain the fugitive beams, are reduced to the only alternative left them: in the matter of solar light the motto runs *carpe diem*. Not so with heat. The store of the day is not lost in the night, though much may be then dissipated. The sum of heat received by the earth in the warm days of summer is gathered up in the dark recesses of the globe. In the short nights little is radiated, and thus a quantity of heat is laid up in the earth's crust, which becomes highly valuable in the bleak days of winter. The returning rays of heat revisit the surface when the earth lies ice-bound, and the waters of the rivulet become petrified with cold. The deep-rooted trees enjoy the benefit of this warmth at the very time that their branches groan under a load of snow, or stand encased with ice, or fantastic with glittering pendants. In their passage upwards through the soil, the severity of the winter's frost is mitigated; and the rays, warming the overlying air, become still serviceable to the operations of nature, only dispersing into space when their offices in reference to the creation and constitution of our planet are all discharged. Were the crust of our globe differently constituted, an entire alteration in these phenomena would be the result, accompanied by the destruction of vegetable and animal life over a great portion of the earth.

When we contrast the glorious productions of a tropical country with those of our own, it requires some little abstraction of mind, in seeking for the cause, to refer it to the heat-rays of the solar beam. Unquestionably, as we shall have again to remark, the varied influences of sunlight are all needful to the wellbeing of organized creation. Neither heat, nor light, nor actinic force, can alone perfect the plant, or contribute to the wellbeing of the animal. In the proportions in which Divine Wisdom has commingled them in the sun-ray, they are required by the creation they illuminate and invigorate. Yet to the conjoined influences of heat and light must much of the luxuriance and splendour of nature in the tropics be attributed. Climate, with all its varied phenomena, though not solely dependent on the solar heat, is so to a large extent, and is altogether influenced thereby. The deserts of Sahara exhibit to us the solar power in its destroying intensity; the forests of Brazil in its life-fostering efficacy and force. Hence we perceive that the effects of the solar heat-rays are influenced by the nature of the region. The Sahara lies prostrate, flat, and desolate under the consuming ray; the luxuriant groves of Brazil are sheltered from its destructive influences by the variations in the surface of the land, by the stupendous mountain-chain which binds the new world almost to both the poles, and by a variety of circumstances dependent on those forms of nature, and originated by them. Yet the solar-ray is the grand sustaining instrumentality upon which depend the glories and the

beauties of creation in these torrid regions. Deprived of its desolating power by the abundant moisture of the atmosphere in the regions of fertility, the warmth animates and quickens life in an extraordinary degree. Von Martius speaks of the palms as the offspring of Phœbus and Terra; and the astonishing productiveness of the soil in these regions gives birth in the pages of those who have beheld them to a variety of expressions indicative of the quickening influences of the solar beams. It is a highly-remarkable fact, that it is almost exclusively in these warm and cloudy portions of our globe that the indications of vegetable irritability approach almost to the manifestation of life, as seen in animals. By the banks of the Ganges exists a vegetable form, so quick of life, as to resemble some of the lower animals in its motions. This plant thrives not nor moves but when placed in a position where the temperature approaches 100° Fahrenheit. The Desmodium at Kew is in one of the hottest conservatories. The leaflets of this singular plant are in perpetual motion; one leaflet will rise by a succession of little starts, and then fall in like manner. While one leaflet rises, another falls; and so on the motion continues. Demonstrative of its large dependence upon heat, these movements do not cease at night, and in the still hot hours of Indian summer evenings they are very active; in fact the movements are more vigorous in the shade. In a tropical stove at Kew may be seen another of these singular evidences of vegetable motion—the Venus' 'fly-trap.' The sensitive plant requires in our climate artificial warmth for the development of its bashful phenomena. In the warm plains of Senegal is the 'good-morning' flower, which bows to the passer-by: the movement being connected with vegetable irritability. It is true similar instances are not altogether wanting in our own country: the stamens of some plants may be excited to movement by irritation with a needle, and the English bogs boast of a fly-trap in the 'sundew;' but we seek in vain for the analogue of the *Desmodium gyrans* in our cooler climes. The connection of solar warmth with vegetable irritability, and with the profuse luxuriance of growth characterising the tropical regions, conveys a striking idea of the dependence of this beautiful part of the creation upon the genial influences of the sunbeam. Heat and movement are mysteriously connected throughout nature. The experiments of M. Dutrochet on the circulation in the vessels of the *Chara* illustrate this remark. At the freezing-point, the circulation is slow; but if the water in which the plant is placed be gradually heated, it becomes accelerated just in proportion as the temperature is increased up to 113° of Fahrenheit. Light, on the contrary, has no influence upon it.

A curious and suggestive experiment was long since performed by Franklin. Placing variously-coloured pieces of cloth on the snow, he found that, when exposed to the sunbeam, the snow melted more rapidly under some than under others—thus indicating that the colour and condition of the surface exerted a great influence in the absorption of solar heat. If we extend the application of this discovery to the objects of nature, a highly-interesting train of thought is awakened. We learn that bodies around us, according to their colour and the condition of their surface, are not equally influenced by the sun-ray shining alike upon all: some receive more, some less of the solar warmth. Doubtless these phenomena are all beautifully adjusted by Him who has adapted all the

parts of our creation-plan into one harmonious whole. In the inorganic and in the animal world it is not always so easy to trace the adaptation of colour to requirements respecting solar heat, although in the latter the change of colour in the natives of various regions has a direct relation to the calorific influences; but there is evidence easily attainable, that the colours which give charm and variety to the vegetable world are not merely intended to gratify the eye, or to deck out the flower in more than regal attire. The experiments of Franklin and Davy have been repeated by Dr Stark; and the general result attained has been to show that the absorbing power of bodies differently coloured is in the following order: black the most; after this brown, green, red, yellow, and white. If the bulb of a sensitive thermometer were placed on a sunshiny day in the bosom of a damask rose, and another in that of a pale white one, both flowers being similar in respect of size and density of petals, the thermometer in the red rose would mark a higher degree than that in the white. Can it be questioned that this result is designed? The flowers, all radiant with beauty, which bespangle the garden or the wayside, have each a faculty bestowed upon them, by means of their colour, for drinking less or more of the genial warmth of the sunbeam. 'Every tree,' observes an author before quoted, 'spreading its green leaves to the sunshine, or exposing its brown branches to the air, every flower which lends its beauty to the joyous earth, possesses different absorbing and radiating powers. The chalice-like cup of the pure white lily floating on the lake, the variegated tulip, the brilliant anemone, the delicate rose, and the intensely-coloured peony or dahlia, have each powers peculiar to themselves for drinking in the warming life-stream of the sun, and for radiating it back again to the thirsting atmosphere. These are no conceits of a scientific dreamer; they are the truths of direct induction, and by experiments of a simple character they may be put to a searching test.'* By what a world of unseen marvels are we encompassed! The colour of a blade of grass is not the choice of accident, nor the exquisite painting of a flower a simple display of ornament. It has been said an Almighty Hand painted even the wing of a fly; and we are taught by science, that in adorning a flower in a similar manner the very tints were all specially chosen, and all accomplish a certain specific end. The heat radiations are in part essential to the production of flowers, and then to the ripening of the fruit.

The condition of the surface of bodies has a remarkable influence also in the radiation of heat. The nettle and the sage stand bathed in dew, while the surface of the laurel is dry. This is due to the fact, that surfaces which are smooth and polished radiate heat much less rapidly than those which are rough and uneven. It is found also that the colour of bodies influences this property. In proportion as a body possesses high absorbing powers for heat, it possesses high radiating powers also. This connection of properties apparently so opposite has its importance in the operations of nature: if the nettle, all rough with hairs, absorbs much heat, it thereby has much fluid which passes off in vapour, and therefore requires a speedy restoration of the lost watery particles. Eventide is the time for the reparation of its loss. The cloudless sky suffers its radiant heat to

* Poetry of Science, p. 58.

escape into the air, and the moonshine falls upon the plant all bedecked with watery jewels. The evergreen, on the contrary, receives little heat, reflects much, and requires, therefore, but little fluid to repair its losses by evaporation.

That the warmth of the solar ray is intimately connected with the well-being, and even the existence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, appears when this principle is diminished in quantity. What a contrast exists between the poles and the equator! In the one, vegetable life of a high order is impossible; in the other, behold the grandest display of the riches of the plant world. What a contrast between winter and summer! The latter, all radiant with forms of life and beauty; the former, cold and silent, stern and unjoyous. The commonest observer of nature draws this simple deduction. The philosopher alone can explain the consequence of the phenomena, and fully appreciate their interest and beauty. It appears that the heat-rays of the sunbeam have an important connection with the ripening of the fruits and full development of the flowers. In the comparatively low proportion, so to speak, of these rays in the sunshine of our climate, we may seek the cause of the non-productiveness of many fruit-trees, which in lands nearer the sunny south are luxuriantly fruitful. Horticulturists, by various expedients, and particularly by the reverberating effect of brick walls, frequently succeed in producing fruit upon such trees—evidencing the fact, that it is the absence of heat, rather than of the other principles of the sunbeam, which renders the same trees ordinarily sterile. The development of animal not less than that of vegetable life is dependent upon the vivifying solar warmth. The history of insects affords us a remarkable example of this. A large number of insects pass the winter in their third or *pupa* state—the change between the *larva* and *imago*, or perfect insect. Securely hidden in various crannies, or even in caves of the earth scooped out with laborious care, the slumbering being awaits the returning sunbeam to recall it to the full activity of life. If the days of winter are artificially prolonged, the change may never take place; and Reaumur kept some insects for many months beyond the time when their companions were sporting in the air, having passed through all the phases of their existence by simply keeping them in a cold cellar. If, on the contrary, artificial warmth be supplied, the changes are rapidly brought forward, and butterflies have fluttered in conservatories while the ground outside was enveloped in snow. That spring and summer bring with them life-quickening influences, is therefore no poet's dream, but is evidenced to the student of natural science in the development of countless forms of organic life by the potent effect of the heat-rays of the sun.

The solar rays of heat produce a variety of remarkable effects upon inorganic nature. By warming the earth, the overlying air becomes warmed also. Being expanded, it becomes lighter, and its particles rise. In so doing, they create the necessity for others to fill the place they formerly occupied, and thus a current is set up. Such is the origin of wind. The mariner bends his sail to the breeze, and urged onward by its impulse, little dreams that the rays of sunshine contribute anything to his progress. This effect is best observed on the grand scale. A broad belt around the centre of our globe receives more solar heat than either of its poles. In

consequence, the warm, light air of this district rises into the upper regions of the atmosphere in enormous floods. Its place being supplied laterally below, produces the phenomenon of an ascending and a horizontal current of wind. The cold polar air flows over the earth, and seeks the equator; the equatorial air, fresh from the teeming luxuriance of the tropics, rising, bends over and seeks the poles, when it descends in a magnificent circuit, to repeat the same movements perpetually. The earth's motion affects the direction of these currents, and the system of aërial movements so produced forms the splendid phenomenon of the trade winds. Thus beautifully linked in one is the creation of God. The highly-oxygenised and warm air pouring upwards from the palm groves of the tropics, flies to mitigate the severity of the polar cold, and to supply these less-favoured regions of the north with that supply of oxygen their own scanty vegetation is not capable of eliminating. Again, the carbonic acid of the colder regions mingling with the horizontal flow, seeks the tropics, and feeds the abounding vegetation there. And all this truly noble succession of phenomena is dependent for its origin and continuance on the heat of the sun!

There is a more wonderful, though less perceptible influence of heat on nature than the development of the beautiful phenomenon of wind. It has been abundantly proved that when bodies receive heat unequally, currents of electricity are immediately set up. When a compound bar of bismuth and antimony is heated, this effect is produced in remarkable vivacity. The production, in fact, of electricity by heat has, by an ingenious arrangement, been rendered subservient to the admeasurement of the degree of heat; and the instrument which thus exhibits the production of electric currents by heat is rendered one of the most sensitive thermometers known in science. The heat of the hand is sufficient to excite an electric current of some intensity in this apparatus; even the passing by of the observer produced a sensible deflection of the index! It is certain that electric currents are for ever running in the earth's crust beneath our feet. These currents have been demonstrated in the metallic veins of copper mines. Their most remarkable application is in the electric clock of Mr Bain, an instrument which is set in movement by the otherwise insensible currents of the electric principle circulating in the superficial strata of the earth. The origin of these currents is various. They are undoubtedly dependent in part upon chemical decompositions constantly in progress in the earth's crust; but it is not improbable also that they are excited by the subtile influence of the solar heat.

III. We now turn to the consideration of the actinic element of the sunbeam; and pursuing the same general route of inquiry, let us examine into the influence of this principle upon the phenomena exhibited by the vegetable, animal, and inorganic kingdoms. In the seed buried beneath the surface of the ground, shut out from the influence of light, we behold the first evidence of the importance of the actinic principle to the vegetable world. It is an ascertained fact that the ever-active influence of this principle penetrates, like heat, to the little couch of earth in which the embryo plant lies hid. By an ingenious apparatus, Mr Hunt exhibited the influence of actinism upon germination, independently, or nearly so, of the light and heat of the solar beam. A box was prepared, in which was

placed a moist flannel, kept wet by an under layer of water. One half could be completely screened from the light, and the other half exposed to any influence which it was thought desirable to try. By means of a solution coloured blue, the rays falling on the exposed flannel were deprived of a large part of their light and heat. Seeds were then placed on the moist flannel, and the box was exposed to sunshine in a warm room. The seeds exhibited signs of germination within twenty-four hours; but no change was observable in those under the shaded part of the box. The seeds were found to germinate under the influence of the actinic rays in one-half the time of those placed in the dark. Other experiments of a more singular character were undertaken. The seeds of common cress were placed an inch below a somewhat clayey soil, and would scarcely germinate at all. But on directing the actinic rays upon the soil, their sprouting was hardly retarded. In a number of instances germination was induced by the agency of the radiations, which had permeated the blue glasses in a less time and at a greater depth in the soil than in comparative experiments, in which the seed was exposed to the full influence of light, and its associated radiations as combined in the ordinary solar beam. The converse of these experiments was then attempted: the actinic rays were cut off, and seeds were exposed to the full influence of light and heat. The seeds for several days showed no signs of germination; seeds actually in the dark germinated earlier than those in the light; and in one instance, the seeds exposed to the rays of light and heat were ten days later in their germination than those in the dark. The remarkable fact was thus developed, that the luminous principle is actually inimical to the excitation of vitality in the seed. A sufficient number of investigations carefully pursued, led to the general deduction, that the germination of the seed is more rapid under the influence of the actinic rays, separated from the luminous ones, than it is under the influence of the combined radiations, or in the dark. From these observations, the horticulturist may gather the philosophical principles involved in those proceedings which practice has led him to discover to be the most successful in the culture of plants. For example, seeds buried deep, out of the sphere of the influence of actinism, and also excluded from air, will not germinate at all. Again, seeds simply strewn over the surface, exposed to the glare of day, will scarcely germinate. But when placed a short distance below the surface, where the luminous rays have lost their power, where the actinic force still penetrates, and where air, moisture, and warmth exist, germination goes on actively, and the young plant soon appears above the soil.

The chemical and vital phenomena set in movement by the actinic rays are of a beautiful order. The starchy particles of the seed become converted into gum and sugar, upon which the young plant feeds. The tiny root peeps from the husk, and with mysteriously-directed powers plunges downward into the fertile soil. The slender plumule pushes upwards toward the light. The soil cracks and heaves, and the infant vegetable being emerges fresh and moist into the world of air and sunshine. With the unfolding of its first pair of leaves, and with the first lighting of the sunbeam upon their tender tissues, commences a series of chemico-vital phenomena wholly different from those of the preceding stage of its existence. The luminous rays now come to be of most importance to the wellbeing of the plant.

But it is remarkable that even after the plant has reared its head above the surface, if it is permitted to grow under the influence of the blue rays, it will for some time exhibit a luxuriant growth, and present in its early stages an appearance far superior to that of plants grown under white light. The leaves will be of a darker green, and altogether the plant will show signs of vigorous health, although it will be more succulent, and contain less woody fibre, than under other circumstances. A singular result occurs if the plant is still exposed to the actinic influence separated from that of light. The young stem, instead of solidifying, remains soft, and without increasing in diameter, continues to elongate until it has attained an enormous length. Nothing like this occurs under the influence of light or heat. It would appear probable that the actinic rays are instrumental in producing this result by their power of excitement acting in some inexplicable manner upon the roots, which form and supply some organizable matter to the system of the plant; and as there is but little power to decompose carbonic acid, there is not given to the plant at the same time that supply of carbon which it requires for the formation of the proper woody stem and the leaves. Gardeners, it is said, are in the habit of employing deep blue glasses to assist in the development of roots from cuttings, and with a successful result.

Although experiment has yet to reveal its nature, it cannot be doubted that actinism is influential upon the vegetable kingdom all through life. Its effects cannot be confined to the hours of vegetable infancy alone, although at this period they are most strikingly exhibited to view. Actinism, as we have yet to see, powerfully affects the decomposition of various chemical substances exposed to its influence in the glass vessels of our laboratories. In the delicate tribes of plants matters of various kinds are perpetually circulating. These are subject, it is true, to the vital force, and by it resolved into various compounds, which become further disposed of by the plant. But this very power of decomposition—the necessary attribute of life in plant or animal—is in all probability quickened and sustained by the influences stolen from the fertile sunbeam. And considering the potency of the actinic rays in effecting a variety of decompositions, it is not unreasonable to conclude that their influence is not unfelt by the plant in the development of the phenomena of its life. The conjoint influence of light and actinism are essential to the formation of colouring matter in plants.

The influence of actinism on the animal world is less known. Possibly the effects ascribed to light, previous to the recognition of its chemical principle as a distinct element of the sunbeam, upon the development of animal life, and upon the wellbeing of the body, are due to the actinic rays. The effect upon the human skin is remarkable, and is probably chiefly due to actinism. That the sun's rays were long considered to be connected with those remarkable varieties of complexion which are peculiar to the inhabitants of the globe, appears from various sources. In the word of inspiration we find recorded—'Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.' And in the ancient tragic poet of Phaselis, we read, 'the Ethiopians are coloured by the near sun-god in his course with a sooty lustre, and their hair is dried and crisped with the heat of his rays.' The freckling of the skin appears due to some chemical influence excited by the solar ray, and the general tawny aspect

called sun-burning is in like manner an effect probably attributable to a similar cause. Viewing the actinic influence of the sunbeam as one of the sources of vital stimulus to the vegetable world, it may also be considered to exert a similar power over the conditions of animal life.

The actinic rays have chiefly been studied in their relation to inorganic substances. Science has revealed in this respect some truths as marvellous as fiction. Allusion has already been made to the chemical decomposition of a preparation of silver by light, as the earliest recognition of the actinic effects of the sunbeam. In their investigations on the chemistry of sunlight, philosophers have discovered that many other chemicial substances are strikingly subject to the decomposing influence of actinic radiations. The gases chlorine and hydrogen, when mixed together in combining proportions, will not unite chemically in the dark. If, however, the jar containing the mixture is exposed for a short time to the influence of sunshine, they immediately combine, and generally with a violent explosion. Perhaps the most interesting decomposition effected by sunlight is one described by Sir John Herschel. If a solution of peroxalate of iron be kept in a dark place, it does not undergo any sensible change. If, however, it be exposed to the influence of solar light in a glass vessel, the solution soon presents a very interesting phenomenon. In a short time it develops an infinite number of bubbles of gas, which rise in the liquor with increasing rapidity, and give the solution the appearance of a syrup undergoing strong fermentation. This ebullition always becomes stronger, and almost tumultuous, when an unpolished glass tube is immersed in it with a small piece of wood; the liquid itself is afterwards thrown into ascending and descending currents, becomes gradually yellowish, turbid, and eventually precipitates protoxalate of iron in the form of small brilliant crystals, of a lemon-yellow colour. What is yet more remarkable, it appears, by some results of Dr Draper's, that certain bodies seem capable of absorbing the actinic rays, and then even in the dark behaving as if in sunlight. Chlorine exposed alone to sunshine seems to absorb the actinic principle, and now, when mixed with hydrogen, unites with it in the dark. This is highly mysterious. Are we to consider that, like the calorific and luminous principle, that of actinism is capable of entering into bodies, and there remaining for a certain time?

It is reasonable to imagine that these potent radiations fall not without effect upon the surface of the earth. And it has been actually ascertained that the sunbeam, in its gentlest glancing over the surface of bodies, produces a change of some kind or other in their nature or molecular arrangement. The actinic influence is felt by the rock and mountain not less than by the animal and plant. It is not necessary to call in the aid of chemistry to furnish us with her exquisitely-sensitive tablets for evidence of this fact. A polished plate of metal, of glass, of marble, or even a polished surface of wood, being exposed in part to the influence of sunshine, when presented to the action of mercurial vapour, will exhibit the fact, that a disturbance of some kind has taken place upon the portions illuminated, whereas no change can be detected upon the parts kept in the dark. 'We now know,' observes Mr Hunt, 'that it is impossible to expose any body, simple or compound, to the sun's rays without its being

influenced by this chemical and molecular disturbing power. To take our examples from inorganic nature: the granite rock which presents its uplifted head in firmness to the driving storm—the stones which genius has framed into forms of architectural beauty—or the metal which is intended to commemorate the great acts of man, and which, in the human form, proclaims the hero's deeds and the artist's talent—are all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtile of the agencies of the universe.' It has been shown in a remarkable manner, by the discoveries of philosophers, that a counteracting influence exists. In our ignorance we are apt to imagine that for man, animals, and plants alone, night and sleep are needful. Science teaches us that the mountain and the dale require repose! We may not perhaps be able, in strict philosophy, to say with Dryden, that at night

> 'All things are hushed as nature's self lay dead,
> The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
> The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
> And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat.'

But it is an unquestionable fact, that darkness and rest are necessary to nature in its inorganic forms scarcely less so than to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In the early experiments on light-drawing, it was found that substances which received the solar impression by day lost them again during the night. Paper prepared by means of iodide of potassium exhibits this property very quickly. On receiving an image, it retains the impression for a few minutes, but it is then lost in the dark, and the paper may be reimpressed as before. At night, therefore, the chemical disturbances produced by the ever-active solar rays are undone. The molecular changes are repaired also: how, it is as yet impossible to say. When morning dawns, all creation is prepared to hail the returning luminary; not only the organized, but the inorganic kingdoms having been restored by the hand of gentle sleep.

The actinic radiations have been employed by man in one of the most delightful arts to which modern science has been the minister. The pictures now produced by the Daguerreotype and Calotype processes leave little to be desired. In point of fidelity—nothing; but we may yet look forward to improvements in the minuter, yet important particulars of equableness of detail and general expression. The general principles of photography in taking Daguerreotype pictures are very simple, and may be easily explained:—A highly-polished plate of silvered copper, the surface of which is scrupulously clean, is the tablet upon which the image is received. It is exposed for a certain period to the vapour of iodine, and is then transported to the apparatus by means of which the lenticular image is produced, and which is ordinarily merely a variety of the camera-obscura. The image falling upon this yellow surface becomes instantly impressed upon it, and if allowed to remain for a short time, produces visible evidence of its presence by its darkening effect upon the surface of the metal. In actual practice, a few seconds are sufficient to produce the desired change, and the plate is then removed from the dark chamber. As yet, the eye discerns no effect produced on the plate. But on

its being exposed to mercurial vapour, the latent image is beautifully developed. The vapour of the mercury attaches itself in the form of exceedingly minute globules to the surface, and the picture stands out in exquisite fidelity and truth. Contrary to the general impression, the *lights* of the Daguerreotype in reality exhibit those parts upon which the chemical influence of the sunbeam has been exerted: the shadows are formed by the dark polished surface of the metallic tablet. The only process that remains has for its objects the removal of the undecomposed iodide of silver, and in so doing, the rendering the image permanent. This is effected by washing the tablet in a solution of hyposulphite of soda. The image produced by this means is without colour—that is, it is simply a drawing in black and gray. A number of minute details are necessary to insure the perfection of the process, which a prolonged experience can alone render evident. The introduction of tinting into photographic portraits has been highly successful in rendering them acceptable to the public. But it is needful to observe that art is in these cases the handmaid to nature. The sunbeam refuses as yet to lend its aid in the production of the delicate tints of colour which enliven Mr Kilburn's, Mr Beard's, or Mr Claudet's pictures; and these are consequently supplied by the brush and palette of the artist. The minute accuracy of the largest drawings thus produced can scarcely be imagined. They bear close examination with a lens, and for geometrical precision are unparalleled.

The Talbotype process is more complex, and demands a degree of nicety of manipulation and dexterity possessed by few. The resulting pictures are, however, extremely beautiful. Let us quote, from the account given in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' Mr Talbot's account of the process as pursued by himself:—'I select, in the first place, paper of a good firm quality, and smooth surface. I do not know that any answers better than superfine writing-paper. I dip it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipe it dry, by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. I then spread a solution of nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dry it at a fire. The solution should not be saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water. When dry, the paper is fit for use. This paper, if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photographic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun; the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves. By alternately washing the paper with salt and silver, and drying it between times, I have succeeded in increasing its sensibility to the degree that is requisite for receiving the images of the camera-obscura. Having prepared a number of sheets of paper with chemical proportions slightly different from each other, let a piece be cut from each, and having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for a quarter of an hour. Then if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera-obscura.' The paper requiring then to have the undecomposed silver either removed or so fixed as to be unalterable by light, is washed with various solutions. The most successful appears to be the hyposulphite of soda. In the variety of this process called the Calotype, the chemical preparations em-

ployed are more costly, consisting of nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, gallic acid, and bromide of potassium. But the paper is exquisitely sensitive to the light if exposed for less than a second; chemical change is inevitably set up, and the pictures exhibit a charming gradation of tone and fidelity of detail.

The pictures thus produced differ from the Daguerreotype in this remarkable particular: they are negative in their character—that is, the lights are represented by dark marks, and the shadows by light ones. To obtain a positive picture, a very simple contrivance is resorted to: the negative is placed over a piece of sensitive paper resting on a board below, and the papers are then covered with a glass plate, and exposed for a little time to sunshine. The result is, that only those parts of the sensitive paper are impressed with colour which correspond to the lights of the negative picture above it. In a word, a positive or true picture is produced on the second paper by the lights being represented by lights, and the shadows by shadows, as in nature. A large number of positive pictures may be procured by this simple means from one good negative. Various plans have been successfully pursued, by which it is found possible to produce a positive picture at first. But the application of these plans has not been found extensively practicable in actual use. The disadvantage under which both the pictures procured by the Calotype and Daguerreotype processes in all their varied modifications labour under, is the uniformity of their tint. A sombre, deep brown, characterises them, shading variously into black, purple, brownish blue, or possessing a reddish tint. Some photographers are sanguine as to ultimate success in the production of various colours by the influence of the solar rays. It is conceived that the discovery may yet be made by which the pencil of nature shall be caused to develop all the tinted glories of the landscape. Mr Hunt, among other photographers, is very hopeful of this result. The following curious circumstance is narrated by him:—'In the summer of 1843, when engaged in some experiments on papers prepared according to the principles of Mr Fox Talbot's calotype, I had placed in a camera-obscura a paper prepared with the bromide of silver and gallic acid. The camera embraced a picture of a clear blue sky, stucco-fronted houses, and a green field. The paper was unavoidably exposed for a longer period than was intended—about fifteen minutes; a very beautiful picture was impressed, which, when held between the eye and the light, exhibited a curious order of colours. The sky was of a *crimson* hue, the houses of a slaty blue, and the green fields of a brick-red tint. Surely,' adds our sanguine experimenter, 'these results appear to encourage the hope that we may eventually arrive at a process by which external nature may be made to impress its images on prepared surfaces in all the beauty of their native coloration?' It is to be remembered, however, that the very principle which operates in the production of these pictures—the actinic—is not only distinct from, but is actually antagonistic to, the luminous principle—the cause of all colour.

A highly interesting and remarkable experiment connected with Daguerreotyping has been prepared, by means of which portraits could be taken in absolute darkness! The method of performing this marvel is by separating, through the instrumentality of a large prism, the actinic rays from those of light and heat. This being done, only those non-

luminous rays are suffered to enter the room where the sitter is placed. Being directed upon the features, from which they are again radiated, and are received upon a highly-sensitive plate in a camera-obscura, upon which, consequently, the image becomes impressed. On the early discovery of the photographic art, it was naturally imagined that in other and sunnier lands than ours, the images would be manifold more vivid and distinct than those procured by photographers in England. Singularly enough, in point of quickness of production the climate of England is a hundredfold more favourable to the photographic art than the brightest region of the tropics. In the clear and beautiful light of the higher Alps, it has been proved that the production of a photographic picture requires many minutes more, even with the most sensitive preparations, than it does in London. We are told of a gentleman who, under the mistake just mentioned, conveyed with him to Mexico all the apparatus necessary for securing perfect Daguerreotypes of the edifices of that city. Greatly to his surprise and disappointment, his attempts were almost entirely frustrated; and it was only when the rainy season set in, and the intensity of the sun's light had been thereby abated, that he was able to obtain the object of his wishes. Travellers engaged in copying the antiquities of Yucatan have, from a similar cause, been compelled to abandon the use of the photographic apparatus, and betake themselves to the more obedient instruments—the pencil and the sketch-book. It appears from these curious facts, that in proportion to the intensity of the solar brilliance is the chemical influence of the sun's rays rendered less potent. Light and actinism have, indeed, been regarded as antagonistic powers, and these results seem to warrant the conclusion. One would imagine that the image of the sun itself would surely be the most strongly-marked of all others in the Daguerreotype plate; yet, on the contrary, the position of the sun is only indicated by a spot where little or no chemical change on the tablet has taken place.

It has been thought that, in addition to the three principles constituting the solar beam, to the phenomena of which our attention has in the preceding pages been called, a fourth also existed—namely, *electricity*. Mrs Somerville, in a series of experiments upon needles exposed to the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, developed several remarkable phenomena, which appeared to demonstrate the power of the solar rays to induce magnetism in them. Other experimenters obtained similar results. On the other hand, a number of observers repeating these experiments, and others of a like nature, were unsuccessful. It has been suggested that electricity, if connected with the solar beam, may be rather a result of the combined action of the principles—light, heat, and actinism—than a distinct and separate principle resident with them in its rays.

The science of the sunbeam, young though it be, has produced much fruit, if only in the exquisite phenomena of the Daguerreotype and Calotype. In the observatory at Greenwich, the magnetic needles are rendered self-registering by actinic radiations reflected by them upon a sheet of prepared paper. One of the largest practical illustrations of the good results flowing from the discoveries which this Paper has detailed, is to be seen in the magnificent palm-stoves at Kew. It being impossible to devise any system

of shades which would protect this immense structure and its valuable occupants from the scorching rays of the sun, the idea was thrown out, that, by attention to the colouring of the glass employed, it might be possible to effect this object without injury to the plants or unsightliness to the conservatory. The rays most active in producing the scorching effects are those which accompany and even lie beyond the red rays. These rays it was the object to cut off, yet at the same time to permit the free passage of all the luminous and actinic rays, and of the upper heat-rays. A number of experiments pursued by Mr Hunt at length gave the desired result, and a greenish-yellow glass was found which was opaque to the injurious, but freely transparent to all the beneficial rays. This glass was accordingly adopted; and if we may judge from a personal examination of the character of the exotic vegetation luxuriating in this immense structure, the experiment of its adoption appears fully justified by the excellence of the result. Strangely enough, horticulturists long since found by practice what a tedious course of experiments philosophically demonstrated—that plants thrive best under a glass of this tint.

As yet, philosophers are only on the verge of the science of which we have here attempted to present an outline. Some highly-interesting phenomena connected with the march of the seasons open up a wide field for future investigation, and promise a rich reward to the patience of the investigator. In early spring, when the moist soil heaves with countless vegetable beings pressing upward to the genial day, it is found that the actinic rays—those the most needful—are most abundantly present in the sunbeam; but as spring mellows into summer—as the puny plant increases in height and strength, and prepares to adorn itself with flowers—the luminous principle is in greatest excess; and by its influence the plant forms the woody-fibre necessary to its strength and solidity. And as summer dies away into the soberer time of autumn—when the earth is to yield her increase to the husbandman, and when the fruit must ripen on the bough—then the principle of heat is most abundant; and by its assistance the golden luxuries of the soil are ripened for the hand of the gatherer. Even in a single day the relative proportion of these principles seems to vary. Sunrise gleams upon the dewy soil, pregnant with actinic influence; mid-day shines with glorious splendour; and eventide glows with heat. All day long, however, the three principles are shed upon creation. Neither can be separated from the others without injury to the organized and even inorganic worlds. Combined, how perfect their adaptation to the wants of our beautiful creation! How eloquent the lesson inculcated by their varied phenomena touching the wisdom, power, and love of Him of whose almighty hand they are but the subservient instruments!

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE intense and general emotion which the intelligence of the premature death of Sir Robert Peel excited in all classes of society was an instinctive, and with many persons an involuntary, homage to the eminence of that distinguished man. The falling of the column revealed the largeness of the space it had occupied in the public eye, and men were startled by the magnitude of the void which thus suddenly flashed upon them. With the natural regret felt by generous minds on witnessing high hopes overthrown, the pulses of a yet manly and honourable ambition for ever stilled, the warm current of vigorous life arrested by the sudden grasp of death, there mingled a startled apprehensiveness of the consequences likely to result to the nation from the demise of a statesman who exercised so great and paramount an influence over its destinies, and whose name, whatever the merits or demerits of his policy, is indissolubly associated with some of the most important events in modern British history. That painful emotion will not speedily subside; but already there succeeds to the natural outburst of regretful encomium which followed the sudden withdrawal of a great man from the scene where he played so distinguished a part, the first faint whispers of the spirit of detraction by which he was in life pursued, and which, shamed into momentary silence, is again taking heart, and reviving aspersions by which it has so industriously sought to dwarf and stain a lofty reputation and a great memory. Be it our task, then, calmly to inquire if there be any reason to doubt of an ultimately favourable verdict of posterity on the acts and motives of Sir Robert Peel; a verdict, by the way, which if it be true that foreign nations are a kind of contemporaneous posterity, has never been for a moment doubtful. Happily, violence and passion, unreasoning clamour and abuse, will avail nothing to influence the judgment of the next generation. No contemporary condemnation of Sir Robert Peel pronounced by the voices, phrase-eloquent as they may be, of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, will be ratified by posterity. The award to which Time will give validity and enduring power will be spoken by other tongues than those of men who, once his parasites, have since become his unscrupulous calumniators; and from other tribunals than those presided over or influenced by persons who saw only in his fall from power a niche left vacant which themselves, if sufficiently bold and reckless, might hope to fill. A necessarily brief, but unreserved and faithful, tracing of the chief incidents of his life and political career will enable us to anticipate with

probable correctness the nature of that calm and reasoned judgment—whether it will confirm or reverse the emphatic declaration pronounced in the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington—a man whose blunt honesty of speech and keen insight into character no one will deny—that in every action of his life, Sir Robert Peel, above all other men he knew, was guided by a love of TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

The chief measures which the deceased statesman has been instrumental in placing on the statute book, mark, it cannot be denied, great and distinct epochs in the monetary, religious, and commercial policy of this country—the turning-points of a system which, suddenly abandoning the beaten but narrow and miry road, darkly-visible in the doubtful and fading light of decaying traditions, stepped confidently into a firmer and broader path, illumined by the lights of reason, common sense, and the spirit of social impartiality. These changes, whatever fond illusions may be indulged in by a few persons representing ages long past, and dreaming rather than living in the present day, are irreversible. No instance can be pointed out in which this country has receded from a policy urged upon the government by long, continuous, and peaceful efforts of the people, and slowly, reluctantly acquiesced in by the legislature. In such cases all the conditions and guarantees of permanence have been fulfilled, and an effectual reaction is out of the question. Mr Vansittart's dictum, that an inconvertible one-pound note and a shilling were, and always would be, equal in exchangeable value to a guinea of full weight and fineness, is as capable of restoration to our statute book as the law forbidding an Irish Catholic to take part in the legislation of his own country. The same with the duties on corn: they are as dead as the close boroughs; and gentlemen who trade in delusion might as reasonably promise their followers a revival of Old Sarum as of the sliding scale. With these irrevocable departures from a narrow and restrictive policy, it has been the fortune of Sir Robert Peel to inseparably connect his name, whilst, unfortunately for his reputation, according to his adversaries, the precise measures relative to Currency, Catholics, and Corn—to use a quaint, alliterative phrase—upon which his fame as a statesman must ultimately rest, are precisely those which he had previously distinguished himself by denouncing and combating. In 1810 he voted for Mr Vansittart's currency absurdities in opposition to Mr Francis Horner. In 1819 he adopted Mr Horner's propositions, eliciting from the House of Commons explosions of hilarious mirth at the transparent folly he had before supported. Until 1829 he had uniformly, if hesitatingly, opposed the admission of Roman Catholics to equal civil rights with other subjects of the realm. In that year he not only renounced his opposition to those claims, but led the assault upon the exclusive Protestant constitution, of which he had till then been the favourite champion. Finally, in 1846, he recanted his previous opinions upon the Corn-Laws, and in the face of his bewildered and astonished party, gave legislative effect to doctrines concerning which they had chiefly gathered around him as their leader to denounce and oppose. It is by his conduct with reference to these three questions that Sir Robert Peel's moral and intellectual qualities as a public man must be chiefly tested, for his various administrative reforms, and his amendment of the criminal law and practice of the country, though sufficient, under other circumstances, to make the reputation of

a great statesman, pale their ineffectual light before the guilt or greatness of such acts as these. Having thus broadly and unreservedly indicated the nature of the indictment preferred at the bar of public opinion against the departed minister, we proceed at once to call up the evidence of his entire life to answer the imputation of sinister and unworthy motives which it is presumed to involve.

Sir Robert Peel had little in the way of ancestral dignity to boast of. The family motto, 'Industria,' was the patent by which its wealth was created and its eminence established. About the year 1760, when calico-printing—first practised in this country on the banks of the Thames by some of the French, exiled in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—was introduced into Lancashire, the grandfather of the right honourable baronet, residing in Fish Lane, in the town of Blackburn, devoted himself at once, and with great usefulness and success, to the improvement of an art which now furnishes employment to hundreds of thousands of families. He was called 'Parsley Peel,'* from his first experimental and successful pattern having been a parsley leaf. The ironing, a substitute for calendering, was, says tradition, performed by one of Mr Peel's family; another account says by one Mrs Milton, a neighbouring cottager. Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the beginning in life of the late prime minister's grandfather was a very humble one, and that it was by his own perseverance and commercial sagacity that he laid the foundation of the now princely fortunes of the Peel family. He early succeeded in establishing considerable and profitable spinning and printworks at Brookside, near Blackburn. Robert, his third son, appears to have displayed from his youth peculiar aptitude for business, and to have been early possessed of a notion that he should become the founder of a family. To realise this object, he tasked his energies during a long and busy life. The works at Brookside, he soon saw, afforded too narrow a field for the exertions of himself and brothers, and at his own request he was sent to his maternal uncle, Mr Haworth of Bury, where he was introduced to a Mr Yates, who, infected by the prevalent mania for cotton-spinning, weaving, and printing, had sold his business in Blackburn—he had kept the Black Bull public-house there—and erected works on the banks of the Irwell. He does not appear to have been very successful till fortune threw Robert Peel in his way, who married his daughter. The father and son-in-law entered into partnership together, and a rapid accumulation of wealth followed. Mr Robert Peel afterwards established extensive works near Burton-upon-Trent, and so vast a business did he transact, that it is said there were frequently not less than fifteen thousand persons employed in his factories. He ultimately purchased large estates in several counties, amongst which was Drayton Manor, near Tamworth, where the expenditure of his capital rendered him so popular with the inhabitants of that previously decaying borough, that his influence speedily superseded that of the aristocratic Townshend family, and he was returned as one of its representatives to par-

* The name of the family, which has given rise to so many undignified jests, is in reality of no mean significancy. A castle was in former times called a *peel* or *peel-house*, and it was probably from a place consequently so named that the family derived its appellation.

liament. His son, the late baronet, was born February 5. 1788, at Chamber Hall, in the neighbourhood of Bury—the oldest of a family consisting of five sons and three daughters.

Mr Robert Peel had the prudence to keep himself aloof from active politics till he had realised a magnificent fortune; and his reputation for wisdom would not have suffered greatly had he persisted in that wise abstinence from public affairs. In politics he appears to have been governed by one dominant idea, which was, that Mr Pitt was the greatest of all possible ministers. Pitt and paper-money, Pitt and suspension of cash-payments, Pitt's war-policy, Pitt and the national debt, were the themes of his incessant eulogies—the formulæ of his political creed. He thoroughly believed Mr Pitt to be in very truth a 'Heaven-born minister,' and he exercised his literary genius in a work entitled 'The National Debt Productive of National Prosperity,' which has been long since charitably forgotten. He not only raised several companies of Bury Loyal Volunteers, of which he was the lieutenant-colonel, but in his martial ardour subscribed the munificent sum of ten thousand pounds towards the so-called Patriotic Fund, designed to assist the government in carrying on the war against France with vigour. To this circumstance, according to Cobbett—a very doubtful authority, by the way, in matters which excited his passions of envy or dislike—he owed the baronetcy, which was conferred upon him November 29, 1800. On one question only could he bring himself to oppose Mr Pitt. It was that of the slave-trade. His veneration for the great minister could not reconcile him to the abolition of that gainful traffic. No hand, not even that of Mr Pitt, should with his consent be stretched forth to restrain or punish the African man-stealers. Such was the political Gamaliel at whose feet the late baronet imbibed those early lessons which in after-life it is so difficult to correct or eradicate. In this home-atmosphere he dwelt during school and college vacations, day by day instructed by loved and honoured lips in the theories and maxims of a narrow class and creed exclusiveness. Without intending any disrespect to Harrow or Oxford, it may be confidently assumed that his home-education was not likely to be corrected in a liberal sense by his scholastic studies and examples. Lord Byron supplies us with a glimpse, through his own self-glorifying spectacles, of the future premier at Harrow. 'Peel,' observes his lordship, 'the orator and statesman that is, or is to be, was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our class. We were on good terms; but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never. In school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. I think I was his superior (?), as well as of most boys of my standing.' Thus far his lordship. That, however, which is certain is, that Mr Peel greatly distinguished himself at Oxford, obtaining in 1808 double first-class honours—first in classics, first in mathematics. Mr Peel was the first man who achieved this success.

Thus prepared by educational and parental precept and example, Mr

Peel was thrust forward into public life by his proud and anxious father to commit himself to opinions formed for him by others, and to find himself in a few years hailed, boy as he was, as the champion of a party with which accident, not nature, had united him. He was just turned twenty-one years of age when, in 1809, he took his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Cashel. A few months afterwards, on the 23d of January in the following year, Mr Peel was selected by the Perceval administration to second the address in the Commons, in reply to the speech from the throne. The chief topic upon which the debate was expected to turn was the fatal Walcheren expedition, in which thousands of gallant soldiers were sent to perish in pestilential marshes, at the very moment that the Duke of Wellington was struggling against perilous odds for the deliverance of the Peninsula—the only field in which England could effectually encounter the military power of Napoleon, and where alone, as all sensible men saw, the continental struggle, as far as England was concerned, would be lost or won. Mr Peel's apology for that disastrous blunder was smart and lively enough, as far as mere phrase-making went, but of course essentially weak and worthless; not more so, however, than that of Mr Canning, who had not, like Mr Peel, the excuse of extreme youth and inexperience to plead for his heartless sophistries. One point in Mr Peel's speech is worth quoting, inasmuch as it supplies an authentic contradiction to Napoleon Bonaparte's assertion, when painting in fancy colours his own portrait at St Helena, relative to the great effect produced by his Berlin and Milan decrees, which not only forbade the admittance of British manufactures into any of the ports of the continent, but commanded the British islands to consider themselves in a state of fanciful blockade. 'England,' said Mr Peel, 'desires peace, not war; but she will suffer no indignity, and will make no unbecoming concession. With every engine of power and perfidy arrayed against us, the situation of this country has demonstrated to Bonaparte that it is invulnerable in the very point to which all his efforts have been directed. The accounts of the exports of British manufactures would be found to exceed by several millions those of any former period.' Mr Perceval was so pleased with, and so hopeful of, the young orator, that he, a few months afterwards, appointed him Under-Secretary of State for the Home department.

In 1810 a Bullion Committee, as it was termed, was appointed by the Commons to inquire into the state of the currency, and to suggest such means as they might deem advisable for replacing the circulating medium of the country upon a sound basis. The suspension of cash-payments by the Bank of England in 1797, in virtue of an order in council—which council, by the way, so great was the supposed necessity for haste, sat on a Sunday—had been since continued from time to time by legislative enactment, and in this year of grace 1810, the depreciation in value of the inconvertible notes had become so great, as to alarm the more timid admirers of Mr Pitt's great scheme of paper finance: a guinea really exchanging for a one-pound note and from four to seven shillings. On the 8th of May 1811, the resolutions of Mr Ho embodyi report of the committee, which in substance declared · ı t the · r curu ı ate security to be provided against the ining the relative value of ı converti-

influenced by this chemical and molecular disturbing power. To take our examples from inorganic nature: the granite rock which presents its uplifted head in firmness to the driving storm—the stones which genius has framed into forms of architectural beauty—or the metal which is intended to commemorate the great acts of man, and which, in the human form, proclaims the hero's deeds and the artist's talent—are all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtile of the agencies of the universe.' It has been shown in a remarkable manner, by the discoveries of philosophers, that a counteracting influence exists. In our ignorance we are apt to imagine that for man, animals, and plants alone, night and sleep are needful. Science teaches us that the mountain and the dale require repose! We may not perhaps be able, in strict philosophy, to say with Dryden, that at night

> 'All things are hushed as nature's self lay dead,
> The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
> The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
> And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat.'

But it is an unquestionable fact, that darkness and rest are necessary to nature in its inorganic forms scarcely less so than to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In the early experiments on light-drawing, it was found that substances which received the solar impression by day lost them again during the night. Paper prepared by means of iodide of potassium exhibits this property very quickly. On receiving an image, it retains the impression for a few minutes, but it is then lost in the dark, and the paper may be reimpressed as before. At night, therefore, the chemical disturbances produced by the ever-active solar rays are undone. The molecular changes are repaired also: how, it is as yet impossible to say. When morning dawns, all creation is prepared to hail the returning luminary; not only the organized, but the inorganic kingdoms having been restored by the hand of gentle sleep.

The actinic radiations have been employed by man in one of the most delightful arts to which modern science has been the minister. The pictures now produced by the Daguerreotype and Calotype processes leave little to be desired. In point of fidelity—nothing; but we may yet look forward to improvements in the minuter, yet important particulars of equableness of detail and general expression. The general principles of photography in taking Daguerreotype pictures are very simple, and may be easily explained:—A highly-polished plate of silvered copper, the surface of which is scrupulously clean, is the tablet upon which the image is received. It is exposed for a certain period to the vapour of iodine, and is then transported to the apparatus by means of which the lenticular image is produced, and which is ordinarily merely a variety of the camera-obscura. The image falling upon this yellow surface becomes instantly impressed upon it, and if allowed to remain for a short time, produces visible evidence of its presence by its darkening effect upon the surface of the metal. In actual practice, a few seconds are sufficient to produce the desired change, and the plate is then removed from the dark chamber. As yet, the eye discerns no effect produced on the plate. But on

its being exposed to mercurial vapour, the latent image is beautifully developed. The vapour of the mercury attaches itself in the form of exceedingly minute globules to the surface, and the picture stands out in exquisite fidelity and truth. Contrary to the general impression, the *lights* of the Daguerreotype in reality exhibit those parts upon which the chemical influence of the sunbeam has been exerted: the shadows are formed by the dark polished surface of the metallic tablet. The only process that remains has for its objects the removal of the undecomposed iodide of silver, and in so doing, the rendering the image permanent. This is effected by washing the tablet in a solution of hyposulphite of soda. The image produced by this means is without colour—that is, it is simply a drawing in black and gray. A number of minute details are necessary to insure the perfection of the process, which a prolonged experience can alone render evident. The introduction of tinting into photographic portraits has been highly successful in rendering them acceptable to the public. But it is needful to observe that art is in these cases the handmaid to nature. The sunbeam refuses as yet to lend its aid in the production of the delicate tints of colour which enliven Mr Kilburn's, Mr Beard's, or Mr Claudet's pictures; and these are consequently supplied by the brush and palette of the artist. The minute accuracy of the largest drawings thus produced can scarcely be imagined. They bear close examination with a lens, and for geometrical precision are unparalleled.

The Talbotype process is more complex, and demands a degree of nicety of manipulation and dexterity possessed by few. The resulting pictures are, however, extremely beautiful. Let us quote, from the account given in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' Mr Talbot's account of the process as pursued by himself:—'I select, in the first place, paper of a good firm quality, and smooth surface. I do not know that any answers better than superfine writing-paper. I dip it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipe it dry, by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. I then spread a solution of nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dry it at a fire. The solution should not be saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water. When dry, the paper is fit for use. This paper, if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photographic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun; the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves. By alternately washing the paper with salt and silver, and drying it between times, I have succeeded in increasing its sensibility to the degree that is requisite for receiving the images of the camera-obscura. Having prepared a number of sheets of paper with chemical proportions slightly different from each other, let a piece be cut from each, and having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for a quarter of an hour. Then if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera-obscura.' The paper requiring then to have the undecomposed silver either removed or so fixed as to be unalterable by light, is washed with various solutions. The most successful appears to be the hyposulphite of soda. In the variety of this process called the Calotype, the chemical preparations em-

ployed are more costly, consisting of nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, gallic acid, and bromide of potassium. But the paper is exquisitely sensitive to the light if exposed for less than a second; chemical change is inevitably set up, and the pictures exhibit a charming gradation of tone and fidelity of detail.

The pictures thus produced differ from the Daguerreotype in this remarkable particular: they are negative in their character—that is, the lights are represented by dark marks, and the shadows by light ones. To obtain a positive picture, a very simple contrivance is resorted to: the negative is placed over a piece of sensitive paper resting on a board below, and the papers are then covered with a glass plate, and exposed for a little time to sunshine. The result is, that only those parts of the sensitive paper are impressed with colour which correspond to the lights of the negative picture above it. In a word, a positive or true picture is produced on the second paper by the lights being represented by lights, and the shadows by shadows, as in nature. A large number of positive pictures may be procured by this simple means from one good negative. Various plans have been successfully pursued, by which it is found possible to produce a positive picture at first. But the application of these plans has not been found extensively practicable in actual use. The disadvantage under which both the pictures procured by the Calotype and Daguerreotype processes in all their varied modifications labour under, is the uniformity of their tint. A sombre, deep brown, characterises them, shading variously into black, purple, brownish blue, or possessing a reddish tint. Some photographers are sanguine as to ultimate success in the production of various colours by the influence of the solar rays. It is conceived that the discovery may yet be made by which the pencil of nature shall be caused to develop all the tinted glories of the landscape. Mr Hunt, among other photographers, is very hopeful of this result. The following curious circumstance is narrated by him:—'In the summer of 1843, when engaged in some experiments on papers prepared according to the principles of Mr Fox Talbot's calotype, I had placed in a camera-obscura a paper prepared with the bromide of silver and gallic acid. The camera embraced a picture of a clear blue sky, stucco-fronted houses, and a green field. The paper was unavoidably exposed for a longer period than was intended—about fifteen minutes; a very beautiful picture was impressed, which, when held between the eye and the light, exhibited a curious order of colours. The sky was of a *crimson* hue, the houses of a slaty blue, and the green fields of a brick-red tint. Surely,' adds our sanguine experimenter, 'these results appear to encourage the hope that we may eventually arrive at a process by which external nature may be made to impress its images on prepared surfaces in all the beauty of their native coloration?' It is to be remembered, however, that the very principle which operates in the production of these pictures—the actinic—is not only distinct from, but is actually antagonistic to, the luminous principle—the cause of all colour.

A highly interesting and remarkable experiment connected with Daguerreotyping has been prepared, by means of which portraits could be taken in absolute darkness! The method of performing this marvel is by separating, through the instrumentality of a large prism, the actinic rays from those of light and heat. This being done, only those non-

luminous rays are suffered to enter the room where the sitter is placed. Being directed upon the features, from which they are again radiated, and are received upon a highly-sensitive plate in a camera-obscura, upon which, consequently, the image becomes impressed. On the early discovery of the photographic art, it was naturally imagined that in other and sunnier lands than ours, the images would be manifold more vivid and distinct than those procured by photographers in England. Singularly enough, in point of quickness of production the climate of England is a hundredfold more favourable to the photographic art than the brightest region of the tropics. In the clear and beautiful light of the higher Alps, it has been proved that the production of a photographic picture requires many minutes more, even with the most sensitive preparations, than it does in London. We are told of a gentleman who, under the mistake just mentioned, conveyed with him to Mexico all the apparatus necessary for securing perfect Daguerreotypes of the edifices of that city. Greatly to his surprise and disappointment, his attempts were almost entirely frustrated; and it was only when the rainy season set in, and the intensity of the sun's light had been thereby abated, that he was able to obtain the object of his wishes. Travellers engaged in copying the antiquities of Yucatan have, from a similar cause, been compelled to abandon the use of the photographic apparatus, and betake themselves to the more obedient instruments—the pencil and the sketch-book. It appears from these curious facts, that in proportion to the intensity of the solar brilliance is the chemical influence of the sun's rays rendered less potent. Light and actinism have, indeed, been regarded as antagonistic powers, and these results seem to warrant the conclusion. One would imagine that the image of the sun itself would surely be the most strongly-marked of all others in the Daguerreotype plate; yet, on the contrary, the position of the sun is only indicated by a spot where little or no chemical change on the tablet has taken place.

It has been thought that, in addition to the three principles constituting the solar beam, to the phenomena of which our attention has in the preceding pages been called, a fourth also existed—namely, *electricity*. Mrs Somerville, in a series of experiments upon needles exposed to the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, developed several remarkable phenomena, which appeared to demonstrate the power of the solar rays to induce magnetism in them. Other experimenters obtained similar results. On the other hand, a number of observers repeating these experiments, and others of a like nature, were unsuccessful. It has been suggested that electricity, if connected with the solar beam, may be rather a result of the combined action of the principles—light, heat, and actinism—than a distinct and separate principle resident with them in its rays.

The science of the sunbeam, young though it be, has produced much fruit, if only in the exquisite phenomena of the Daguerreotype and Calotype. In the observatory at Greenwich, the magnetic needles are rendered self-registering by actinic radiations reflected by them upon a sheet of prepared paper. One of the largest practical illustrations of the good results flowing from the discoveries which this Paper has detailed, is to be seen in the magnificent palm-stoves at Kew. It being impossible to devise any system

of shades which would protect this immense structure and its valuable occupants from the scorching rays of the sun, the idea was thrown out, that, by attention to the colouring of the glass employed, it might be possible to effect this object without injury to the plants or unsightliness to the conservatory. The rays most active in producing the scorching effects are those which accompany and even lie beyond the red rays. These rays it was the object to cut off, yet at the same time to permit the free passage of all the luminous and actinic rays, and of the upper heat-rays. A number of experiments pursued by Mr Hunt at length gave the desired result, and a greenish-yellow glass was found which was opaque to the injurious, but freely transparent to all the beneficial rays. This glass was accordingly adopted; and if we may judge from a personal examination of the character of the exotic vegetation luxuriating in this immense structure, the experiment of its adoption appears fully justified by the excellence of the result. Strangely enough, horticulturists long since found by practice what a tedious course of experiments philosophically demonstrated—that plants thrive best under a glass of this tint.

As yet, philosophers are only on the verge of the science of which we have here attempted to present an outline. Some highly-interesting phenomena connected with the march of the seasons open up a wide field for future investigation, and promise a rich reward to the patience of the investigator. In early spring, when the moist soil heaves with countless vegetable beings pressing upward to the genial day, it is found that the actinic rays—those the most needful—are most abundantly present in the sunbeam; but as spring mellows into summer—as the puny plant increases in height and strength, and prepares to adorn itself with flowers—the luminous principle is in greatest excess; and by its influence the plant forms the woody-fibre necessary to its strength and solidity. And as summer dies away into the soberer time of autumn—when the earth is to yield her increase to the husbandman, and when the fruit must ripen on the bough—then the principle of heat is most abundant; and by its assistance the golden luxuries of the soil are ripened for the hand of the gatherer. Even in a single day the relative proportion of these principles seems to vary. Sunrise gleams upon the dewy soil, pregnant with actinic influence; mid-day shines with glorious splendour; and eventide glows with heat. All day long, however, the three principles are shed upon creation. Neither can be separated from the others without injury to the organized and even inorganic worlds. Combined, how perfect their adaptation to the wants of our beautiful creation! How eloquent the lesson inculcated by their varied phenomena touching the wisdom, power, and love of Him of whose almighty hand they are but the subservient instruments!

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE intense and general emotion which the intelligence of the premature death of Sir Robert Peel excited in all classes of society was an instinctive, and with many persons an involuntary, homage to the eminence of that distinguished man. The falling of the column revealed the largeness of the space it had occupied in the public eye, and men were startled by the magnitude of the void which thus suddenly flashed upon them. With the natural regret felt by generous minds on witnessing high hopes overthrown, the pulses of a yet manly and honourable ambition for ever stilled, the warm current of vigorous life arrested by the sudden grasp of death, there mingled a startled apprehensiveness of the consequences likely to result to the nation from the demise of a statesman who exercised so great and paramount an influence over its destinies, and whose name, whatever the merits or demerits of his policy, is indissolubly associated with some of the most important events in modern British history. That painful emotion will not speedily subside; but already there succeeds to the natural outburst of regretful encomium which followed the sudden withdrawal of a great man from the scene where he played so distinguished a part, the first faint whispers of the spirit of detraction by which he was in life pursued, and which, shamed into momentary silence, is again taking heart, and reviving aspersions by which it has so industriously sought to dwarf and stain a lofty reputation and a great memory. Be it our task, then, calmly to inquire if there be any reason to doubt of an ultimately favourable verdict of posterity on the acts and motives of Sir Robert Peel; a verdict, by the way, which if it be true that foreign nations are a kind of contemporaneous posterity, has never been for a moment doubtful. Happily, violence and passion, unreasoning clamour and abuse, will avail nothing to influence the judgment of the next generation. No contemporary condemnation of Sir Robert Peel pronounced by the voices, phrase-eloquent as they may be, of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, will be ratified by posterity. The award to which Time will give validity and enduring power will be spoken by other tongues than those of men who, once his parasites, have since become his unscrupulous calumniators; and from other tribunals than those presided over or influenced by persons who saw only in his fall from power a niche left vacant which themselves, if sufficiently bold and reckless, might hope to fill. A necessarily brief, but unreserved and faithful, tracing of the chief incidents of his life and political career will enable us to anticipate with

pound, or a shilling, as detached from a definite quantity of the precious metals. I have the same difficulties to encounter as had Martinus Scriblerus in following the metaphysical speculations of his tutor, the philosophic Crambe. Being asked if he could form an idea of a universal man, he replied, that he conceived him to be a knight of the shire, or the burgess of a corporation, who represented a great number of individuals, but that he could form no other idea of a universal man. Still further to puzzle him, he was asked if he could not form the universal idea of a lord mayor. To which he replied, that never having seen but one lord mayor, the idea of that lord mayor always returned to his mind, and that he had therefore great difficulty to abstract a lord mayor from his gold chain and furred gown; and that, moreover, unfortunately the only time he saw a lord mayor he was on horseback, and that the horse on which he rode consequently not a little disturbed his imagination. Upon this, says the history, Crambe, like the gentlemen who can form an abstract idea of a pound, swore that he could frame a conception of a lord mayor not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, feet, or any body whatever; and this, he contended, was the true universal idea of a lord mayor.'

Those who have heard the late baronet, may conceive the shouts of laughter which an illustration like this, delivered in the right honourable gentleman's best manner, must have elicited from the House. The resolutions were affirmed, and a bill founded on them passed both Houses without encountering any serious opposition; and that bill has never been suspended or modified since. Out of doors, especially in the money-mongering circles, the outcry was terrific; so much so, that between one settling day and another the funds fell within a fraction of 10 per cent. Poor Cobbett—whose mental vision, powerful and microscopic as it was, ever looked upon one only, and that usually the wrong side of a question—denounced 'Peel's Bill' from America, where he at the time temporarily resided, with merciless ridicule and invective. His famous declaration—that should the bill be carried into effect, he would cheerfully consent to be roasted on a gridiron, whilst Peel stirred the coals, and Canning stood by to make a jest of his groans—is now remembered only as one of the amusing crotchets of a powerful but undisciplined and erratic intellect. Cobbett never forgave the success of 'Peel's Bill;' and when member for Oldham, in the reformed parliament, moved that an humble address be presented to his majesty, praying him to strike Sir Robert Peel's name off the list of privy-councillors, for having been instrumental in passing that measure. This thoroughly-absurd proceeding, especially from a man like Cobbett, who had ever blindly opposed the use of paper-money, however guaranteed or restricted, was supported only by three other members, and after an overwhelming speech from Sir Robert Peel, was expunged from the journals of the House. After all, perhaps, Cobbett's notion of the effect of the bill was not much more absurd than those of many of its supporters. The 'Times,' for instance, of the 27th May 1819, remarking on the success of the bill, augured immense results from its wonder-working powers. Governmental extravagance, it opined, now that money could not be manufactured *ad libitum*, would be no longer possible. What the new system would effect might be estimated by what

a great statesman, pale their ineffectual light before the guilt or greatness of such acts as these. Having thus broadly and unreservedly indicated the nature of the indictment preferred at the bar of public opinion against the departed minister, we proceed at once to call up the evidence of his entire life to answer the imputation of sinister and unworthy motives which it is presumed to involve.

Sir Robert Peel had little in the way of ancestral dignity to boast of. The family motto, 'Industria,' was the patent by which its wealth was created and its eminence established. About the year 1760, when calico-printing—first practised in this country on the banks of the Thames by some of the French, exiled in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—was introduced into Lancashire, the grandfather of the right honourable baronet, residing in Fish Lane, in the town of Blackburn, devoted himself at once, and with great usefulness and success, to the improvement of an art which now furnishes employment to hundreds of thousands of families. He was called 'Parsley Peel,'* from his first experimental and successful pattern having been a parsley leaf. The ironing, a substitute for calendering, was, says tradition, performed by one of Mr Peel's family; another account says by one Mrs Milton, a neighbouring cottager. Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the beginning in life of the late prime minister's grandfather was a very humble one, and that it was by his own perseverance and commercial sagacity that he laid the foundation of the now princely fortunes of the Peel family. He early succeeded in establishing considerable and profitable spinning and printworks at Brookside, near Blackburn. Robert, his third son, appears to have displayed from his youth peculiar aptitude for business, and to have been early possessed of a notion that he should become the founder of a family. To realise this object, he tasked his energies during a long and busy life. The works at Brookside, he soon saw, afforded too narrow a field for the exertions of himself and brothers, and at his own request he was sent to his maternal uncle, Mr Haworth of Bury, where he was introduced to a Mr Yates, who, infected by the prevalent mania for cotton-spinning, weaving, and printing, had sold his business in Blackburn—he had kept the Black Bull public-house there—and erected works on the banks of the Irwell. He does not appear to have been very successful till fortune threw Robert Peel in his way, who married his daughter. The father and son-in-law entered into partnership together, and a rapid accumulation of wealth followed. Mr Robert Peel afterwards established extensive works near Burton-upon-Trent, and so vast a business did he transact, that it is said there were frequently not less than fifteen thousand persons employed in his factories. He ultimately purchased large estates in several counties, amongst which was Drayton Manor, near Tamworth, where the expenditure of his capital rendered him so popular with the inhabitants of that previously decaying borough, that his influence speedily supersede[illegible] that of the aristocratic Townshend family, and he was returned as one of its representatives to par-

* The name of the family, which has given rise to so many undignified jests, is in reality of no mean significancy. A castle was in former times called a *pee* or *pele-house*, and it was probably from a place consequently so named that the family derived its appellation.

perfectly satisfied that concession would lead to peace and harmony, if I thought it would put an end to animosities, I for one would not, on a mere theory of the constitution, oppose the measure when concession would secure such immense practical results.' Mr Peel also spoke openly, and with undisguised alarm and displeasure, of the Duke of York's famous declaration against the Catholic claims, which occasioned such obstreperous joy amongst the ultras of the ascendancy party; and in other ways unmistakingly evinced a desire for a compromise, which, however, he was not as yet sufficiently matured in resolution to propose himself. After this it certainly appears somewhat strange that Mr Peel should have been looked upon as the uncompromising champion, under all circumstances, and in all eventualities, of Orange exclusiveness! Unlimited confidence in his resolute intolerance continued, albeit, to be felt or simulated; and his and Lord Eldon's presence in the cabinet was as loudly as ever proclaimed to be a sufficient guarantee that Catholic exclusion would be at all risks and perils steadfastly maintained.

A great change was at hand. In 1827 Lord Liverpool was struck by apoplexy, and an almost entire change of ministry was the immediate consequence. Mr Canning was appointed Prime Minister, and the Duke of Wellington, the Lords Eldon, Bathurst, Westmoreland, Melville, and Mr Peel declining to serve under him, withdrew from the cabinet. Mr Canning owed his appointment, it was rumoured at the time, to the influence of the Marchioness of Conyngham; and Lord Eldon's letters, since published by Mr Horace Twiss, in his life of the Chancellor, leave no doubt that it was so. Lord Eldon, moreover, as the following extract of a letter addressed to his brother, Lord Stowell, in September 1823, amply testifies, had long anticipated the ministerial catastrophe which had now arrived:—'The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham in the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The king is in such thraldom, that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon "ne cede malis," it is better to go out than be turned out.—Yours affectionately, ELDON.'

In another letter written at the same period, he says, 'What makes it worse is, that the great man of all (the king) has a hundred times most solemnly declared that no connections of a certain person (Canning) should come in.' This angry lord also attributed, we may here mention, his not obtaining the office of President of the Council in the Duke of Wellington's cabinet of 1828 to 'a certain lady having interposed her all-powerful veto.' This passage occurs in a note dated January 30, 1828, addressed to his daughter, Lady F. J. Bankes. These strange revelations did not meet the public eye till many years afterwards; and Mr Canning's elevation, however he had reached it, was generally looked upon as damaging to the cause of Orange ascendancy—why, or how it is somewhat difficult to understand. The right honourable premier not only repeated in the House his determination to resist all, or any reform in the representation of the people, and to oppose the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, but announced that the Catholic question itself was indefinitely adjourned, and would at no time be introduced as a cabinet or governmental measure. This condition, it was

hinted at the time, had been assented to by Mr Canning as the price of office; and with perfect truth, for we find, again quoting Lord Eldon's 'Life,' that on the 28th of March 1829, George IV. emphatically assured the ex-chancellor, who had paid him a visit, which is stated to have lasted four hours, to induce him to withhold his consent, even at the eleventh hour, to the Catholic Relief Bill, 'that Mr Canning had engaged that he would never allow him (the king) to be troubled about the Roman Catholic question.' The new premier's excuse before the public for the ostentatious postponement of claims he had so long and eloquently urged was widely different from the true one; and was, it will be admitted, very felicitously, or, at all events, very curiously expressed. The mind of the people of England, according to him, was slumbering upon the question, and he feared to awaken that somnolent bigotry. 'No consideration,' he said, 'should induce him to run hostile to the quiet, tacit mode of resistance which prevailed in England. He valued a week of peace in England before the accomplishment of any theoretic or practical (*sic!*) advantage whatever; and,' continued the gifted orator, 'it never shall be said that I, the advocate of freedom of conscience, have ever attempted to force conscience to consent to freedom.' How many pleasant illusions a peep behind the scenes destroys! This charmingly-turned phrase, whatever the meaning of it may be, was greatly cheered, and it was held by the unanimous consent of all parties that Mr Canning's occupancy of the premiership was 'a great fact' in favour of the Catholics—a moral promotion of their cause, with which, if they were not the most unreasonable people in the world, they could not but remain abundantly satisfied. Curious! And what perhaps is still more so, to this day we hear and read abuse of Sir Robert Peel for having prevented Mr Canning from carrying an emancipation bill, in order to appropriate at no distant day the glory of the achievement to himself! The opposition of Mr Peel was in truth of the mildest kind, although that of some of his followers, ever *plus royaliste que le roi*, was violent and absurd enough. In his explanatory speech, May 1, 1827, Mr Peel stated that, long before, upon finding himself in a minority on the Catholic question, he had told the Earl of Liverpool that he thought an effort should be made to settle that question, and had tendered his resignation to further, it should seem, that object. Mr Peel's impression appears to have been, that an arrangement of the Catholic claims was very desirable, and would become imperative; but that he should personally prefer being in opposition when the measure was carried, and it may be reasonably presumed that the chief dissatisfaction felt by him with the new cabinet was, that the premier had bound himself not to attempt the settlement of an embarrassing claim, which the member for the university of Oxford knew must be sooner or later adjusted, and possibly he might even then dimly foresee, at the sacrifice of his own reputation for party faithfulness and consistency. Mr Peel did not exhibit the slightest personal virulence towards Mr Canning, and it subsequently appeared that he had remained on terms of friendly intimacy with that gentleman till the day of his decease. The only real opposition arrayed against Mr Canning's cabinet was that of the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, which was indeed bitter and unrelenting. In one of the most withering denunciations that political enmity, aided by consummate oratorical talent, ever hurled at a-

antagonist, Earl Grey demolished, one after another, every pretence to enlightened liberality put forth in behalf of the new premier. For the last thirty years, according to Earl Grey, there had been no inroad upon civil liberty which had not been urged and advocated by Mr Canning. Especially his jibing denunciations of parliamentary reform and reformers, and his present abandonment of the one sole virtue of his political life, the advocacy of Catholic emancipation, were dwelt upon with an eloquent virulence seldom equalled, never perhaps surpassed. This speech immensely damaged the cabinet, and if political opposition had anything to do with Mr Canning's death, Earl Grey must assuredly bear the weight of the accusation. 'Men,' observes Rosalind, 'men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' In the same spirit we may fairly assert that the notion of an old stager in politics, like Mr Canning, having been 'hunted to death' by words however bitter—he, too, that had always been so liberal with taunt and invective towards others—is consummately absurd. 'Coralie,' boasts the French coxcomb in the farce, 'Coralie died of love for me and—a defluxion on the chest;' and Mr Canning died of Earl Grey's speech and—acute inflammation of the intestines.

Mr Peel concluded his explanatory speech on this occasion with the following memorable observations:—'I have the satisfaction of knowing that every institution, civil and military connected with my office, during the last five years, has been subjected to close inspection and strict review, and that I have been able to make such temperate and gradual reforms as I thought consistent with their general and permanent good. I have also the gratification of knowing that every law found on the statute book when I entered office, which imposed any temporary or any extraordinary restriction on the liberty of the subject, has been either repealed or allowed to expire. I may be a Tory, I may be illiberal, but the fact is undeniable that those laws have been effaced. Tory as I may be, I have the further satisfaction of knowing that there is not a single law connected with my name which had not for its object some mitigation of the severity of the criminal law, some prevention of abuse in the exercise of it, or some security for its impartial administration. I may also recollect with pleasure, that during the severest trials to which the manufacturing interests have ever been exposed, during the winters of the last two years, I have preserved internal tranquillity without applying to this House for extraordinary and exceptional measures.'

Mr Canning died after possessing the premiership for about four months only. The right honourable gentleman's health had been long declining. Lord Eldon, writing to his daughter, February 18, 1827, of Lord Liverpool's sudden attack of apoplexy, thus alludes to it:—'Heaven knows who will succeed him. I should suppose Canning's health will not allow him to undertake the labours of the situation: but ambition will attempt anything.' This highly-gifted and much-lamented gentleman expired in great agony at Chiswick, in the same room where Mr Fox had died. It is not a little curious and suggestive, that the London newspaper which most vehemently supported the charge which Lord George Bentinck and Mr D'Israeli, after a silence of eighteen years, brought against Sir Robert Peel, of having 'hunted' Mr Canning to death, was the paper—the only one, be it stated, for the honour of the English press—which insinuated that Mr

Canning had died an atheist, because there happened to be no minister of religion in the death-chamber when he expired!

After the death of Mr Canning, an administration, headed by Lord Goderich, maintained a rickety existence for a few months; but not venturing, after the battle of Navarino, to meet parliament, dissolved itself, and was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington's ministry, in which Mr Peel held his former office of Home Secretary. All went smoothly enough with the new cabinet till the 26th of February 1828, when Lord John Russell introduced a bill to repeal the test and corporation acts. Mr Peel opposed the motion, but in such a way as to show that his mind was well-nigh completely purged of the bigotry with which it had been early leavened. 'If,' said he, 'this motion be defeated, any emotion of triumph will be greatly abated by the reflection that a class of persons for whom I have the highest respect will be grieved and disappointed by such a result.' Lord John Russell's proposition was carried by a majority of 44; and on the 18th of March the bill was adopted by the government, and successfully carried through both Houses.

This great blow at intolerance was the precursor of a yet heavier one. The 'great apostacy,' as many gentlemen yet love to designate it, was at hand. The Irish Catholic Association had become extremely formidable, and how to put it down with a House of Commons that was constantly passing an Emancipation Bill, which the Lords as regularly threw out, might well make a minister responsible for the tranquillity of the country pause and hesitate. The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel saw no possible course of action save putting down the association by force—provoking civil war, in fact, in opposition to a principle repeatedly affirmed by the House of Commons, or the frank concession of the Catholic claims. From the first alternative even the war-accustomed soldier shrank, and how much more likely was it that the pacific civilian should recoil from so terrible an enterprise? The cabinet unanimously determined that a Relief Bill should be proposed as a government measure, and the Duke of Wellington, with indomitable, iron perseverance, wrung a reluctant assent from the king to its introduction. His majesty afterwards told Lord Eldon that he had been as much really coerced into consent 'as if a pistol had been held to his head, or that he had been threatened, in case of refusal, to be thrown from a five-pair-of-stairs window.' Mr Peel wished to retire from office, at the same time agreeing to support the bill with all his might; but the duke declaring that if the Home Secretary withdrew from the ministry, he could not hope to overcome the difficulties of the situation, Mr Peel consented to remain, and undertake the management of the bill in the Commons. Thus resolutely, unshrinkingly, did Mr Peel sacrifice private and public attachments to a sense—tardily awakened if you will—of imperative duty, voluntarily descended from the lofty pedestal to which he had been raised by the suffrages of a numerous and influential body of his countrymen, and cast at their feet, not in anger, but in sorrow, the partisan crown which they had placed upon his brow, content to suffer calumny, misrepresentation, every species of insult and abuse that the malignity of irritated and unscrupulous opponents could shower upon him, rather than persist in a course which, however gratifying

to his self-love, and apparently essential to his personal importance, would risk, he was now painfully aware, the tranquillity and safety of the country. It seems impossible to imagine any motive save a pure and honourable one for this great sacrifice of party and personal interests. The subsequent immense and tumultuous meetings on Penenden Heath, and in numerous other places, testified how easy it would have been for Mr Peel to have arrayed the well-meaning but bitterly-prejudiced people against the claims of the Catholics to equality of civil rights. Happily he chose the better path, and achieved a task vainly essayed by other, and, it may be in some respects, greater men—with infinite self-subduing effort, well expressed by himself on the introduction of the measure, accomplished it—

> 'Tis said with ease, but oh! how hardly tried,
> By haughty souls to human honour tied,
> O! sharp, convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!'

Mr Peel in his speech mainly rested the defence of his conduct upon the repeated divisions in successive Houses of Commons in favour of the disputed claims, and consequent impossibility, in the face of the dangerous power that had been recently organized in Ireland, of carrying on the government of the country with vigour and efficiency. 'Such,' said the right honourable gentleman, 'is the conclusion to which I found myself compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances: and I will adhere to it, ay, and I will act upon it, unchanged by the scurrility of abuse—by the expression of opposite opinions, however vehement or however general—unchanged by the deprivation of political confidence, or by the far heavier sacrifice of private friendships and affections. Looking back upon the past, surveying the present, and fore-judging the prospects of the future, again I declare that the time is come when this question must be settled.' On the House dividing, there appeared in favour of the measure 348, against it 160. The number of peers suddenly converted by the ministry to a sense of the necessity of concession was unexpectedly large, the second reading of the bill having been carried in their lordships' House by a majority of 105. On the 13th of April the royal assent was reluctantly signified to the measure. Lord Eldon, whose intolerance was of the sincerest kind, wrote the next day the following distracted note to his daughter, Lady F. J. Bankes:—'The fatal bills received the royal assent yesterday afternoon. After all I have heard in my visits, not an hour's delay! God bless us and his church!' God bless us indeed! The constitution, which had somehow remained behind the unchangeable bank-notes, was clean gone at last! As his lordship pathetically expressed it, 'the sun of England was [once more] set for ever.' It is surprising how many times, even in one's own recollection, this curious phenomenon has occurred; so frequently, indeed, that most people have become not only reconciled, but rather pleased with it—the result perhaps of habit, which is, it is said, a kind of second nature.

Mr Peel, with his accustomed candour—*candid* Peel, as he has been called by certain witlings, believing not unnaturally that they enunciate a joke by the expression of a serious truth—disclaimed for himself any honour that might attach to the successful carrying of the Emancipation Bills, ascribing it to those men—Romilly, Grattan, Canning, Plunkett, and others—who had

during so many years unsuccessfully urged the measure upon the consideration of parliament.

Mr Peel sat for the close borough of Westbury during the passing of the Emancipation Bill, and for the remainder of the session, he having deemed it a point of honour to vacate his seat for the university of Oxford. Sir R. H. Inglis, at the election which ensued, was returned in his stead, though considering how vigorously the 'drum ecclesiastic' was beaten to summon the partisans of intolerance to the rescue of truth, about, it should seem, to be jeopardised by act of parliament, by the narrow majority of 755 to 609. Mr Peel's father died the following year at the good old age of eighty, and reconciled, we believe, to his son's change of opinion. At all events, he made no alteration in the disposition of his vast property; and the late baronet succeeded not only to the title, but to a magnificent fortune. Whether any serious risk of partial disinheritance had been incurred or not is of course only known to the parties personally concerned: it was, however, commonly rumoured at the time, both in the press and in society, that the Home Secretary had perilled fortune as well as political eminence by his conduct on the Catholic question.

Very fortunate for this country it was that this great remedial measure had been conceded before the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1830. As it was, that great event excited a movement in this country which led to very important consequences. The Duke of Wellington's cabinet, which had struggled on with tolerable success during the remainder of the session, found itself in a minority in the new parliament, necessarily summoned on the demise of the crown, by a combination of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, on Sir Henry Parnell's motion for a committee on the civil list: the minority of course resigned, and the famous administration of Earl Grey succeeded to power.

Sir Robert Peel, as acknowledged chief of the Opposition—his eminent debating talents having been pronounced indispensable by the wiser heads of the party, his 'apostacy' was at once forgiven—opposed with fervour and much misapplied eloquence the great Reform measure of the Grey cabinet. His speeches, however, did not go the length of denying the necessity of some effectual reform of the representation of the people. His chief objections were directed towards points—essential ones unquestionably—of detail. One of them is now admitted to have been reasonable and valid—namely, that the ten-pound qualification would injuriously diminish the number of voters in small provincial towns, whilst it unnecessarily, according to him, augmented it in large towns or cities. When the Duke of Wellington, on the refusal of the king to create a sufficient number of peers to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords to the passing of the Reform measure, attempted to form a cabinet, Sir Robert Peel refused to associate himself in so mad a project, and the duke abandoned the enterprise. The bill passed in its integrity; and Sir Robert Peel soon afterwards declared his frank acceptance of it *with all its consequences*. Those consequences, according to him, were, that the balance of the government by means of the antagonism of parties, more or less influenced by public opinion, was no longer possible, and that the popular will, as embodied in the votes of the constituencies, must be for

the future paramount. As a corollary to this creed, he held, and subsequently exemplified his belief in his measures, that it would be found wiser to yield to the impulses of popular opinion than wait to be overthrown by its compressed, but when at last inevitably liberated, overpowering force. In the reformed parliament, Sir Robert Peel, according to Sir R. H. Inglis —charitably forgetful of 'the treason to the church'—gave by his speeches 'fame and dignity' to its proceedings; and the ministry, vehemently assailed by Mr O'Connell and others, gladly accepted his occasional support. Earl Grey retired, and the premiership was grasped by the confident, but light and inexperienced, hand of Lord Melbourne. A feeble and vacillating administration of public affairs followed till towards the close of the year 1834, when the death of Earl Spencer, and consequent removal of Lord Althorp to the House of Lords, determined the king—who had, moreover, been greatly scandalised by some of the pranks of Chancellor Brougham—to dismiss his ministry, and ultimately, on the advice of the Duke of Wellington, to call Sir Robert Peel to his councils. The missive of the sovereign reached the baronet at Rome on the 26th of November, and he at once hastened homewards to clutch the glittering prize, so unexpectedly proffered for his acceptance. In his address to the electors of Tamworth soon after his arrival in England, Sir Robert Peel enunciated with sufficient clearness, though in somewhat periphrastic periods, the policy he intended to pursue. He would *not* advise the crown to rescind the commission that had been issued to inquire into and report upon the workings and the modes of election of municipal corporations; he would reform the church—temperately of course; and, in brief, he would endeavour to act faithfully in what he conceived to be the spirit of the Reform Act; and he emphatically protested against the doctrine, that, because he had opposed that measure, he was thereby incapacitated, now that it had become the law of the land, to administer the affairs of the country under its control. The dissolution of parliament which followed, although it added greatly to the Conservative ranks in the House of Commons, still left the minister in a minority there; and he was beaten on the very threshold of the session by the election of Mr Abercrombie to the Speakership, in place of Mr Manners Sutton, afterwards created Viscount Canterbury. Sir Robert Peel was ultimately expelled from office by a vote of the House declaratory in effect that any future surplus of Irish tithe, after the due maintenance of the established church of that country had been provided for, should be devoted to general educational purposes. The eloquent and zealous promoters of this resolution have since practically repudiated it. It, however, sufficed to replace them on the Treasury bench, and Sir Robert Peel was once more in opposition. The ability, the high moral courage he displayed during this brief tenure of office went to the heart of the country; and even William Cobbett, forgetting for once in his life his bitter antipathies, remarked with something of sadness in his 'Register,' the fruitless exertion of talents 'of which the country might well be proud.' The premier evinced on two occasions during this short ministerial reign a surprising infirmity of temper, which elicited the best, and, we believe, only joke—always excepting his essay on the immense aggressive forces of Russia—that can be fairly attributed to the honourable and gallant member for the city of Westm[illegible]er, General de Lacy Evans.

Dr Lushington having uttered some disparaging words of the minister, received a peremptory note requiring a satisfactory apology, or the usual alternative amongst gentlemen, as the phrase runs. The doctor, like a sensible man, apologised. Next Mr Hume, having remarked in his place in the House of Commons that he would not have acted in the manner Sir Robert Peel had, received a written missive, after the rising of the House, demanding a retractation. Mr Hume, an altogether pacific and sane individual, explained to the challenger that the words were used in a purely parliamentary sense, and the quarrel had no further result. General Evans, who appeared to think that nobody but regular professors of the sword ought to indulge in such fire-eating tastes, was greatly scandalised at the premier's behaviour, and the following evening remarked upon it in the House of Commons. 'The right honourable gentleman,' said the gallant officer, 'is a regular fire-eater. First he sends a hostile message to an ecclesiastical judge, and then he challenges that entirely peaceable and prudent gentleman, Mr Hume; and I sincerely advise the pacific member for Durham (Joseph Pease, the Quaker) to be very careful of his words, or as sure as fate he will be the next person called out by the warlike premier.' The general's witticism was immensely enjoyed by the House, and by no one apparently more than by Sir Robert Peel himself.

Soon after the right honourable baronet's ejection from office on this occasion, the great banquet at Merchant Tailors Hall was given him by 300 members of the House of Commons. It was on this occasion that he infused such vitality and ardour into the Conservative organization of the country—at the same time giving it a legitimate and healthy direction—by his emphatic warning, that the Reform Bill, which had deprived him of power, was a great and irresistible fact; and that the battle of the Constitution must thenceforth be fought in the Registration Courts. His advice to 'register—register—register,' was promptly acted upon; and the constituencies were greatly increased—not, as the sagacious baronet clearly foresaw, in an exclusive and sectarian, but in a liberally-conservative and moderate direction. In the following year Sir Robert Peel was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow university, beating Sir John, now Lord Campbell, by a considerable majority. His inaugural speech was accounted one of his happiest oratorical efforts, remarkable alike for practical wisdom and the purest eloquence.

The Conservative party, under Sir Robert Peel's judicious guidance and advice, grew daily in parliamentary and popular strength, so that he was not unfrequently obliged to repress the intolerant zeal and folly of its more audacious members, who reckoned too confidently on the increasing power of the party. In one especial instance he effected a remarkable service. The English Corporation Reform Act had been so grossly mutilated by Lord Lyndhurst and a majority of the peers, as to render it altogether nugatory as a remedial measure. The Melbourne ministry were thoroughly at a loss how to proceed when it came back to the House of Commons: to accept such an abortion in place of their own fair-proportioned offspring was manifestly impossible, but could *they* hope to induce the Lords to rescind their amendments? Sir Robert Peel, who had left town—it was near the close of the session—immediately hastened back to their assist-

and rescue, assisted by speech and vote to disallow the most objectionable of the peers' amendments: and Lord Lyndhurst was obliged—for 'the duke,' as usual, ranged himself on the side of Peel—to reluctantly acquiesce in the restoration of the bill to something like its former state, and the measure as it now exists passed. The eager ultra men of the party were greatly exasperated, and denounced in unmeasured terms the treacherous conduct, as they termed it, of their great but unmanageable leader. That 'Peel had no pluck' became a received and favourite phrase with them, and but for a haunting consciousness that they were powerless without him, he would unquestionably have been deposed. As it was, they sullenly acquiesced; and the continued vacillations, the infirm and abortive purposes of the cabinet—the constantly failing revenue, vainly propped by an increase of Excise taxes, and other clumsy and ineffective expedients—revived their hopes of ultimate triumph, and with the increasing hostility of Sir Robert Peel's parliamentary tone and action, reconciled them somewhat to his previous moderation and forbearance. The famous 'ladies-of-the-bedchamber' interlude took place during this period, in which the only party that appears to have acted with perfect dignity and good sense was the Queen herself. The cabinet, on being thrown into a virtual minority on the Jamaica Constitution-Suspension Act, withdrew, the male portion of them, from her majesty's service, leaving, as Lord Brougham humorously expressed it, their better halves behind them; and Sir Robert Peel, with sufficient adroitness, caught at the circumstance to relieve himself from the acceptance of office at an inopportune moment. His time was not yet come; and perhaps no man has ever displayed more sagacity than the right honourable baronet in seizing upon the right hour for the right work. The reinstated ministry staggered on as well as they could till 1841, when, alarmed at the deficiency of the revenue to meet the expenditure, they hastily caught up, as a last resource, an eight-shilling fixed duty on corn, and proposed it to parliament in lieu of the sliding-scale; hinting at the same time very intelligibly, that if parliament raised the duty to ten or twelve shillings, they would acquiesce, and resign themselves to continuance in office. This proposal obtained neither the confidence nor the support of the Free-trade party, and Sir Robert met it by a motion of want of confidence in ministers, which was carried by a majority of one! Parliament was dissolved, and in the new House of Commons the want-of-confidence motion, renewed as an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, was carried by a majority of ninety-one.

Sir Robert having thus, and greatly by the aid of the agricultural party, stormed office, was immediately invested by the Queen with the direction of affairs. His cabinet was strengthened by the accession of the some time Whigs, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, and a more powerful ministry, in a parliamentary and party sense, never perhaps existed in the country. The new premier succeeded to office at a critical and disastrous time. The revenue was several millions below the expenditure: two bad harvests in succession, with other concurrent causes, had produced appalling distress in the manufacturing districts: the most frightful destitution prevailed in Paisley, Glasgow, Manchester, and other centres of trade. Foreign affairs were an equally gloomy aspect. France, exasperated, alienated by the vigorous and successful expedition against Mehemet Ali, expressed both in

the Chambers and the press the bitterest hostility towards this country; the American Maine boundary dispute was ripening rapidly into an open quarrel; the Chinese war was apparently as far as ever from a termination; and, to crown all, news not very long afterwards arrived of the military disasters in Affghanistan! Sir Robert Peel faced these difficulties with energy and resolution, though keenly sensible of their magnitude and weight. 'What have you done with the revenue I left you?' exclaimed the premier, addressing the late ministers, who objected to the Income Tax, by which he proposed to meet his financial embarrassments. 'In the year 1835 you, the ministry, found the affairs of the two great empires in this state:—In the United Kingdom the surplus of income over expenditure was £1,376,000; in India, £1,556,000. You had then a nett surplus approaching to three millions! How have you left matters? You say I overstate the difficulties. Can you deny that you found a surplus of three millions, and have left a deficiency of five millions? On the 5th of April 1842, the deficit of the revenue of the United Kingdom, compared with its expenditure, was £2,570,000; of India, £2,430,000. The difference then against this country and its credit is eight millions as compared with 1835!'

Although Sir Robert Peel had offered the best defence of a sliding scale of corn duties of which it is susceptible, he did not, it was early apparent, enjoy the entire confidence of the chiefs of the Protectionist party. They appear to have felt a lurking suspicion that a man of Sir Robert Peel's sagacity could not for ever continue blind to the injustice of taxing one class, and that the most numerous and most helpless in the community, for the support of another class; and they knew by repeated example, that, once convinced he had been in error, no consideration on earth would induce him to forbear acting upon that conviction! The Duke of Richmond declared, immediately after the result of the elections was known, that if the minister did not please the agricultural members, they, by whose aid he would be placed in office, would turn him out again. To this taunt Sir Robert quietly replied, that he should take office to give effect not to the opinions of others, but to his own. His first reformation of the sliding-scale confirmed the suspicions entertained by the Protectionist party, and his Grace of Buckingham openly refused to disgrace himself by an alliance with so dangerous and deceptive a minister. Indeed it was soon evident to all men not wilfully blind, that the tendency of the ministerial policy, quickened doubtless by the rapid development of the Anti-Corn-Law League, was towards an abolition of the taxes on food. The ministry from the first was one of progress—slow perhaps, but marked and determined in its direction; and if it be objected that the prosecution of Mr O'Connell was harsh or unnecessary, it cannot be denied that Sir Robert Peel manifested by his Maynooth grant, about which such a hubbub was raised, a strong desire to conciliate the Catholic population of Ireland. At length, towards the close of 1845, immediately after the failure of the potato-crop had been ascertained, the astounding announcement appeared in the 'Times' newspaper that the Conservative cabinet had determined on abolishing the corn-duties—on capitulating, as Protectionist writers termed it, with the Anti-Corn-Law confederacy. This news, partially disbelieved at first, was afterwards confirmed, but only as far as the Prime Minister and a majority of the cabinet were concerned; for the Duke of Wellington and

Lord Stanley having refused their consent to the proposition, Sir Robert Peel tendered the collective resignation of the cabinet, which her Majesty, on the 6th of December, reluctantly accepted. There can be no doubt entertained that Sir Robert Peel was anxiously desirous that the repeal of the corn duties should be effected by his political opponents, who, by the voices of Lords John Russell and Morpeth had announced their conversion to the doctrine and necessity of total repeal two or three weeks previously; but again, as in 1829, he was doomed to the task of reversing the policy of his party, and for the same reason—that no other man than himself could be found capable of reversing it.

Lord John Russell, earnestly supported by her Majesty, attempted to form a ministry; but after consulting with his proposed colleagues, and carefully surveying the situation, abandoned the effort in despair, thus virtually confessing himself unequal to the task of repealing the obnoxious laws, even with the cordial assistance of Sir Robert Peel *out of office*. The right honourable baronet was immediately resummoned to the royal councils, and his powerful and ever-faithful friend at a pinch, the Duke of Wellington, who could alone enable him to o'erleap the barrier of the House of Lords, having returned to his aid, Sir Robert, confident of success, again threw all personal motives, all personal ties, all considerations of power, office, patronage, to the winds, in order to carry a measure which time and circumstance had convinced him was essential to the permanent welfare of the country. The Duke of Wellington, who must be held to be as good a judge of what constitutes personal honour as most men, expressed himself in his explanatory speech 'delighted with his right honourable friend' for resuming office under such circumstances, and avowed his determination to support him by every means at his command: the other members of the administration concurred in the duke's opinion and resolve, with the exception of Lord Stanley, who went into opposition; and the minister met parliament at the head of a united cabinet with his corn-law repeal measures ready in his hand.

It has been said of Burke with partial truth—

> ——— 'that he narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.'

The precise converse of this proposition is true of the late Sir Robert Peel. It is manifestly absurd to deny the purity and disinterestedness of his motives in thus acting, and the reasonable solution of his conduct is this—that, unlike gentlemen whose youthful illumination of intellect enables them to discern accurately, and to decide justly, every incident and experience of the longest life, Sir Robert Peel grew wiser as he grew older: in other words, that knowledge with him was not intuitive and spontaneous, but the result of observation and experience. All men are not gifted with *á priori* intellects; and Sir Robert appears in this respect to have been less fortunately gifted than such gentlemen as the honourable member for Lincoln, whose gray hairs seem to cover the precisely same amount of wisdom as the curly locks of their boyhood; whose motto, like that of the Latin Church, is *semper idem*; and who pridefully acknowledge with the returned French *emigrés*, 'qu'ils n'ont rien oublié, ni rien appris' —have neither forgotten nor learned anything.

'Power,' said Sir Robert Peel in defending his change of opinion on the Corn Laws—'power to effect great objects is really valuable; but for my part I can say with perfect truth, that even for those objects I do not covet it. Still I am ready to incur its responsibilities, to bear its sacrifices, to affront its perils; but I will not retain it with mutilated power and shackled authority. I will not stand at the helm during dark and tempestuous weather, if that helm is not allowed to freely traverse; and I will not undertake to direct the course of the vessel now by observations taken in 1842.' He thus addressed himself to the taunt of inconsistency —'I will not withhold the homage due to the progress of reason, and to truth, by denying that my opinions on the subject of Protection have undergone a change. It may be supposed that there is something humiliating in making such an admission. Sir, I feel no such humiliation; but I should feel the deepest humiliation if, having changed or modified my opinions, I declined to acknowledge the change for the base fear of encountering the charge of inconsistency.' Parliament deferred to the advice of the minister; and after a protracted struggle of nearly six months' duration, the commercial measures of the cabinet were carried through both Houses of Parliament by large majorities, and received the cheerful and personally-given assent of the sovereign. Sir Robert Peel, as he had always anticipated, was overthrown by a division of the House upon the Irish 'Arms Bill,' in which Liberals, Whigs, and Protectionists, united to deprive him of power. It was a curious circumstance that the corn-duties repeal bill finally passed the Lords on the same evening, the arrival of the masters in Chancery to make the announcement to the Commons having interrupted Mr Charles Buller's speech upon the Irish Bill. As soon as the vociferous cheers of the members greeting the consummation of the minister's crowning triumph had died away, the honourable gentleman continued his speech, and the House a few hours afterwards expelled that minister from power! Ibrahim Pacha was present under the gallery, and must have been sadly puzzled, one would think, to reconcile the congratulatory cheers with the vindictive division!

It was during this debate that Mr D'Israeli, after reciting a more than ordinary number of carefully-arranged sneers and sarcasms—impromptus made at leisure—relative to Sir Robert Peel's deficiency, not only in moral, but intellectual qualities—an accusation, by the way, which excited far more general and derisive laughter without than party cheers within the House—again alluded to the charge respecting Mr Canning, who, according to the honourable member, was 'an eagle,' whilst Sir Robert Peel was only 'a vulture;' and Mr Canning, moreover, 'rode the Commons as Alexander did his horse Bucephalus, both, in the days of Gatton and Old Sarum, when the pulse of England beat higher than it does now, worthy of each other!' The peroration of the present leader of the gentlemen of England suggested, as the best excuse doubtless that could be given for the coming vote on the Arms Bill, that it had been brought about by a general desire amongst honourable gentlemen of all parties, to avenge the very mild opposition which Sir Robert Peel, following *longo intervallo* in the wake of the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, offered to Mr Canning's administration. 'He must feel,' said the honourable member—'he must feel that it is a Nemesis that dictates this vote and regulates this decision,

and that is about to stamp with its seal the catastrophe of a sinister career.'

The value of this diatribe can be best estimated by those who remember the speeches of Mr D'Israeli in 1841—fourteen years after Mr Canning had been 'hunted' to death. The honourable gentleman at that time complimented Sir Robert Peel, 'that, placed in an age of rapid civilisation and rapid transition, he had adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times;' and he emphatically remarked, that Sir Robert 'was indeed a great man, who had never employed his influence for factious purposes, never been stimulated in his exertions by a disordered desire of obtaining office, and he (Mr D'Israeli) looked anxiously forward to the time when the right honourable baronet would have an opportunity of establishing a government which would have the confidence of the education, the property, and, as he thoroughly believed, of the great body of the nation.' What can one say after this, except to repeat the opinion expressed by Lord Chancellor Eldon, in one of the letters already quoted—'the devil of it, there is no consistency in anybody'—not even in Mr D'Israeli!

On the 30th of June 1846 Sir Robert Peel resigned the power which he had wielded to such important, and, in the opinion of the vast majority of the nation, to such magnificent results. Never had he appeared so great and puissant as when casting off power—never half so formidable in the hour of triumph as in that of apparent defeat. The robes of office cast aside, he seemed to dilate in unfettered pride and strength. During the speech in which he recounted the achievements of his great administration—the flourishing state of the revenue—restored amity with France—the successful conclusion of the Chinese war—the triumphant effacement of the reverses in India—the honourable settlement of the Oregon dispute, of which the official announcement had that day reached him from Mr Pakenham, as if to gild his fall with superadded glory—the reduction he had effected on the interest of a considerable portion of the National Debt—the success of his financial measures generally—and finally, and above all, the erasure from the statute book of the obnoxious Corn Laws—a more than Roman triumph seemed to pass before the eyes of his entranced and admiring auditory. The commanding tone was that of a conqueror rather than that of a minister whose staff of office had just been broken in his grasp, as he not only pointed with pardonable exultation to the triumphs of the past, but traced with victorious, authoritative finger the course which his successors *must* pursue, so firmly and irrevocably had he launched the vessel of the state in the track which common sense, enlightened philosophy, and generous patriotism had pointed out.

Yet in this moment of triumphant laying down of office, Sir Robert Peel cheerfully and thoroughly recognised the claims of the men who had borne the heat and burthen of the day, and marshalled and disciplined the forces which, his great claim to honour, he had led to victory—a victory which, but for him, must have been indefinitely postponed. 'The name,' said he, 'which ought to be, and which will be associated with these measures, is not mine, nor that of Lord John Russell: it is that of a man who, acting, as I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, and with untiring energy,

by appeals to reason, enforced their necessity with an eloquence the more to be admired because it is unaffected and unadorned—the name which will be associated with the success of these measures is that of Richard Cobden.' This act of justice performed, he thus eloquently as modestly preferred his own claim to the generous thoughts of his countrymen :—' I shall leave a name severely censured, I fear, by many honourable persons, who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principle of Protection, as important to the interest and welfare of the country—I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who, from less worthy motives, maintains Protection for his own benefit ; but it may be I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good-will when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.'

Enthusiastic cheers greeted the delivery of these words—words which will dwell in the national heart when the calumnies, the insults indulged in by the great minister's opponents, are utterly forgotten, or remembered only with a smile of pity and regret that Englishmen could have been found to utter them. His prophetic ear had already caught the far-off echoes of the time in whose all hail! the rancorous party-clamour raised against him was destined to be drowned, extinguished, lost! He fell from official power into the arms of the people, whose enthusiastic plaudits accompanied him, on the evening of his resignation of office, to his residence in Whitehall Gardens. The spontaneous feeling of gratitude and respect which prompted those plaudits has since widened, strengthened, deepened, and will become more and more vivid and intense as the moral grandeur of his motives—the unselfish, self-sacrificing spirit which dictated his public conduct—pierce through, and consume in the clear and brilliant light of that truth and justice which, we are assured by an illustrious authority, has ever inspired his acts, the calumnious misrepresentations so unsparingly heaped upon him. By his humbler countrymen, that testimony to the moral worth of the departed statesman was not waited for, nor needed. They felt instinctively that he must be pure and single-minded, as he was intellectually vigorous and great; for what had he, raised aloft upon the bucklers of a powerful and wealthy party, to gain by stooping from that dazzling height, to raise up the humble and the lowly from the mire into which ignorant and partial legislation had so long trampled them? This feeling of sympathy, of reverence, manifested by far higher eloquence than words can reach in the mute sorrow of the anxious crowd who hurriedly gathered in boding silence round the mansion of the dying statesman, to hear the sad bulletins which chronicled his passage to the tomb, is even now all but universal. Especially in the great centres of the busy life of these kingdoms is the feeling of regret and sympathy sincere and profound —a sure warranty not only that the hope so affectingly expressed by Sir Robert Peel—that his name would be remembered with expressions of good-will by his working, hard-handed countrymen—will be amply fulfilled, but that the principles which his death may be said to have consecrated will be maintained in their integrity by the strength, the energy, and the intelligence of the country.

The period, just four years, which elapsed since the retirement of Sir Robert Peel from office until the 29th of June last—when an accident, the sudden restiveness of a usually quiet horse, resulted in the loss of a life not much past its meridian *—were years of unostentatious public services in parliament, and private efforts, which, from the elevation of his social and moral position, necessarily partook of a public character, to advance the wellbeing of those sections of the community with whom his individual life was more especially connected. In parliament the Encumbered Estates Bill, by which it is hoped that a real Irish proprietary may be substituted for a fictitious one, is mainly due to his suggestion; and the hasty efforts recently witnessed to amend the defective rules and sluggish processes of the Courts of Equity are distinctly traceable to the sudden alarm which his contemptuous denunciation of their cumbrous inefficiency excited in the gentlemen of the long robe. His support of the ministry by whom he had been supplanted was, by their own confession, generous, sincere, unostentatious; and the last speech he ever uttered, when reluctantly compelled to oppose them or sacrifice his own convictions upon a question of great importance, breathed a spirit of the utmost forbearance, conciliation, and respect. In his private capacity he was especially zealous to promote the interests of agriculture, with which his own fortunes were so intimately bound up. Although refusing to promote the interests of the cultivators of the soil at the expense of other classes of the community, he was eager to secure for them the real and permanent advantages derivable from an intelligent combination and exercise of capital, industry, and skill. Sir Robert established at Tamworth a school for the superior education of the children of the middle classes—thereby evincing, even more than by his bold institution of the Irish provincial colleges, how anxious he was that knowledge should keep pace with privilege. He once remarked that the repeal of the Corn Laws was the greatest educational measure ever passed. Of course he alluded to the increased means and leisure which the abolition of the taxes on food would afford parents—especially those of the working-classes—to educate their children.

Sir Robert Peel, anxious as he ever showed himself to advance the material interests of the people, to keep Great Britain in the van of other nations by the aids which scientific discoveries and enterprise afford, was

* The accident which resulted in the death of the right honourable baronet occurred on Saturday evening, June 29—scarcely ten hours after he had taken part in the protracted debate on the merits of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. Sir Robert left Whitehall Gardens shortly before five o'clock, on horseback, attended by his groom. Proceeding through the Park, he had called at Buckingham Palace, and was riding up Constitution Hill, when he met some ladies of his acquaintance, who were returning home on horseback from their afternoon's ride. These ladies were attended by a groom, who rode a somewhat skittish horse; and when Sir Robert approached him, the animal on which he was riding began also to plunge and rear. The effect of this action was, that Sir Robert was instantly unhorsed, and fell heavily on his face in the road. Although rendered insensible by the fall, Sir Robert for the moment retained hold of his bridle; and the horse being thus suddenly checked, came down with force, his knees striking the right honourable baronet about the centre of his back. From the time of the melancholy occurrence up to Tuesday morning, July 2, faint hopes were entertained of his recovery; but during the day the symptoms became more alarming, and at nine minutes after eleven o'clock, the distinguished statesman breathed his last in the presence of nearly all the members of his family.

equally zealous to foster and promote the arts which refine and elevate mankind. The cultivation of gifted intellect, in whatever branch of art exercised, found in him a munificent, ardent, and enlightened patron. No man has done more, perhaps none so much, to diffuse a taste for the elevating influences of art by rendering the national collections of the works of genius accessible to the body of the people. He ever strenuously reprobated the assertion that the working-classes of Great Britain could not be safely trusted, like the peoples of the continent, with unrestricted admission to ornamental grounds, or to museums, and galleries of curiosities and art. 'It is not,' he once exclaimed, 'the intelligent artisan, but the *vulgar rich*, who deface and injure statues, pictures, and ornamental trees.' The celebrities of literature, irrespective of party distinction or party services, ever found in him a warm sympathising friend rather than patron. Southey and Wordsworth were awarded a pension of £300 a year each: Tennyson, £200 per annum: M'Culloch and Tytler the same: James Montgomery obtained £150 annual pension; and the widow of Thomas Hood £100 yearly: Mrs Hemans he placed on the pension list, and procured situations for her sons under the crown: Frances Brown, the blind poetess, was pensioned from a fund which custom places at the disposal of the wife of the prime-minister: and a son of Allan Cunningham obtained an appointment at Sir Robert's hands, from respect to the genius of his father. In science his patronage was extended towards Faraday the eminent chemist, on whom a pension of £300 a year was bestowed. Mrs Somerville, the author of the 'Connection of the Sciences,' was equally fortunate; the geologist, Dr Buckland, he created Dean of Westminster; and Professor Airy owes to him his appointment as Astronomer-Royal. Others, eminent in science and literature, and who stood not in need of extraneous aid, he encouraged in their onward path alike by his cordial attentions and friendly hospitalities.

The late baronet's collection of paintings is extensive, as well as admirably selected, and he was especially a munificent patron of native artists. Lawrence, Wilkie, Collins, Roberts, Stanfield, Haydon, and many others, received liberal commissions from him. The sudden and terrible death of the last-mentioned gifted but wayward artist, who, on the 23d June 1846, was found with his white hairs dabbled with blood, lifeless, self-destroyed, at the foot of his painting of 'Alfred and the first British Jury,' uplifted a corner of the usually impenetrable screen with which the late Sir Robert Peel veiled from the crowd his genial and extensive charities. At the inquest held on the body by Mr Wakley, Haydon's diary, a sad transcript of his withered hopes and deepening calamities, written, it may be truly said, in the blood of his own heart, was read, and from it we extract the following passages, as given in the 'Times' of June 25, 1846:—

'*June* 16.—Sat from 2 to 5 o'clock staring at my pictures like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety, and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to ——, and to ——, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered the "Duke's Study" to ——. Who answered first? Tormented by D'Israeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:—

"*Whitehall, June* 16.

"SIR—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send as a contribution for your relief from those embarrassments the sum of fifty pounds. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, ROBERT PEEL."

'That's Peel! Will —— or —— answer?

'*June* 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from —— or ——. And this Peel is the man who has no heart!'

This, it will be remembered, is the chance revealment of a generous act, performed when the donor was himself exposed to the jibing tongues of relentless and exasperated adversaries; and when the defence of self, it might have been supposed, would have engrossed all his thoughts and sympathies.

Our brief pencilling of this distinguished man draws towards a close. The reader will judge for himself of the degree of honour to be awarded to a man who, early placed in a false position by being prematurely committed to the advocacy of opinions which his mature judgment convinced him were pernicious and unsound, one by one cast off the trammels of early prejudice, and always at the sacrifice of the purely selfish object which the herd of politicians regard as their highest prize and reward—party honour and distinction. It is, it seems to us, his especial glory to have always risen above personal considerations when the welfare of his country was in issue, and to have ever held allegiance to a party subservient to the infinitely higher duty of advancing the interests of a people.

His sudden death has elicited a general expression of sorrow from generous hearts throughout Christendom; the graceful tribute rendered to his memory by the monarch and parliament of the United Kingdom was cordially and spontaneously echoed by the National Assembly of France, in this the faithful interpreter of the voices not only of that country, but of Europe. Perhaps no British statesman ever so thoroughly conciliated the good-will of other nations as did the late baronet; and this from no unworthy truckling to foreign states, for although a sincere lover of peace, it was not peace at any price, peace with dishonour, he desired or would accept of. This, his determined and peremptory attitude and language on the Pritchard and Oregon disputes, amply testified. The secret of his popularity abroad seems to have been, that while sensitively jealous for the honour of his own country, he was ever scrupulously alive to that of others, and constantly bore in mind that, as regarded foreign nations, words from one in his position were to a great extent equivalent to deeds.

The oratory of Sir Robert Peel was in some respects inferior to that of the great masters of parliamentary eloquence. As a speaker, he was not so sonorous and stately as Pitt, so varied and discursive as Brougham, glittering and epigrammatic as Shiel, nor logical and brilliant as Macaulay; but in persuasive effect upon a miscellaneous auditory like the House of Commons, he was immeasurably superior to either of them, and for ready debating powers he had confessedly no equal in that assembly. The singular fascination of his manner was greatly enhanced by the charm of a rich and finely-modulated voice; and no one could hear him speak for five

minutes upon an important subject, without feeling that he was listening to an orator marvellously skilled in the art of influencing the convictions and swaying the wills of his audience. A still higher praise is, that however excited by debate, he never addressed a spiteful or ill-natured remark to an opponent; and even when coarsely attacked himself, disdained to retort in kind upon his assailant. 'I have no time to waste in bandying personalities with the honourable member,' was his calmly-contemptuous notice of a cartload of abuse hurled at him on a memorable occasion. He wisely left his vindication to time and the suffrages of his countrymen. Greater, more brilliant statesmen, in a certain sense—men of showier gifts—there may have been: the fervid declamation of Chatham—the stately periods and haughty vehemence of Pitt—the nervous eloquence of Fox—the glittering rhetoric of Canning—will always perhaps excite in a numerous class of minds stronger feelings of admiration than are usually associated with the name of Sir Robert Peel. But should domestic confusion and peril, such as the continent has lately suffered under, and which we, thanks to the timely settlement of the exasperating corn-law question, happily escaped, menace this country, the national mind will sorrowfully revert to the calm, conciliating, moderate statesman, whose practical wisdom adapted itself readily and with marvellous sagacity to the exigencies of the time, whose clear prescience discerned the portents of approaching night and storm whilst the summer sun was still high above the horison, and whose patriotism shrank from no labour, hesitated at no sacrifice, required for the safety or well-being of the country he loved so well and served so faithfully.

Death, suddenly and unlooked-for as it came, found not the eminent and still active statesman unprepared. His house had been long since put in order, his family thoroughly instructed in his wishes and commands, contingent on his decease. Those wishes and commands vividly illustrate the simplicity and singleness of his ambition, and the sovereign contempt he felt for the fripperies of show and titles. His remains were to be placed, without funeral ostentation or parade, in the modest restingplace at Drayton-Bassett Church, beside his father's; and when her Majesty, with the graceful consideration by which she is distinguished, offered to 'ennoble' the family of her departed minister, the respectful reply of Lady Peel informed the queen not only that she herself desired only to be known by the name her husband had borne, but that he had left his family a solemn injunction to accept of no title that might be offered them in recompense for the services it might be deemed that he had rendered the state. The much-coveted 'blue ribbon' he had twice in his life declined—we can easily imagine with what supreme though veiled indifference and contempt. Such toys are for the common herd of politicians; his was an infinitely higher ambition—that of so writing his name upon the history of his country, that it should in all time be remembered with emotions of good-will and esteem by the people from whom he sprung, and to promote whose permanent and substantial welfare he had cheerfully sacrificed ease and health, endured unwearied obloquy and reproach, and finally turned exultingly away from the enthralling allurements and vanities of power.

Of the private or domestic life of this eminent person we have no mission to speak here. It may be gathered from the glance of unutterable anguish which we have all been informed was seen to pass between Lady

Peel and the dying man, when his bruised and pallid countenance met hers, as he was borne across the threshold he was never more to pass with life; from the profound affliction of every man who was honoured by his friendship; and from the tears and blessings of the population of all ranks who followed his body to the tomb in Drayton-Bassett Church, whose emotion could scarcely have been greater had death swept off the best-beloved of every family amongst them, so individual and intense was the expression of grief and sympathy.

Sir Robert Peel has left, besides his widow, a family of seven children—five sons and two daughters. The eldest, Robert, the present baronet and member for Tamworth, has been long connected with the Swiss embassy; Frederick represents Leominster—his speeches on the admission of Jews to parliament and on other occasions exhibit good promise; William, the third son, though only twenty-five years of age, is a captain in the royal navy, in which service he early distinguished himself—'a very promising youngster indeed,' Admiral Napier, who had seen him under fire at Acre, pronounced him to be in the House of Commons some years ago; John Floyd Peel is an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards; and Arthur Wellesley Peel, the youngest son, is still at college. Miss Peel married, a few years since, Viscount Villiers, the eldest son of the Earl of Jersey; Eliza, the youngest daughter, is unmarried. There is yet nothing accurately known of the disposition of the vast personal property of the deceased baronet, but it will be no doubt, after the example of his father, found to be equitably distributed among his children.

END OF VOL. IV.